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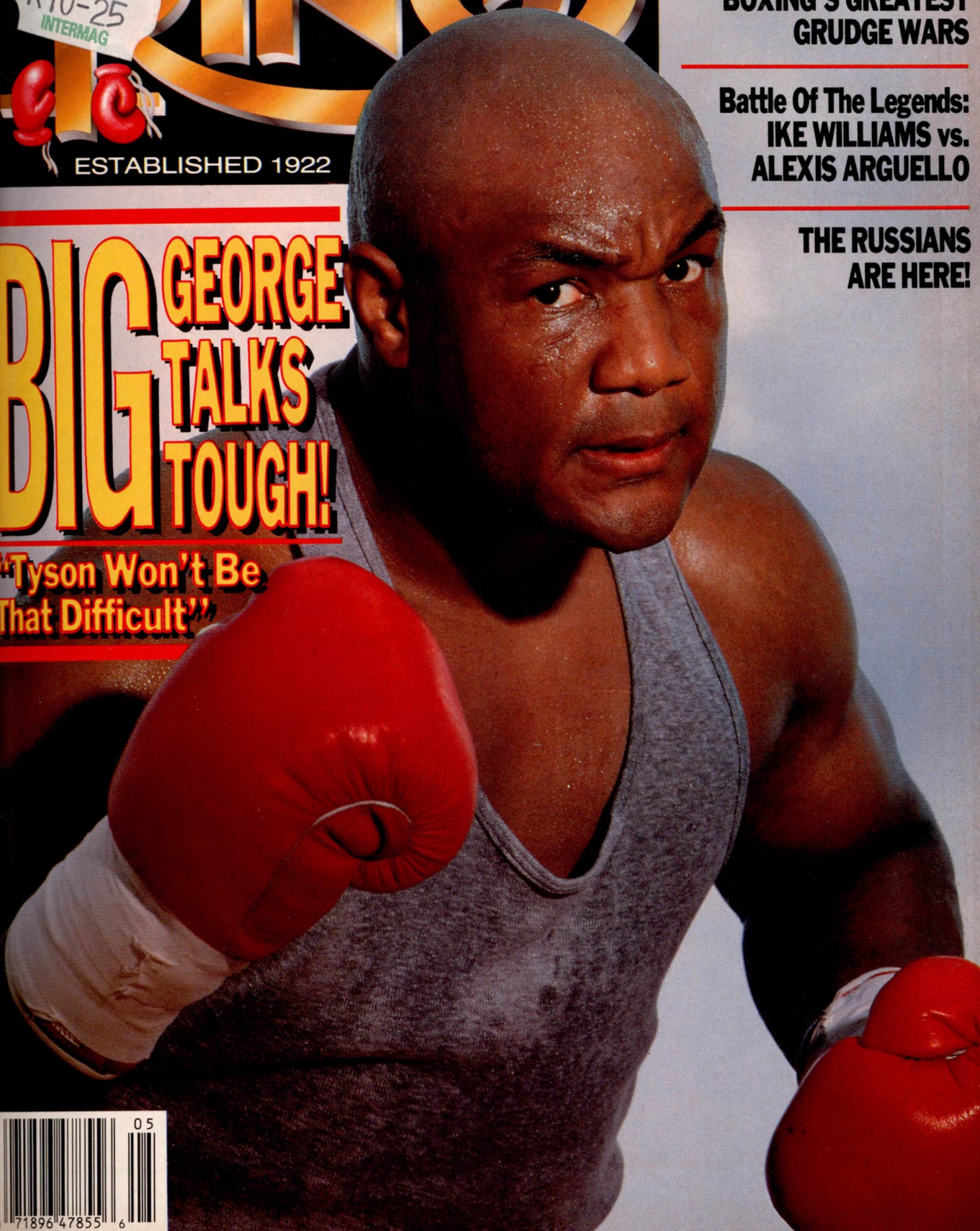

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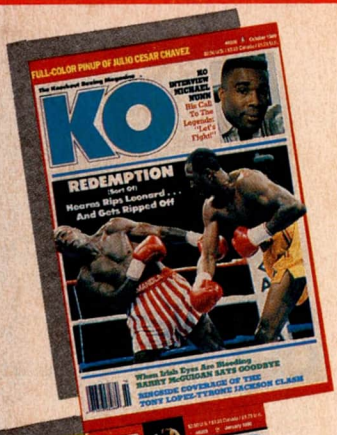

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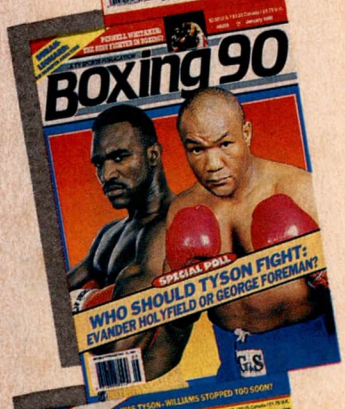

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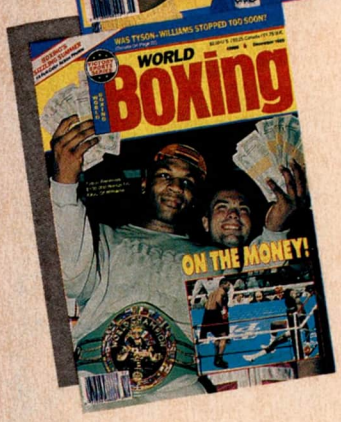

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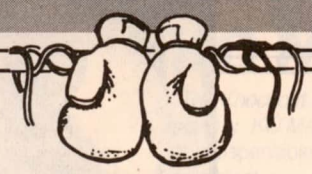
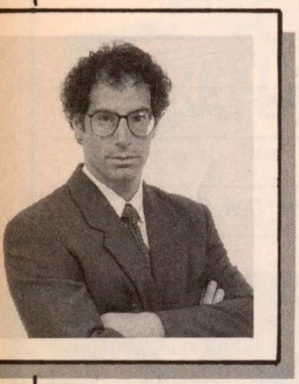


The rebirth of *The Ring* has brought lots of response from its readers, many of whom have been turning these pages for 30 or 40 years. Most of you have been supportive, and a few of you have been critical. Most of the complaints have zeroed in on the same subject: *The Ring's* new ratings policy of listing the best 10 fighters per division *without recognizing one fighter as the deserved world champion.*



One particularly well-presented case was offered by Robert O'Keefe of Edmonton, Alberta. O'Keefe wrote "The old *Ring* . . . laid out a definition for championships. A man who becomes a world champion remains so until he retires, dies, or is beaten in the ring. What's yours?"

A fair question. In a perfect boxing world, there would be one champion per division. But there *isn't* one champion per division, and whether you accept the WBC, WBA, and IBF, or dismiss them as self-serving sanctioning bodies, the questions of who deserves to be a *real* champion, and who doesn't, are no longer simple ones.

On the eve of the Michael Spinks-Mike Tyson battle of June 1988, *The Ring* received a lot of publicity for maintaining that challenger Spinks, and not unified champion Tyson, was the linear claimant, and, as a result, the legitimate claimant, to the heavyweight throne. (Spinks had established his status by twice beating Larry Holmes, who had beaten Muhammad Ali, who had beaten Leon Spinks, who had beaten Ali, who had beaten George Foreman, etc., all the way back to John L. Sullivan beating Dominick McCaffrey in August 1885.) But was Spinks the *better* heavyweight? And, had Gerry Cooney kayoed Spinks in June 1987, would he have been a better heavyweight than Tyson?

That is what now concerns *The Ring:* Who is the *better* fighter. What's the point of rating one fighter the *world champion* if he's often not the best in his division?

The sole point of our ratings page is to rate fighters according to their abilities and accomplishments. Given the convoluted title picture in each division, and the years that have passed since each weight class was headed by only one fighter, to label one light heavyweight the sole world champion because he is the direct linear conqueror of Jack Root, the very first 175-pound titlist, seems foolish and antiquated thinking.

More to the point are the following questions: Based on the outlined criteria, is Virgil Hill a better fighter than Prince Charles Williams? Is Michael Moorer better than both of them? How does Jeff Harding compare to the others? To those questions, *The Ring* will continue to give you answers, or at least opinions. Sorry, but if you're looking for *The Ring* to name a single *world champion* per division, you've already been disappointed.

Finally, for Mr. O'Keefe, our definition of a world champion: *A recognized title claimant who proves he's number one in his division by defeating the best available competition.* Given the subjective nature of *anyone's* ratings, it should only be what happens *inside* the ring that matters.

Steve Farhood
Editor-In-Chief

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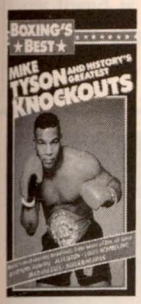

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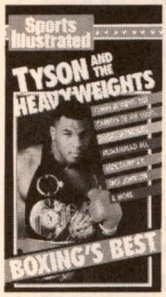

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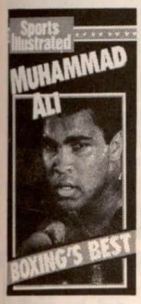

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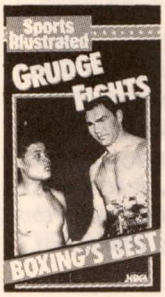

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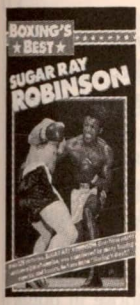

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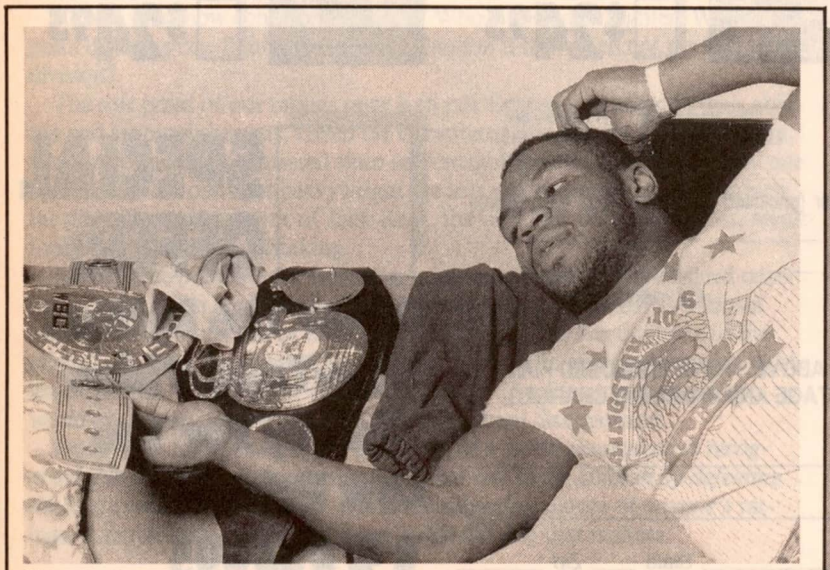
SUPREME CHAMPIONS

I'd like to compliment columnist Michael Katz on his plan to crown one "Supreme Champion" per weight division. (*Katz Scan,* February 1990). It would be even better if the plan could be complemented by the enactment of a federal boxing commission. But given the unlikelihood of such a commission coming into existence, much less one with broad enough mandate to regulate competition, make matches, and concern itself with ring safety, the Katz plan may offer the most innovative way out of boxing's steady slide into chaos. The key to bringing order to the sport is to get a handle on the sanctioning bodies. My only hope is that this plan has a chance of being implemented. What are the prospects?

Finally, I like the "Supreme Champion" idea for another reason: It offers the opportunity for the reintroduction of the 15-round championship fight. The gimmicky reduction of world title fights from 15 to 12 rounds has greatly devalued the sport and undermined the credibility of world champions. I am not aware that there has ever been convincing documentation supporting such a reduction as a safety measure.

FRANCIS KORNEGAY
Washington, D.C.

[Editor's note: We, too, like Katz' plan. Unfortunately, given today's crazy boxing world, it makes too much sense to ever become a reality. At least for the immediate future, it looks like we're stuck with the status quo: too many titles and too many champions.]

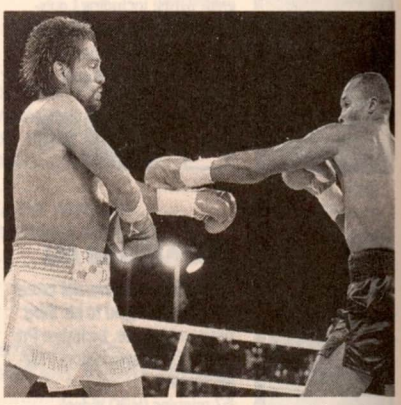


Given the impressive array of title belts he has collected, undisputed heavyweight king Mike Tyson is probably the only "Supreme Champion" in boxing.

OVER-RAY-TED

Ever since Sugar Ray Leonard's return to the ring, a few sportswriters have mixed the word "great" with his name. The *real* Sugar Ray, Ray Robinson, was a great fighter. Based on Leonard's record, the two Sugar Rays can't be compared. A review of Leonard's last four fights confirms this.

Leonard-Hagler: This was probably Leonard's best fight, yet did he really win? Even Leonard is asking himself the same question.



Was Ray Leonard's unanimous decision victory over Roberto Duran an impressive triumph? Reader John R. Cobarruvias thinks not.

Leonard-Lalonde: If you were Don Lalonde and were asked to fight against Leonard at a dehydrated weight for $3-million, or against someone else for $50,000, what would you do? Leonard knew his only chance to win a light heavyweight title was to buy an unfair advantage. And to think that Leonard almost got kayoed!

Leonard-Hearns: For those in doubt about the real winner of this fight, ask yourself this question: If you switched the two performances, with Hearns being knocked down twice, who would've gotten the decision? Enough said.

Leonard-Duran: Was this the performance of a true champion? Why didn't Sugar Ray destroy Duran toe to toe instead of running and then claiming it was "boxing"? The fight reminded me of the Camacho-Mancini bore in Reno. If Leonard is a great fighter, then Camacho should become a legend!

Based on the above, Leonard can only be remembered as "Sweet & Low" Leonard.

JOHN R. COBARRUVIAS
Houston, TX

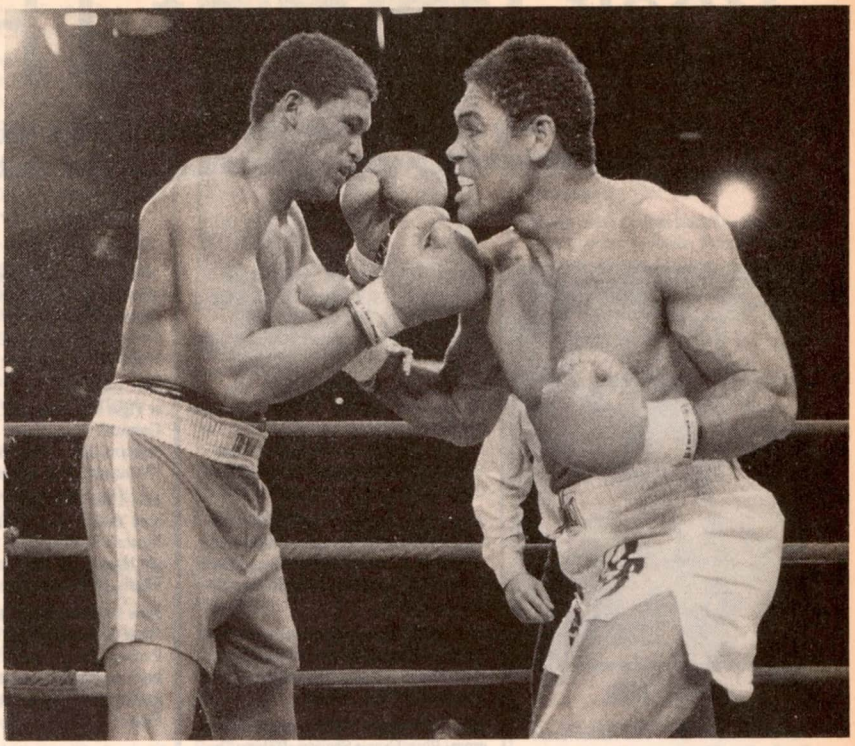
"THE HERKIMER HURRICANE"

Perhaps you can help settle a gentleman's bet I have with my friend. He insists former lightweight champion Lou Ambers was Jewish, not Italian. He also says that after regaining the 135-pound title from Henry Armstrong, Ambers went on to retain it by again defeating Armstrong. I believe my friend is wrong on both accounts. Can you clear up our confusion?

WALTER VIVISAC
Troy, NY

Lou Ambers doesn't look like the winner, but he's just regained the lightweight title with a decision victory over Henry Armstrong in August 1939.

[Editor's Note: Your friend needs a new recordbook. Ambers was Italian; his real name was Luigi Guiseppe D'Ambrosio. In August 1939, Ambers regained the lightweight title that Armstrong had taken 13 months before. But he never fought Armstrong again. In fact, his points triumph over Armstrong was Ambers' last title-fight victory. He was kayoed by Lew Jenkins in the third round of his next defense, and then, in his last fight, in February 1941, he was again stopped by Jenkins.]



Heavyweight contender Renaldo Snipes stops Terry Anderson in the 10th round in New York City. The veteran Snipes is rated by all three sanctioning bodies, but there's never been talk of a title-fight matchup against champion Mike Tyson.

THE FORGOTTEN HEAVYWEIGHT

I am writing in response to the lottery-like manner by which opponents are chosen to fight for world titles. My specific gripe: Renaldo Snipes has been ranked by all three sanctioning bodies, on and off, for the last nine years. However, since his title showing against Larry Holmes in 1981, he hasn't received another chance. Furthermore, since his loss to Greg Page in 1983, he has, in essence, been written off as a legitimate contender.

I will be the first to say that over the years, there have been more deserving contenders than Snipes, but most been safe opponents or political favorites. Ironically, Snipes was given a fight with Holmes because he was deemed harmless. But since that time, he has *earned* the right to fight for the title. If patience is indeed a virtue, he has become the Abe Lincoln of the heavyweight division.

As I write this, champion Mike Tyson is scheduled to next defend against Buster Douglas in Tokyo. I would assume that Douglas earned this chance by defeating an aging Trevor Berbick, his only win against a name opponent. Snipes beat a peaking Berbick in 1983, and then was required to face Page before being given a title shot. Another thing: Douglas is a safe opponent, one who will not jeopardize a Tyson-Holyfield superfight. If Tyson wants a safe foe, why doesn't he at least fight one who has earned the right to fail?

Since his comeback, a motivated and dedicated Snipes has won 11 of 13 bouts, the only loss being a highly controversial decision to Orlin Norris. But he's become the forgotten heavyweight. He is more qualified than any other top-10 contender, with the exceptions of Holyfield and Michael Dokes. This apparently counts for nothing.

Call me crazy, but I believe that the only suitable challenger is a worthy one. And given the state of the heavyweight division these days, the unpredictable and colorful Snipes is as suitable and marketable as anyone around.

STEVEN PINTO
Rock Hill, NY

A VOTE FOR HAGLER

A decade of memories are now inside the squared circle for all to ponder. When all the pundits and pickers are done looking over the '80s, a good case could be made for choosing Marvin Hagler as the Fighter of the Decade. Hagler didn't need weight classes or title belts made expressly for his needs. (Perhaps the decade's biggest farce were the heavyweight titles developed for Larry Holmes and Michael Spinks. It typified the organizational mishmash that could ultimately ruin the sport.) Instead, Hagler simply dominated the middleweight division for almost the entire decade. He also defeated Thomas Hearns in arguably the Fight of the Decade.

Think about that when you think about the '80s.

RICHARD CORENO
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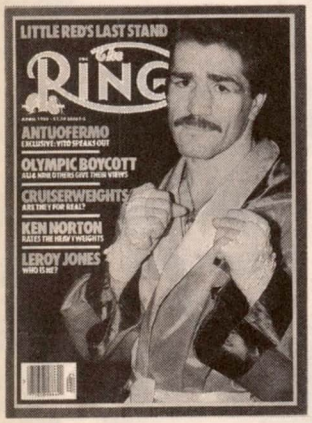

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May 1981: John Tate: How Far Down is Down? Plus: The worst champs, Floyd Patterson, Boza-Edwards-Limon.

Aug. 1981: Wilfred Benitez: Triple Crown Champ. Plus: Alexis Arguello, Henry Armstrong, Robert Fitzsimmons, Barney Ross, Roberto Duran, Larry Holmes, Beintez-Hope.

Sept. 1981: Leonard-Hearns Program. Plus: *Ring* belt poster of Leonard-Hearns, Yaqui Lopez, Pipino Cuevas, Mickey Duff, Leonard-Kalule, Alexis Arguello.

Oct. 1981: (104-Page Issue)—Holmes-Cooney: Is It Is Or Is It Ain't? Plus: Who's who?, Rocky Graziano, Larry Holmes pinup, hardest hitting heavyweights, pound-for-pound best, Spinks-Mustafa Muhammad.

Nov. 1981: Salvador Sanchez: Boxing's New Conquistador. Plus: Alexis Arguello pinup, Latino boxers, Leonard-Hearns I, Sanchez-Gomez.

Feb. 1982: Holmes-Cooney Program. Plus: Dwight Braxton pinup, Irish fighters, Muhammad Ali, Pedroza-Ballas.

March 1982: (100-Page Year-End Special)—Sanchez & Leonard: Fighters Of The Year. Plus: Jeff Chandler pinup, Dwight Braxton, Navarrete-Choi, Wilfred Benitez.

May 1982: Marvin Hagler: Is He The Greatest Middleweight Champ Ever? Plus: Salvador Sanchez pinup, great middlweight fights, southpaws, Primo Carnera, Fletcher-Braxton, Prudencio Cardona.

Aug. 1982: Cooney: Is He The Real McCoy? Plus: Sugar Ray Leonard pinup, Holmes-Cooney coverage, Howard Davis, British heavyweights, Larry Holmes, Limon-Navarette.

Sept. 1982: Leon Spinks: Boxing's Prodigal Son Returns To The Cruiserweights. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Sanchez-Nelson, Max Baer, Milton McCrory.

Nov. 1982: Special Pryor-Arguello Program. Plus: Earnie Shavers, Robeto Duran, Henry Armstrong, Gerry Cooney, LaPorte-Miranda.

Jan. 1983: Dwight Braxton: "How I Will Beat Spinks." Plus: Pryor-Arguello—Fight of the Year, Frank Fletcher, Rocky Marciano, Curry-Starling I,Hagler-Obel II.

Feb. 1983: Michael Dokes: Tainted Champion? Plus: Howard Cosell, Chacon-Limon, Mickey Walker, Ray Mancini.

March 1983: (104-Page Year-End Special)—Larry Holmes: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Donald Curry, Milton McCrory, history of featherweights.

April 1983: Randall "Tex" Cobb: Not Just Another Pretty Face. Plus: Hector Camacho, Hall of Fame (Monzon, Foster, Burley), Stanley Ketchel, Duran-Cuevas, Wilford Scypion.

May 1983: Michael Spinks Wins It All. Plus: Spinks-Braxton color, Bob Arum, Marvin Hagler, Collins-LaPaglia.

June 1983: What Now For Ray Mancini? Plus: Luper Pintor, Tony Ayala, Mancini-Arguello color, Holmes-Teofilo Stevenson?, Jersey Joe Walcott, Jung-Koo Chang, Frazier-Broad.

July 1983: Jeff Chandler: The Best Fighter Nobody Knows. Plus: Sugar Ray Seales, Jack Dempsey, Bobby Chacon, Dokes-Weaver II, Holmes-Witherspoon, Paul Berlenbach.

Aug. 1983: Roberto Duran: One 'Mas' Time! Plus: After Holmes?, Colin Jones, Jimmy Montoya, Alexis Arguello, Billy Petrolle.

Sept. 1983: Exclusive: Sugar Ray Leonard Talks About His Past, Present, & Future. Plus: Hagler & Duran: 'How I'll Win The Fight,' Jaime Garza, Panama Lewis, Spinks-Mustafa-Muhammad, Bobo Olson, Jack Johnson, Mustafa Hamsho, Muniz-Chandler.

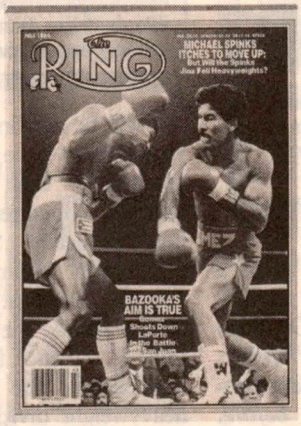
Oct. 1983: (104-Page Special)—Hagler-Duran Program. Plus: Best fighter poll, Who's who?, Jose Sulaiman, Billy McNeece, Marty Servo, Milton McCory, Colin Jones.

Nov. 1983: Gerrie Coetzee: The New Heavyweight Champ Sets His Sights On Holmes. Plus: Alexis Arguello, Murray Sutherland, James J. Braddock, Muhammad Ali.

Dec. 1983: Greg Page: 'Holmes Will Never Fight Me—He's A Chicken-Livered Coward!' Plus: Hagler-Duran, Tim Witherspoon, Jake LaMotta, Cedeno-Magri, "Winners" by Leroy Neiman.

Feb. 1984: Don King Talks And Talks And Talks. Plus: Leonard's return, Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, 1983 quotes, Marvin Hagler, Johnny Bratton, Gerald Hayes, Hagler-Duran color.

June 1984: Bumphus, Lockridge, Duva: 'That Championship Year.' Plus: Ferdie Pacheco, Harry Arroyo, Holmes-Coetzee preview, Pipino Cuevas, Aaron Pryor, Battling Nelson-Joe Gans, Witherspoon-Page.



JULY 1984

July 1984: Bazooka's Aim Is True: Gomez Shoots Down LaPorte In The Battle For San Juan. Plus: Michael Spinks, Vinnie Pazienza, Tyrone Crawley, Leonard's comback, Chandler-Sandoval, Hagler-Roldan.

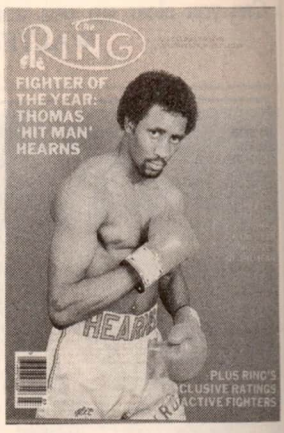
Sept. 1984: The Scramble For Bramble: Livingstone's Wrapped Up In Being A Champion. Plus: Hearns-Duran, Rosario-Davis, Aaron Pryor, Eusebio Pedroza.

Oct. 1984: The Beast From The East: John Mugabi Strikes Terror In The Hearts Of Men. Plus: Bill Costello, nine gold medals, Don King, Davey Moore, memorabilia.

Dec. 1984: Hagler Hammers Hamsho. Plus: Barry McGuigan, James Broad, boxing's best, Julian Jackson, Thomas-Witherspoon.

Jan. 1985: Holmes-Bonecrusher Color Action. Plus: Gerry Cooney, pro debuts (Breland, Hill, Taylor, Biggs, Whitaker, Holyfield), Santos-Medal, Meza-Garza.

Feb. 1985: Showdown: Page Clobbers Coetzee For WBA Title. Plus: Larry Holmes, lightweights, Cooney-Chapin, McCallum-Minchillo.



MARCH 1985

March 1985: Fighter Of The Year: Thomas 'Hit Man' Hearns. Plus: Year-end awards, Darrell-Estrada, Nelson-Gomez, Arroyo-Alli.

April 1985: Special Hagler-Hearns Program. Plus: British fighters, Hector Camacho, Donald Curry, British fighters, Sonny Liston.

May 1985: The Rematch In Reno: Bramble-Mancini Color Action. Plus: Donald Curry, Aaron Pryor, McGuigan-LaPorte.

June 1985: Holmes' Last Hurrah? Holmes-Bey Color Action. Plus: Holmes vs. all-time greats, Paul-Arroyo, 1901.

July 1985: Marvelous Marvin! Are There Any More Mountains To Climb? Plus: Hagler-Hearns, 10 greatest first rounds, Tyson (2-0) rates the heavys, Tubbs-Page.

Aug. 1985: Seven Elected To The Ring Hall Of Fame (Jose Napoles, Jake LaMotta, Panama Al Brown, Manuel Ortiz, Young Stribling, Thomas Jackling, Lord Lonsdale). Plus: Spinks-Holmes preview, Barry McGuigan.

Sept. 1985: Barry McGuigan: Can He Be Boxing's Savior? Plus: Carl Williams, Thomas-Weaver, Chavez-Mayweather I.

Oct. 1985: The "Macho Man" Rides Again. Plus: Dwight Muhammad Qawi, Camacho-Ramirez, Berbick-Green, Jeff Fenech, John E. Garcia, McCallum-Braxton.

Nov. 1985: Will Hagler Feast On The Beast? Plus: Hagler-Mugabi & Hearns-Shuler previews, Lonnie Smith, Pintor-Meza, Chuck Hull, Benitez-Moley.

Dec. 1985: Michael Spinks: Against All Odds. Plus: Curry-McCrory preview, McGuigan-Taylor, Alexis Arguello, Michael Olajide, Chavez-Pratchett.

Jan. 1986: In Search Of A Heavyweight Champion. Plus: Azumah Nelson, Arguello-Jefferson, Olympic update, Chicago boxing.

Feb. 1986: Mike Tyson: The Legacy Of Cus D'Amato. Plus: Rocky IV, Curry-McCrory, Teddy Mann, Kenny Lane.

March 1986: Co-Fighters Of The Year: Marvelous Marvin Hagler & Donald Curry. Plus: Special year-end awards, 1985 boxing diary, annual ratings, Evander Holyfield, Fenech-Coffee.

April 1986: Witherspoon Tames Tubbs For WBA Title. Plus: Dream fights, Greg Haugen, Tyrell Biggs, Mark Breland, Paul Gonzales, HBO tourney, Witherspoon-Tubbs, Frank Warren, Gene Tunney.

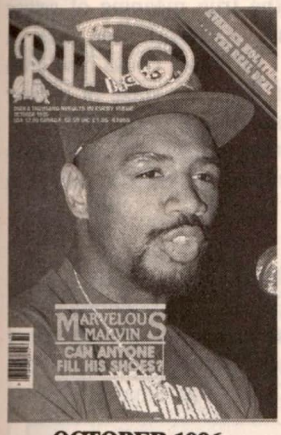
May 1986: Marvelous Marvin Tames The Beast. Plus: Hearns-Shuler, Mike Tyson, Bramble-Crawley, Sandoval-Canizales, Marvin Johnson, McGuigan-Cabrera, Arguello-Costello, Weaver-Williams.

June 1986: Barry's Back In The USA: McGuigan Breathes A Breath Of Fresh Air Into American Fight Scene. Plus: Bobby Czyz, Robbie Sims, Qawi-Holyfield preview, Berbick-Thomas, Bruno-Coetzee.

Aug. 1986: Is Sugar Ray Still Sweet? Plus: Lloyd Honeyghan, Tyson-Green, Cooney-Gregg, Hall of Fame (Eder Jofre, Benny Lynch, Bud Taylor, Sam McVey, Nat Langham, John Chambers), Bernardo Pinango.

Sept. 1986: Gerry Cooney vs. Mike Tyson: Who Would Win? Plus: Cruz-McGuigan, Hearns-Medal, Tyson-Gross, Sims-Duran.

Oct. 1986: Marvelous Marvin: Can Anyone Fill His Shoes? Plus: Tim Witherspoon, Holyfield-Qawi, Panama's champions, Frankie Duarte, Tyson-Frazier.



OCTOBER 1986

Nov. 1986: Mike Tyson: History In The Making. Plus: Tyson-Berbick preview, Spinks, Paul Gonzales, Bobby Czyz, Tyson-Ratliff, McCallum-Jackson.

Dec. 1986: The Weekend That Shook Up The Boxing World. Plus: Rosario-Bramble, Honeyghan-Curry, Butch Lewis, Buster Drayton, Johnson-Emebe, Raging Bull II.

March 1987: Mike Tyson: Can Anybody Beat Him? Plus: Dennis Andries, Richard Steele, Tyson-Berbick, Ricky Parkey.

April 1987: Hagler-Leonard Souvenir Issue. Plus: Czyz, Orlando Canizales, Mugabi-Thomas, Biggs-Snipes, Chavez-La-Porte, Bonecrusher-Witherspoon II, Haugen-Paul.

May 1987: Mike Tyson: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Year-end awards, *The Ring* annual ratings, Louie Espinoza, Herol Graham.

June 1987: Vinny Paz: Phenom Or Phony? Plus: Tyson-Bonecrusher, Mark Breland, Brian Mitchell, Evander Holyfield, Czyz-Edwards, Olajide-Lee, Curry-Montgomery.

July 1987: Spinks-Cooney: The Fight That Refused To Die. Plus: The new *Ring* ratings, Terry Marsh, George Foreman's return, Kaosai Galaxy, Hearns-Andries, Whitaker-Mayweather.

Aug. 1987: Sugar Ray: Still In Style. Plus: Leonard-Hagler, all-time heavyweight ratings, Czyz-MacDonald, Camacho-Davis.

Sept. 1987: Michael Olajide: The Look Of The Future? Plus: Tyson-Thomas, Jeff Fenech, middleweight muddle, Tsuyoshi Hamada, Juan Roldan, Harold Knight.

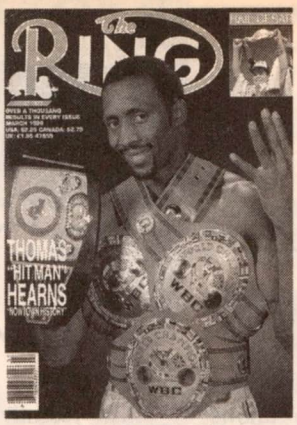
Oct. 1987: Special Hall Of Fame Issue: Ali Elected Unanimously! Plus: Hall of Fame directory, Spinks-Cooney, Pazienza-Haugen II, Aaron Pryor.

Nov. 1987: Tyson Wins Heavyweight Triple-Crown. Plus: Triple-crown champs, Matthew Hilton, Carlos Monzon interview, McCallum-Curry.

Dec. 1987: Spinks Lewis: Boxings Beastie Boys. Plus: Starling-Breland, Ramzi Hassan, Honeyghan-Hatcher, Holyfield-Ocasio.

Jan. 1988: Darrin Van Horn—Million Dollar Baby? Plus: Evander Holyfield, Hill-Stewart, Juan Coggi, great hookers, AIDS.

Feb. 1988: Gold Outshines Glitter: Tate Tops Olajide. Plus: Tyson-Biggs, Kalambay-Barkley, Hearns-Roldan, fights we'd like to see.



MARCH 1988

March 1988: Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns: "Now I Own History." Plus: Chavez-Rosario, Roger Mayweather, Rocky Lockridge, bleeders, Bruno-Bugner, Fenech-Zarate, Tony Burton.

April 1988: Evander Holyfield: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Special year-end awards, Holyfield-Qawi II, Foreman-Sekorski, Hill-Angulo.

May 1988: George Foreman: "I Can Beat Tyson." Plus: Tyson-Holmes, Jesse Benavides, Showtime, no-knockout artists.

June 1988: Sugar Ray Robinson Still The Sweetest! Plus: All-time middleweight ratings, Larry Holmes, Louie Lomeli, McGirt-Warren II, Haugen-Pazienza II.

July 1988: Special Tyson-Spinks Preview Issue. Plus: Donald Trump interview, Honeyghan-Vaca II, Foreman-Qawi, Barkley-Olajide.

Aug. 1988: Julio Cesar Chavez: The Kid From Culiacan. Plus: Holyfield, bad decisions, Lockridge-Knight, Starling-Breland II, Brown-Trice, Haugen-Santana.

Sept. 1988: Sugar Ray: Here He Comes Again! Plus: Andries-Czyz, Kid Chocolate, Don Dunphy, Don Lalonde, Andries-Czyz.

Oct. 1988: Mike Tyson: What Price Glory? Plus: Tyson-Spinks, Hearns-Barkley, Davey Moore.

Nov. 1988: Donny Lalonde: "Sugar Ray is Out Of His Mind!" Plus: Hall of Fame selections (Carlos Ortiz, Joe Brown, Billy Graham, Cus D'Amato, Jimmy Jacobs), Nunn-Tate, Molinares-Starling, Honeyghan-Chung, '88 Olympians.

Dec. 1988: Mike Tyson Special. Plus: Leonard-Lalonde preview, Barry McGuigan, alphabet wars, Jeff Fenech, Mauro Mina, Meldrick Taylor.

Jan. 1989: Meldrick Taylor: Philly Phenom. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Alex Wallau, Taylor-McGirt, Olympic results.

Feb. 1989: Juilo Cesar Chavez. Plus: Chavez-Ramirez, all-time lightweight ratings, Louie Espinoza, Simon Brown, Roger Mayweather.

March 1989: Hearns Next For Sugar Ray? Plus: Leonard-Lalonde, Prince Charles Williams, Hearns-Kinchen, Nunn-Roldan, Hines-Hilton.

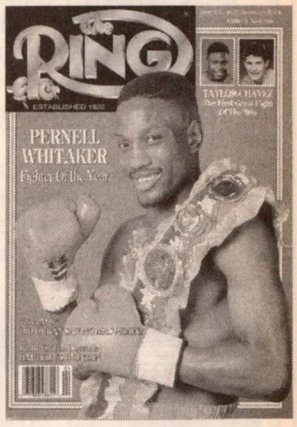
May 1989: The Best Of '88. Plus: Year-end awards, Evander Holyfield, Pryor-Morales, Fenech-Navarro.

Jan. 1990: Boxing's Bible Reborn At Age 68. Plus: George Foreman (color) Mike Tyson, Carlos Monzon, Duran-Leonard III, LaMotta-Dauthuille.

Feb. 1990: Riddick Bowe/Ray Mercer Target . . . Tyson: Plus: The Olympians as pros (color), Bobby Czyz, Gerry Cooney, Wepner-Liston, Bobo Olson.

March 1990: The '80s—Great Fights, Great Fighters (color). Plus: Jeff Harding, Evander Holyfield, Pete Rademacher, Sharkey-McCoy.

April 1990: Pernell Whitaker—*The Ring* Fighter Of The Year (color). Plus: Chavez-Taylor preview, Leonard-Duran III, Tiger Flowers, Muhammad Ali.



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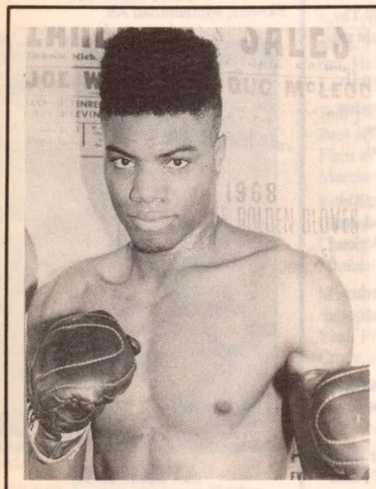
ROUND ONE

BO, MEET MR. BROWN: Bo knows baseball. And Bo knows football. But Bo Jackson doesn't know Marselles Brown, who may be the most intriguing two-sport athlete in history. Brown, nicknamed "The Fighting Basketball Player," is a 6'11", 215-pound heavyweight who is also pursuing a career in basketball.

Brown, 5-0 (5) as a pro, recently made the varsity basketball team at Lansing Community College in Michigan. But academic pressures and basketball practice began to interfere with his training, so the 21-year-old dunker temporarily left Lansing CC to concentrate solely on boxing.



Heavyweight Marselles Brown

"My ultimate goal is to be the heavyweight champion," he said.

Brown played high school basketball at Springfield North High School in Ohio, and even there the hardwood was secondary to the ring. He quit hoops in the middle of his junior year in order to train for the Olympics. Brown failed to qualify for the Olympic Trials, but he did manage to reach the semifinals of the 1987 National Golden Gloves tournament.

"He's an athlete," said his manager, Bob Every. "He could have started on Lansing's team. He's talented and he can fight."

After recently receiving basketball recruiting letters from Iowa State and the University of Detroit, Brown decided to again start practicing sky hooks along with left hooks.

"I have high goals of making it in either of the two sports," he said. "I don't now whether I can be considered a Bo Jackson, but I've been gifted with great coordination that allows me to participate in both sports."

—Robert Cassidy

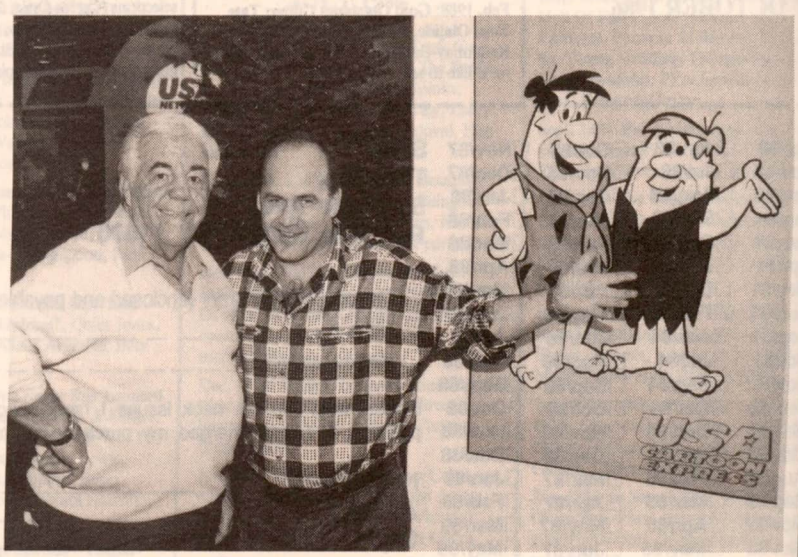
THE STORY GOES ON: They're supposedly making former middleweight contender Vinnie Curto's life story into a movie. Only one problem: Nobody's going to believe it. According to Curto, who failed in bids to dethrone then-IBF super middleweight champion Chong Pal Park in 1986 and 1987, he was an abused child; he joined the Navy at age 13 and was released after breaking an officer's windpipe in a brawl; he's worked as a bouncer, a bartender, and a bodyguard for a major Miami drug dealer; he has saved a woman from drowning in Lake Erie; he spent 12 months at the infamous Mustang Ranch near Reno; and as a boxer, he had 16 managers, including Angelo Dundee and Sylvester Stallone, in 15 years.

Curto's latest gig: He's an actor and a stand-up comic in Southern California. In 1977, he pulled out of a matchup with backyard rival Marvin Hagler, a move he would regret. But now, 13 years later, Curto is challenging Hagler again.

"My ultimate showdown," Curto told *The Ring,* "would be to get Marvin Hagler on a stage or be in the same movie together so that I could show him the true meaning of getting blown away. Although one time, in my prime, I probably could have given him a great fight; on stage or in front of a camera, there is no competition."

And all this time you thought Hagler was pondering an encounter with *Sugar Ray Leonard.*

A STONE-AGE FAMILY : Before February's sequined junior welterweight matchup between Vinny Pazienza and Hector "Macho" Camacho, Lou Duva, Paz' manager, wrote



Fred and Barney with Fred and Barney

us a letter.

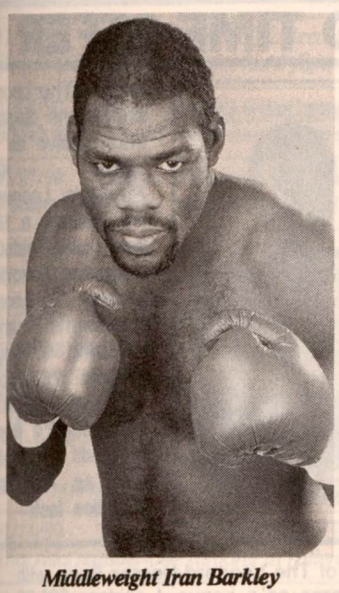
"Every time I turned around," Duva wrote, "there was the Macho Man calling me Fred Flintstone and Kevin Rooney [Paz' trainer] Barney Rubble. I didn't think it was getting to me until one morning when I looked in the mirror and saw Fred Flintstone instead of my normal handsome face. Then I went to lunch and had an uncontrollable urge for Brontosaurus burgers."

Duva wrote that hyping the fight in eight cities for seven days with Camacho led to a visit from "the guys in the white coats."

Just an observation, Captain Lou, but judging by the accompanying photo, Camacho might have discovered part of the modern stone-age family.

Frazier and Holmes: Is it a fantasy?

OUTSIDE THE ROPES: Roberto Duran was stripped of the WBC middleweight title because of his failure to make a mandatory defense. Who will meet for the vacant crown? The top-rated contenders are Lindell Holmes and Julian Jackson. But as we went to press, Holmes was scheduled to face Frank Tate for the vacant IBF *super* middleweight title, and Jackson, the reigning WBA *junior* middleweight champion, is recovering from surgery to repair a detached retina. In other words, *who knows* . . . In an effort to save his career, WBA featherweight champion Jeff Fenech underwent surgery on his troublesome right hand in December. The operation delayed the Australian's charge into the junior lightweight division . . . Middleweight contender Iran Barkley's ring future is cloudy after surgery to repair a detached retina in his left eye. "The first thing I asked the doctors was, 'Can I fight again?' " Barkley said. He reported that "It looks good for now" . . . Don King is the target of a $17.2-million breach of contract suit filed in federal court by promoter Murad Muhammad, who represents heavyweight contender Razor Ruddock. Muhammad claims that King scratched a title fight between champion Mike Tyson and Ruddock, originally scheduled for November 18 in Edmonton, but then postponed when Tyson developed a chest problem, because he was able to secure a bigger payday in Tokyo against Buster Douglas . . . Mitch Green, best known as the heavyweight who fought Mike Tyson *outside* the ring, was convicted in New York City of drunken driving and possession of PCP (commonly known as angel dust) . . . According to *The New York Times,* boxing promoter Harold Rossfields Smith, who was convicted in 1983 of embezzling $21.3-million from Wells Fargo National Bank, is under investigation again. The California State Athletic Commission, which granted Smith a manager's license last July, has been looking into charges that since then, Smith has duped a number of parties out of money, and that he has sold pieces of fighters to whom he had no rightful claim . . . Bernard Fernandez, boxing columnist for the *Philadelphia Daily News,* reported that fans interested in a boxing fantasy camp advertising appearances by Larry Holmes and Joe Frazier, among others, should be wary. According to Fernandez, Holmes and Frazier weren't even aware of the project, which was featured in an article in *Sports Illustrated* . . . The Michigan Athletic Board of Control was embarrassed when ESPN reported that Terry Dockery, who was stopped 40 seconds into the first round by undefeated prospect Anthony Lopez on the network's weekly card from Auburn Hills on December 22, was really infamous loser Jerry Strickland. "Strickland is a notorious dive artist," admitted commissioner Dr. Stuart Kirschenbaum, "and there's no way I would allow him to fight here." Kirschenbaum said that Dockery, a late sub billed from Huntsville, Kentucky, presented photographic identification and left no doubt that he was who he said he was.



Middleweight Iran Barkley

THE PUNCHLINES: In January, a robber escaped after holding up a convenience store in Pittsburgh, but not before he was wrestled to the ground by a customer by the name of Billy Conn.

"Once a fighter, always a fighter," said Conn's wife, Mary Louise.

Muhammad Ali on why Joe Frazier could never put his name on a perfume or cologne: "It wouldn't smell good." □

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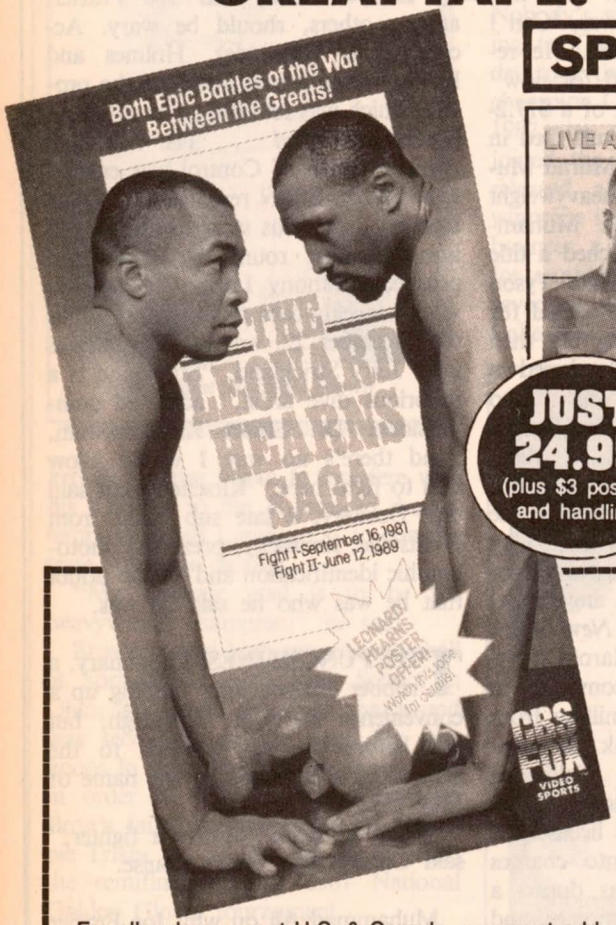

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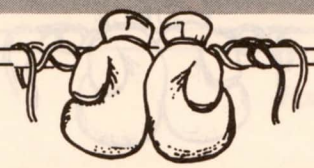
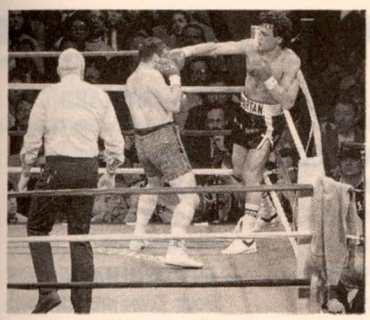
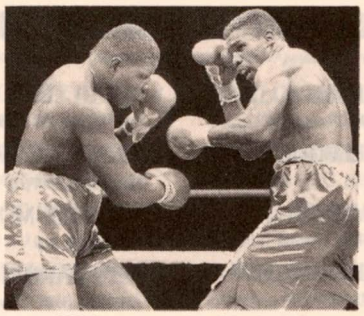
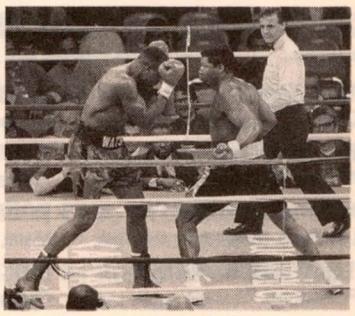




DeWitt crunches Hilton



Williams wards of Swindell



Mercer steamrolls Watson

DATE	WINNER/LOSER	DIVISION	NETWORK	SIGNIFICANCE	MATCHUP	RESULT
12/22/89	Michael Moorer KO 6 Mike Sedillo	lh	ESPN	B+	A-	B
	Moorer's one-punch power the dominant factor					
12/26/89	Donald Curry KO 2 Brett Lally	jm	ESPN	B+	B+	B-
	Curry's quick counters make hard fight easy					
01/04/90	Julian Solis KO 6 Anthony Boyle	jl	USA	C	B-	B
	Boyle's face a bloody mess; he stays on stool					
01/07/90	**Charles Williams KO 8 Frankie Swindell**	**IBF lh**	**ESPN**	**A**	**B+**	**B-**
	Williams goes inside, beats challenger at Swindell's own game					
01/08/90	Steve Cruz KO 10 Ricky Alvarez	f	SC	B-	B-	B-
	Typical Cruz performance: controlled, cautious, steady					
01/08/90	Pee Wee Parker W 12 Abe Gomez	f	PT	B	B+	A-
	Streaking Parker does it again in punchathon					
01/11/90	Tim Witherspoon KO 5 Jeff Sims	h	USA	B	B-	C+
	"Terrible Tim" chops down veteran with overhand rights					
01/12/90	Kevin Marston W 10 Richie Otero	l	MSG	C-	C	C-
	Winner retains State title in dull rematch					
01/14/90	Tyrone Trice W 12 Kevin Pompey	w	ESPN	B	B+	A-
	Trice risks number-one ranking in rollercoaster brawl					
01/15/90	George Foreman KO 2 Gerry Cooney	h	PPV	A-	A-	B
	Big George's powerpunches can't miss; Cooney falls hard					
01/15/90	Doug DeWitt KO 11 Matthew Hilton	m	PPV	B+	A-	B+
	Both of Hilton's eyes closed during slugfest					
01/15/90	Ray Mercer KO 5 Wesley Watson	h	PPV	B-	C+	B-
	Mercer seems old self in destroying Cooney sparring mate					

Category explanation: "Significance"—The importance of the bout to the division and the fighters' future; "Matchup"—The quality of the fighters and the prefight determination of how their styles will mesh; "Result"—How the bout turned out, from the viewer's perspective.)

(World title fights in **bold** *type)*

Division key: h—heavyweight; c—cruiserweight; lh—light heavyweight; sm—super middleweight; m—middleweight; jm—junior middleweight; w—welterweight; jw—junior welterweight; l—lightweight; jl—junior lightweight; f—featherweight; jf—junior featherweight; b—bantamweight; jb—junior bantamweight; fl—flyweight; jfl—junior flyweight; s—strawweight.)

Network key: PPV—Pay Per View; PT—Prime Ticket; SC—SportsChannel America; Show—Showtime

THE RING RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1 **MIKE TYSON**
Catskill, NY *(World Champ) 37-0*

2 **EVANDER HOLYFIELD**
Atlanta, GA *23-0*

3 **MICHAEL DOKES**
Las Vegas, NV *40-2-2*

4 **TIM WITHERSPOON**
Philadelphia, PA *31-3*

5 **FRANCESCO DAMIANI**
Italy *25-0*

6 **ORLIN NORRIS**
Campo, CA *22-1*

7 **BUSTER DOUGLAS**
Columbus, OH *29-4-1*

8 **CARL WILLIAMS**
White Plains, NY *22-3*

9 **RAZOR RUDDOCK**
Canada *22-1-1*

10 **GARY MASON**
England *33-0*

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 195 pounds

1 **CARLOS DeLEON**
Puerto Rico *(WBC Champ) 42-5*

2 **TAOUFIK BELBOULI**
France *28-1*

3 **ROBERT DANIELS**
Miami, FL *17-1 (WBA Champ)*

4 **DWIGHT MUHAMMAD QAWI**
Cherry Hill, NJ *32-7-1*

5 **GLENN McCRORY**
England *(IBF Champ) 27-5*

6 **NATE MILLER**
Philadelphia, PA *15-1*

7 **ANACLET WAMBA**
France *27-1*

8 **PATRICK LUMUMBA**
Kenya *9-3*

9 **JAMES WARRING**
Miami, FL *10-1*

10 **BOONE PULTZ**
Tyler, TX *16-1*

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1 **VIRGIL HILL**
Las Vegas, NV *(WBA Champ) 26-0*

2 **PRINCE CHARLES WILLIAMS**
Mansfield, OH *(IBF Champ) 28-4-2*

3 **MICHAEL MOORER**
Detroit, MI *18-0*

4 **JEFF HARDING**
Australia *(WBC Champ) 16-0*

5 **DENNIS ANDRIES**
Detroit, MI *35-8-2*

6 **DON LALONDE**
Canada *31-3*

7 **LESLIE STEWART**
Trinidad & Tobago *27-5*

8 **GRACIANO ROCCHIGIANI**
Germany *28-0*

9 **JOE LASISI**
Las Vegas, NV *20-1*

10 **URIAH GRANT**
Miami Beach, FL *17-6*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHT
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1 **RAY LEONARD**
Potomac, MD *(WBC Champ) 36-1-1*

2 **THOMAS HEARNS**
Las Vegas, NV *46-3-1*

3 **FRANK TATE**
Houston, TX *24-1*

4 **IN CHUL BAEK**
South Korea *(WBA Champ) 46-2*

5 **CHRISTOPHE TIOZZO**
France *25-0*

6 **LINDELL HOLMES**
Detroit, MI *40-5-1*

7 **TONY BYRD**
Los Angeles, CA *15-1-1*

8 **JAMES KINCHEN**
San Diego, CA *46-7-2*

9 **FULGENCIO OBELMEJIAS**
Venezuela *49-5*

10 **VICTOR CORDOVA**
Panama *10-2*

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 135 pounds

1 **PERNELL WHITAKER**
Norfolk, VA *(IBF & WBC Champ) 20-1*

2 **EDWIN ROSARIO**
Puerto Rico *(WBA Champ) 35-3*

3 **TRACY SPANN**
Plainfield, NJ *23-0*

4 **FREDDIE PENDLETON**
Miami, FL *24-16-3*

5 **GREG HAUGEN**
Henderson, NV *23-2-1*

6 **JOHN DUPLESSIS**
New Orleans, LA *31-1*

7 **DAVID GONZALES**
San Jose, CA *23-1-1*

8 **LOUIE LOMELI**
Melrose Park, IL *25-1*

9 **CHIL SUNG CHUN**
South Korea *15-1*

10 **POLI DIAZ**
Spain *27-0*

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 130 pounds

1 **AZUMAH NELSON**
Ghana *(WBC Champ) 31-1*

2 **BRIAN MITCHELL**
South Africa *(WBA Champ) 40-1-2*

3 **JOHN-JOHN MOLINA**
Puerto Rico *(IBF Champ) 20-2*

4 **JEFF FENECH**
Australia *24-0*

5 **TONY LOPEZ**
Sacramento, CA *33-2*

6 **LUPE SUAREZ**
Corpus Christi, TX *28-2*

7 **GENARO HERNANDEZ**
Los Angeles, CA *18-0*

8 **CALVIN GROVE**
Pottstown, PA *36-2*

9 **JUAN LaPORTE**
New York, NY *35-9*

10 **MARIO MARTINEZ**
Mexico *47-6-2*

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 126 pounds

1 **ANTONIO ESPARRAGOZA**
Venezuela *(WBA Champ) 29-1-4*

2 **JEFF FENECH**
Australia *(WBC Champ) 24-0*

3 **JORGE PAEZ**
Mexico *(IBF Champ) 33-2-2*

4 **LOUIE ESPINOZA**
Phoenix, AZ *35-3-1*

5 **MAURIZIO STECCA**
Italy *36-1*

6 **MARCOS VILLASANA**
Mexico *49-7-2*

7 **TROY DORSEY**
Dallas, TX *11-2-2*

8 **PEE WEE PARKER**
Houston *20-3-2*

9 **RICARDO CEPEDA**
Bronx, NY *14-0-1*

10 **PAUL HODKINSON**
England *17-0-1*

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 122 pounds

1 **DANIEL ZARAGOZA**
Mexico *(WBC Champ) 40-4-1*

2 **JESUS SALUD**
San Diego, CA *(WBA Champ) 31-3*

3 **SEUNG HOON LEE**
South Korea *44-6-1*

4 **JUAN JOSE ESTRADA**
Mexico *36-8*

5 **FABRICE BENICHOU**
France *(IBF Champ) 29-5*

6 **KENNY MITCHELL**
Houston, TX *20-8-3*

7 **PEDRO DECIMA**
Argentina *23-2*

8 **PAUL BANKE**
Quail Valley, CA *17-4*

9 **JOSE SANABRIA**
Venezuela *16-4-2*

10 **JESSE BENAVIDES**
Corpus Christi, TX *27-1*

Records Compiled By Eric Armit

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

- In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.
- Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.
- These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

For Period Ended January 18, 1990

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Weight limit: 160 pounds

1 **MICHAEL NUNN**
Los Angeles, CA *(IBF Champ) 34-0*

2 **SUMBU KALAMBAY**
Italy *47-4-1*

3 **MIKE McCALLUM**
Brooklyn, NY *(WBA Champ) 36-1*

4 **ROBERTO DURAN**
Miami, FL *85-8*

5 **IRAN BARKLEY**
Bronx, NY *25-6*

6 **MICHAEL WATSON**
England *22-1-1*

7 **HEROL GRAHAM**
England *42-2*

8 **STEVE COLLINS**
Brockton, MA *16-0*

9 **NIGEL BENN**
England *25-1*

10 **DOUG DeWITT**
Yonkers, NY *31-6-4*

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Weight limit: 154 pounds

1 **JULIAN JACKSON**
Virgin Islands *(WBA Champ) 38-1*

2 **JOHN MUGABI**
Tampa, FL *(WBC Champ) 36-2*

3 **GIANFRANCO ROSI**
Italy *(IBF Champ) 47-3*

4 **JOHN DAVID JACKSON**
Detroit, MI *20-0*

5 **TERRY NORRIS**
Campo, CA *24-3*

6 **RENE JACQUOT**
France *25-7-1*

7 **DONALD CURRY**
Fort Worth, TX *32-3*

8 **DARRIN VAN HORN**
Lexington, KY *42-1*

9 **ROBERT HINES**
Philadelphia, PA *25-2-1*

10 **CHRIS PYATT**
England *29-2*

WELTERWEIGHTS

Weight limit: 147 pounds

1 **MARLON STARLING**
South Windsor, CT *(WBC Champ) 45-5-1*

2 **SIMON BROWN**
Washington, D.C. *(IBF Champ) 31-1*

3 **LLOYD HONEYGHAN**
England *34-2*

4 **MARK BRELAND**
Brooklyn, NY *(WBA Champ) 26-1-1*

5 **BUDDY McGIRT**
Brentwood, NY *46-2-1*

6 **TYRONE TRICE**
Detroit, MI *36-2*

7 **MAURICE BLOCKER**
Washington, D.C. *30-1*

8 **GLENWOOD BROWN**
Plainfeild, NJ *27-1*

9 **AARON DAVIS**
Bronx, NY *26-0*

10 **ANTOINE FERNANDEZ**
France *31-1-1*

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS

Weight limit: 140 pounds

1 **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
Mexico *(WBC Champ) 67-0*

2 **MELDRICK TAYLOR**
Philadelphia, PA *(IBF Champ) 23-0-1*

3 **JUAN COGGI**
Argentina *(WBA Champ) 43-1-2*

4 **ROGER MAYWEATHER**
Las Vegas, NV *34-6*

5 **RAS-I BRAMBLE**
Hampton Township, NJ *29-3-2*

6 **LORETO GARZA**
Sacramento, CA *25-1-1*

7 **HECTOR CAMACHO**
Big Cypress, FL *36-0*

8 **FRANKIE RANDALL**
Morristown, TN *40-2-1*

9 **SAMMY FUENTES**
Puerto Rico *20-7-1*

10 **JOSE LUIS RAMIREZ**
France *104-8*

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Weight limit: 118 pounds

1 **RAUL PEREZ**
Mexico *(WBC Champ) 45-1-1*

2 **ORLANDO CANIZALES**
Laredo, TX *(IBF Champ) 22-1-1*

3 **LUISITO ESPINOSA**
Philippines *(WBA Champ) 22-5*

4 **GERARDO MARTINEZ**
San Jose, CA *23-0*

5 **ISRAEL CONTRERAS**
Venezuela *32-2-1*

6 **KAOKOR GALAXY**
Thailand *24-2*

7 **MOON SUNG KIL**
South Korea *10-1*

8 **WILFREDO VASQUEZ**
Puerto Rico *27-3-3*

9 **PEPILLO VALDEZ**
Mexico *35-3*

10 **HURLEY SNEAD**
Detroit, MI *39-2-1*

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS

Weight limit: 115 pounds

1 **KHAOSAI GALAXY**
Thailand *(WBA Champ) 42-1*

2 **NANA KONADU**
Ghana *(WBC Champ) 18-0-1*

3 **GILBERTO ROMAN**
Mexico *53-5-1*

4 **JOSE RUIZ**
Puerto Rico *16-2*

5 **JUAN POLO**
Colombia *(IBF Champ) 27-5-2*

6 **THANOMSAK SITHBAOBEY**
Thailand *27-1*

7 **ELLY PICAL**
Indonesia *18-4*

8 **ROBERT QUIROGA**
San Antonio, TX *15-0*

9 **YONG HEUN LEE**
South Korea *14-0*

10 **WELCOME NCITA**
South Africa *24-0*

FLYWEIGHTS

Weight limit: 112 pounds

1 **SOT CHITALADA**
Thailand *(WBC Champ) 19-2-1*

2 **JESUS ROJAS**
Venezuela *(WBA Champ) 19-1-1*

3 **DAVE McAULEY**
Ireland *(IBF Champ) 14-2-2*

4 **JUNG KOO CHANG**
South Korea *37-2*

5 **JAVIER LUCAS**
Mexico *36-5*

6 **RICHARD CLARKE**
Jamaica *22-2*

7 **LEOPARD TAMAKUMA**
Japan *25-4*

8 **YUL WOO LEE**
South Korea *18-2*

9 **ROMY NAVARETTE**
Philippines *35-9-1*

10 **YONG KANG KIM**
South Korea *19-2*

POUND FOR POUND

Boxing's 10 Best Fighters, Pound For Pound

1 **MIKE TYSON**
Heavyweight

2 **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
Junior Welterweight

3 **PERNELL WHITAKER**
Lightweight

4 **MICHAEL NUNN**
Middleweight

5 **ANTONIO ESPARRAGOZA**
Featherweight

6 **MELDRICK TAYLOR**
Junior Welterweight

7 **AZUMAH NELSON**
Junior Lightweight

8 **RAUL PEREZ**
Bantamweight

9 **VIRGIL HILL**
Light Heavyweight

10 **MARLON STARLING**
Welterweight

KATZ SCAN

FIGHTING THE FEAR

By Michael Katz

This was going to be about Tyrone Jackson and all fighters who face fear. It still is.

First, I want to put it in context. Too often, it is said that there are no cowards in boxing, that anyone brave enough to journey into a ring must be courageous, no matter how he behaves when he gets there. Too often, it is said that we who do not make the same climb cannot sit in judgment of those who do. Too often, it appears that only fighters are allowed to have courage.

But I was privileged to have a close view of the real fighter of the year, not from ringside, but from her bedside. The fighter of the year looked death in the eye and spit at it. She fought not for fame and money, but for family and friends, this brave wife of mine. She never quit, even when her body, wracked with pain, finally gave up.

In her memory, I salute not only Tyrone Jackson, but all those who conquer fear far from the strobe lights—the policeman who walks a beat, back to the crack dealers; the fireman who answers the call to inferno; all the soldiers on the front line.

We are all afraid because fear keeps us alive. The late Cus D'Amato used to lecture his fighters about how if it weren't for fear, we wouldn't look before we crossed the street. Without fear, there couldn't be courage. D'Amato would tell his fighters that fear is the same for the coward and the hero, that how we react to it is what separates the two.

This, then, is about Tyrone Jackson and the brave fighters. They climb three steps, sometimes four, into the ring, their bellies filled with terror we can only imagine. They are the most naked of our athletes, no football helmets or face masks to shield their emotions. And so we rhapsodize their courage and cry "cheat" when it falls short of our expectations, we who sit comfortably at ringside.

Morris Prager, of London, changed his name so his father the rabbi would not discover he was fighting. The rabbi's son, boxing as Mickey Duff, remembers the fear that attacks before the first jab.

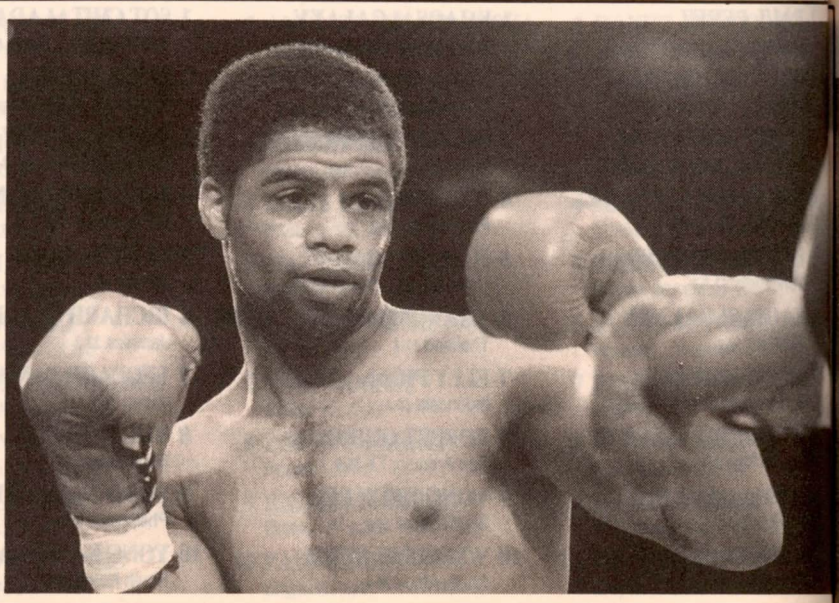
"It is not the fear of being hurt," explained the English promoter and manager. "It is the fear of being knocked on your arse in front of everyone, it is the fear of being embarrassed."

Tyrone Jackson knows. He pretended he didn't hear, but they would bark at him on the streets of Harlem. In the gym, they called the "Harlem Butcher" a dog. He had lied down and quit against Tony Lopez or, more accurately, never got started, never overcame the freeze of fear that overcame him in his dressing room. The fear, not Tony Lopez, knocked him out in the eighth round of their IBF junior lightweight title bout last June in Lake Tahoe.

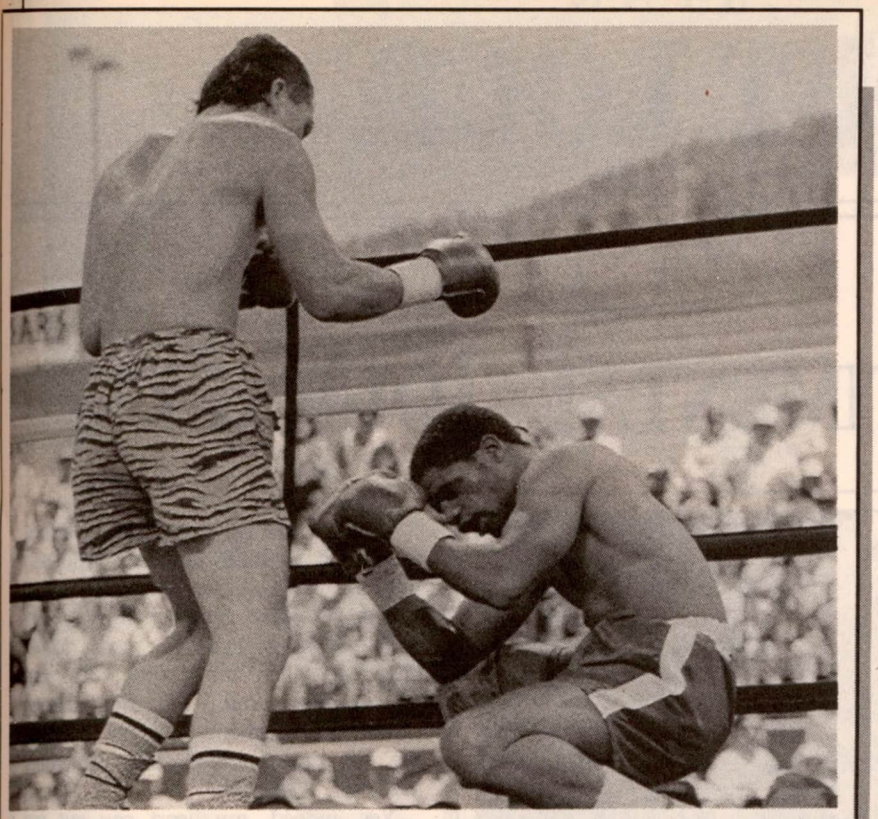
"I just gave up," he said. "I guess half the fighters who lose by knockout, they really didn't get knocked out. They just quit. I guess that's the easy way out, instead of standing your ground like a man.

"I'd be sitting there in the dressing room, thinking about skipping the fight, thinking maybe the guy broke his hand. Praying there was a fire or a bomb scare or the other guy wouldn't show up."

I bring up Tyrone Jackson because few fighters have been as honest or as articulate in expressing those fears. I could bring up Buddy Baer, who had to be carried into the ring to face Joe



New York City junior lightweight Tyrone Jackson has twice tried for the world title. But he's just learned to control his fear of the ring. For the first time, he feels like a professional fighter.



Jackson was unable to control his emotions before and during his nationally televised June 1989 challenge of then-IBF 130-pound king Tony Lopez. He fell meekly in eight one-sided rounds.

Louis, or most anyone who faces Mike Tyson. Or even Tyson, who, at the age of 16, needed a trainer named Teddy Atlas to convince him to go into the ring, that the other guy was even more afraid. Interesting that Teddy Atlas, a disciple of D'Amato, is also the trainer of Tyrone Jackson.

And I bring up Tyrone Jackson because, in a large sense, he represents all fighters and because he recognized his most dangerous opponent was fear and set out to beat it. Tyrone Jackson is no dog.

"A dog is running away and skipping town," said Jackson. "That's dogging it."

Jackson did not run. He chose to fight. After Lopez, his career could easily have ended, he could easily have returned to the liquor store he manages for his boxing manager, Don Clarke. He was 27 and already had lost in two world title shots—the first in South Korea in 1986.

"In this business, to make it worthwhile, you have to make it to the top or near there," said Atlas, who already had recommended retirement for such fighters as Art Tucker, Chris Reid, and Felix Santiago. "Tyrone had two chances, but he wasn't able to take that step because he wasn't able to control his emotions."

But unlike other fighters who needed career counseling, Jackson "was in a different category," said Atlas.

"He wasn't getting hit with punches, because he refused to be beat up," said the trainer. "His big problem was his imagination."

"It was like going to the guillotine, the electric chair, going to the ring," said Jackson. "You're surrounded by 20 people, but you know nobody can help you, that when the bell rings, it's just you and your opponent."

Atlas told him the story about how, as a kid on Staten Island, he had to face the neighborhood bully and how, all night before, he couldn't sleep, worrying about it.

"And then I realized, what is the worst thing that can happen?" Atlas said. "You get a black eye. Imagining the fight is always worse than the fight itself."

Atlas knew there were some questions that Jackson hadn't answered after the Korean venture. He had excuses for that loss. Boy, did he have excuses.

He was stopped in six rounds by Ki Yong Chang. "I didn't know anything about him," said Jackson. "I studied films of a guy named Ming and when I got over, I found Ming had lost the title to Chang."

Jackson was unable to take his trainer, he had no sparring, it was cold. In the second round he was cut, and then-manager Frank Sciacca said, "Oh, my, you're bleeding." Jackson said he had to put the grease on his gloves, do it himself.

And then he broke his right hand. Excuses? Yeah, but Atlas wasn't buying. The real fighters, he said, found a way in adversity. Still, the loss was easy to live with; nobody had seen the fight.

The Lake Tahoe fight, however, was on national television. After Korea, Madison Square Garden protected Jackson, giving him easy fights, building him back to a title shot without taking any risks. Jackson was beginning to wonder whether he could fight at all. After Tahoe, he had to find out, and Clarke and Atlas were not about to baby him.

They helped him find his courage, not in the Wizard of Oz, but in a dusty bull ring in Mexicali.

They took him south of the border, put him in with Rodolfo Gomez, the Mexican 130-pound champion and a world-class fighter. The first round, Jackson was still tight, but though Gomez "landed three shots worse than anything Lopez did," said Atlas, the Harlem Butcher was still standing. By the third round he began to realize, *Hey, I can handle this.* He started fighting back.

Gomez got the decision—Jackson and his corner had no arguments there—but the Mexican crowd, in its highest tribute, applauded Jackson.

"For the first time in my life," said Jackson in the dressing room, "I feel like a professional fighter."

"It was a victory over himself," said Atlas. "I'm proud of him for that."

After the Gomez fight, Jackson, in need of *any* victory, outpointed Gil Maldonado, a cute southpaw from the Bronx. Now he's been promised a title shot by Pepe Cordero, who runs the spurious new WBO.

He'll be nervous before the fight. Jackson knows that. But the big thing is that despite the fear, despite the anxiety, he will try his best. He's no dog, Tyrone Jackson. He outpointed fear. □

Michael Katz is a boxing writer and columnist for the New York Daily News.

RYAN

OUT LOUD

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Big George Foreman, whose smile and style have won over millions of fight fans, has become boxing's best—and worst—friend. His kayo of Gerry Cooney will likely lead to a world title fight.

By Jeff Ryan

SENTIMENT IN SPORTS is like a pair of 3-D glasses. They're silly and illusionary, everyone knows what he sees isn't real, and yet, just try to find someone who can resist putting the damn things on. Journalists, especially, are trained to have shorter heartstrings than other people, but then, sometimes, a guy like George Foreman comes along. A guy with a long enough reach to tug even on them.

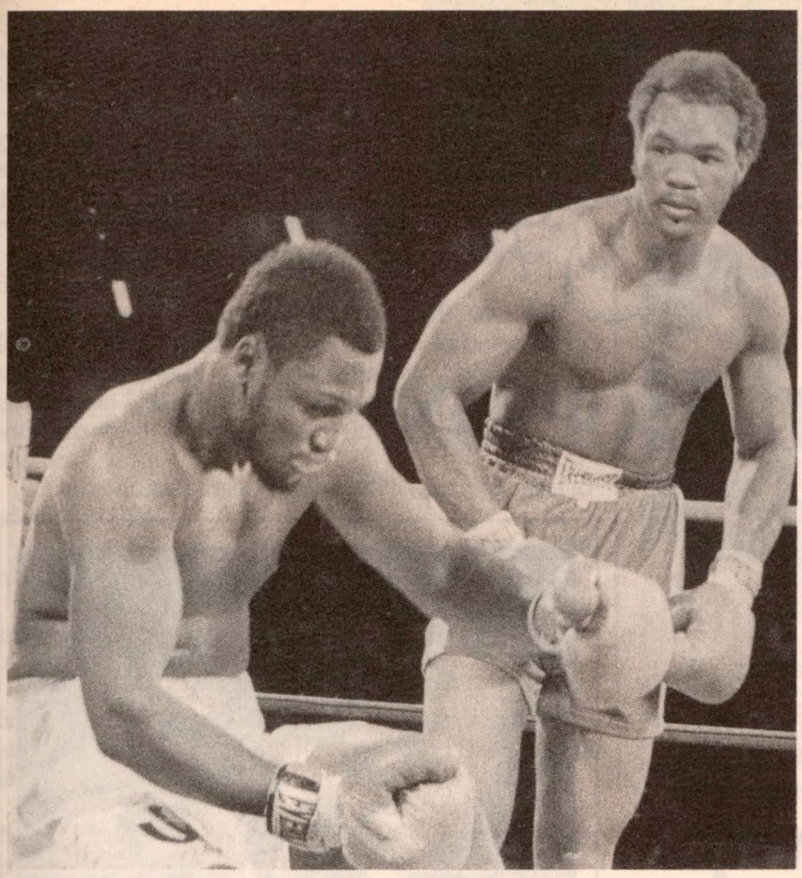
Admittedly, it was pretty near impossible to watch Foreman standing in his corner on January 15, arms outstretched and rested on the ropes, and not envision the destroyer of the '70s who assumed that very pose in dozens of neutral corners while his opponents groped for the bottom rope in a vain attempt to upright themselves. For a second there, I could even hear Howard Cosell shouting hysterically, "Down goes Frazier! Down goes Frazier!" as Gerry Cooney fell toward the canvas at the Atlantic City Convention Center.

In some strange way, it even seemed as though Humble Howard, who was flipping his wig at ringside during Foreman's finest hours in Mexico City and Kingston and Caracas, should have been there in Atlantic City, too. If you ever doubt the mind-altering power of sentiment, just try to recall the last time we ever said something like *that*.

Yes, indeed, my heart *can* put my head on Queer Street every once in a while, and it did so for a few fleeting moments on January 15. But I always like to think that my common sense hasn't yet taken the full 10-count. And that is why, as I watched Old Man River drown Gerry Cooney, I remained convinced that Foreman will last about as long in front of Mike Tyson as a cheeseburger and onion rings do in front of Big George. That was my opinion before Foreman-Cooney, and nothing—not even the sight of Gentleman Gerry toppling as spectacularly as Joe Frazier and Ken Norton once did—has changed my mind. Not one bit.

In fact, the conclusions I formed while watching Foreman's 19 wins against a collection of cruiserweights he selected with all the care of a man choosing a neurosurgeon, were confirmed right there in the first round on January 15. It was then that Foreman, slow, sloppy, ponderous, and a bigger target for shelling than Panama City, was wobbled briefly by a left hook. Cooney let him escape. Tyson would have beaten the reverend to a pulpit.

As for Foreman's offense, well, if Tyson never bobbed his head, stood upright, lowered his hands, and gave the hulking holyman the chance to land six unanswered shots to the chin, yes, the world would have an older,



"Down goes Frazier! Down goes Frazier!" In January 1973, Foreman, a major underdog despite a perfect record and an Olympic gold medal, crushed Joe Frazier to win the heavyweight title. In late-1990, will we be hearing, "Down goes Tyson! Down goes Tyson!"?

balder, better-behaved heavyweight champion. But unless Tyson's arms are paralyzed by Foreman's wide hooks to the funny bone, that isn't going to happen.

At best, Foreman can hope to land one or two of his punches at a time, punches that have become heavy, thudding shots these days, not the crisp, snapping bombs of his prime. Will that be enough to lift the title? Don't bet on it. Tyson's chin has survived the artillery of both Bonecrusher Smith and Frank Bruno, bombers who hit much harder with one punch than Big George does.

Hey, all you Foremaniacs, let's not get too hysterical over The Rev's dismantling of Cooney, no matter how impressive it was. The truth is, the 42-year-old, 250-pound Foreman is still more likely to suffer a heart attack in the ring, as "Fight Doctor" Ferdie Pacheco suggests, than he is to recapture the undisputed heavyweight title, as promoter Bob Arum suggests. Especially if pressed at a brutal pace by Tyson over several physically demanding rounds. (Assuming, perhaps foolishly, that the fight even lasts that long.)

Because he is so high-profile (he cuts an awfully wide profile, as well), Foreman is the fighter most likely to deal a tragic public relations blow to the sport. He's the American Medical Association's poster behemoth, the kind of accident the organization is waiting for before launching its next, and surely most intense, Let's-Abolish-Boxing campaign.

But, now, here's where the George Foreman Comeback story develops a wild plot twist. What is particularly troubling about the reemergence of Big George is that, ironically, at the very same time that he has become boxing's biggest enemy, he has also become its biggest friend. The bald guy cartoon character that Pacheco called "a fat, old Buddha" is currently the best ambassador that boxing has.

He is its windbag of fresh air, an intelligent, well-spoken, witty, just genuinely funny guy. His gatherings with the media are not press conferences, but trips to The Comedy Store to watch stand-up. When Foreman shed his hair and softened his physique, he also rid himself of the personality of a surly, brooding giant whose idea of loosening up back in the '70s was uttering quotes like, "I want to be the most destructive man in the whole world." The transformation has been astounding.

"I think George simply decided that he wanted to be liked," Mort Sharnik, Foreman's publicist for the Cooney fight, told *Newsday*. "He never cared about being liked before, and he never really liked people before. Now he does."

"He was the worst [person] in the world when he was champion," says Arum. "As bad as people think Tyson is, Foreman was a hundred times worse. Now, he's like a different person."

The kind of different person that boxing craves in this day of too many dreary, cliche-spouting mannequins, guys who make postfight interviews seem about as cheery as the Nuremberg trials. Want to know what's wrong with boxing's image? Just gaze up at the stars:

Mike Tyson is caustic and inaccessible. Julio Cesar Chavez doesn't speak English. Thomas Hearns is slurring his words. Sugar Ray Leonard is booed in every arena he appears, no matter if he's waging war in the main event, wearing an HBO blazer, or just playing fan. Michael Nunn? He's falling down stairs and canceling fights at a time when he is supposed to be climbing that stairway to the stars. With all these guys acting like the Moody Blues, we might as well welcome the jovial Foreman back into the forefront of the fight game. Even if he does march in to the strains of "Send in the Clowns."

Welcome back, Big George, but please, watch that rather prominent ass of yours. I'll enjoy the Reverend George Traveling Road Show while it lasts, turn out for your sermons to the media, jot down your ridiculous quotes, even have a few laughs. But I'm keeping my fingers crossed and hoping that you don't get yourself hurt when you climb into the ring this autumn with a kid young enough to be your son.

As for the rest of you, better ditch those 3-D glasses. George Foreman is *not* going to beat Mike Tyson. Never mind that for the very first time I feel like I should be rooting that he does. □

NEW

FACES

ED HOPSON

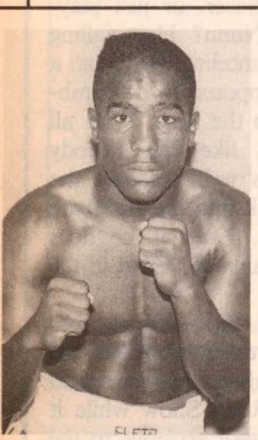
PROFESSIONAL RECORD

1989

Feb. 4	Marcos Covarubias, Las Vegas	W 4
June 18	Richard Garcia, Lake Tahoe	KO 1
July 9	Wilfredo De La Cruz, Atlantic City	KO 3
Sept. 3	David Moreno, Pensacola, FL	W 6
Nov. 27	Sonny Long, Providence	W 6

RECORD:	FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DREW	KO
	5	5	0	0	2

Photos By Gary McCracken & Peter Goldfield



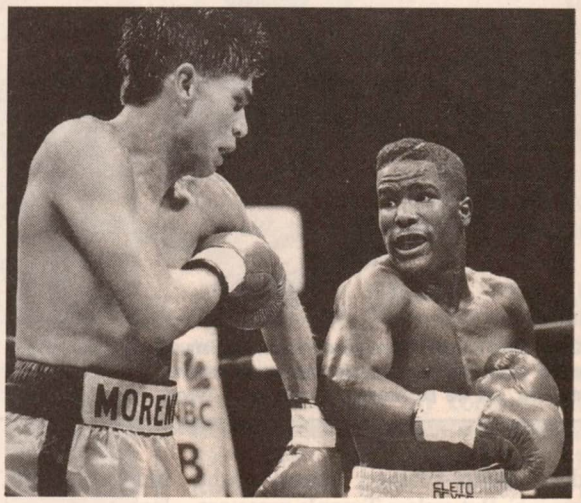
By Tim Leonard

Ed Hopson is a Batman fan. So much so that in his last fight, Hopson, who has taken Robin's nickname of "Boy Wonder," entered the ring wearing a Batman T-shirt and a bat cape. But the 18-year-old junior lightweight may have chosen the wrong character from the famed comic strip. Instead of "Boy Wonder," he would more accurately be described as "The Joker."

"He's such a joy to have in camp," says Hopson's manager, Lou Duva. "He busts everybody up in camp. He even gets Evander Holyfield to laugh, and that's a tough thing to do. He comes up with stuff out of left field. He's a comical guy and such a good kid. He knows what life is all about and he's maturing at a good pace."

But he *is* still maturing. Youth may be Hopson's only drawback. The southpaw from East St. Louis has blazed his way to a 5-0 record while attending Vashon High School. Hopson is on schedule to graduate in May.

"I'm not a jokey person," said Hopson, whose trademark backflips—they score anywhere from a two to a 10—are the highlights of his postfight celebrations. "If you get along with me, I'll get along with you. I'm not The Joker, I'm just down to earth."



In September, Hopson easily outhustled David Moreno in Pensacola, Florida, in a bout seen on network TV.

And he wants to have an effect on the planet.

"I'm the new beginning to the never-ending saga," Hopson says. "The reason I use the name 'Boy Wonder' is because I'm going to change the boxing world. You know when you're watching a movie and you get to the exciting part and you get a chill? The people are going to feel that when I fight. Hopefully I'll bring some joy to them."

There was no joy for Hopson at the 1988 Olympic Boxoffs. Both of his bouts with the more recognized Kelcie Banks ended with Hopson on the losing side of unpopular decisions. As it turned out, Banks was kayoed in his first Olympic fight.

"I think if I would've knocked him out, they would've said I was on drugs," said Hopson, who was in shock after losing the first decision. "I thought, *Damn, they must want me on TV again.* To be perfectly honest, I thought they were going to rob me in the Trials . . . after Ray Leonard left the [Olympic] committee as an adviser, things started to get a little fishy. I'm not mad at Kelcie or no one else. But right now I'm going to prove that they made a mistake. It was proven when he got knocked out. I rest my case."

Hopson, who is trained by George Benton and, when in

St. Louis, by Roger Bloodworth, doesn't think his failure to make the Olympic team will slow his pro career. But he thinks that he has lost out in other areas.

"They took my commercials from me," Hopson wailed, going into a voiceover. *"Ed Hopson, you just won the gold medal, what are you going to do now? I'm going to Disney World.* They took my Nike endorsements and everything . . . They took my Toyota commercials."

These days, Hopson is getting his endorsements from other areas.

"He's going to shock the world," states IBF and WBC lightweight king Pernell Whitaker, another fighter in Duva's stable. "He knows it's not going to be easy. He's a lot quicker than I am. One of the things I do for him is try to settle him down. Try to get him to throw his punches together."

Whitaker doesn't think Hopson will have to wait long to win his first title.

"Give him until the end of this year maybe. Or the beginning of 1991."

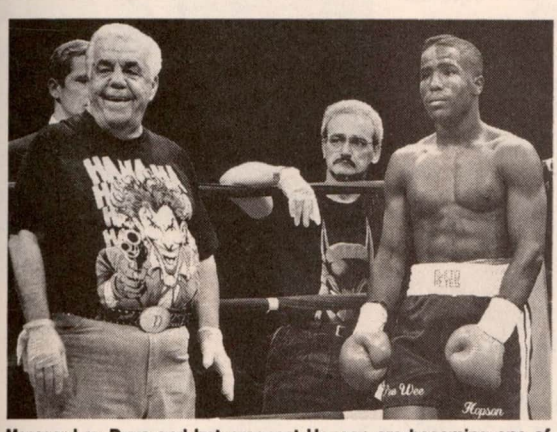
By then Hopson may have accomplished a couple of his goals—teaching Lou Duva how to do one of his signature backflips, and learning Italian.

"The only thing that I insist on, and he knows it, is that he eats Italian food three times a week," says Duva. "And he loves it. He says, 'Lou, you got to teach me how to walk like an Italian.' He's such a funny kid."

"He's trying to teach me how to do the backflip," confirmed Duva. "As soon as they get a ring strong enough to hold me, I'm going to do it."

Hopson displays more confidence than most fighters. That was proven when he challenged Hector Camacho at a press conference while the "Macho Man" was hyping his fight with another Duva fighter, Vinny Pazienza. Camacho praised himself as the best-looking fighter around.

"I told him he was wrong, and I told him I'd retire him

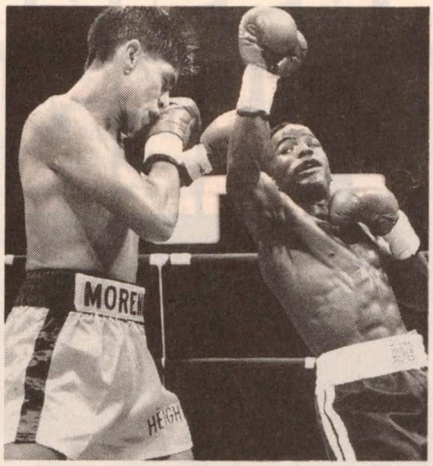


Manager Lou Duva and hot prospect Hopson are becoming one of boxing's most colorful teams. Is the fight game ready for a postfight Duva victory backflip?

and his brother," said Hopson, who isn't modest about his own looks. "I asked him if he had his Blue Cross papers. It was all a joke and out of fun."

Hopson has a good time in his chosen profession. He can appreciate the difference between fun and serious work, but doesn't necessarily like to separate the two. Just like he doesn't like to separate the high school student from the boxer.

"Basically, I go to school," he says. "The books are first, and Lou knows the books are first. I'm really a regular teenager . . . well, not a regular teenager, but I like to enjoy myself. I feel like a true professional. I'm in the learning process right now. I just enjoy myself on a basketball court or at school with the guys. I enjoy myself in the ring. I feel that if you don't enjoy yourself, things will go wrong."



Against Moreno, Hopson struck from a variety of angles and with exceptional hand speed. He won a unanimous six-round decision.

That, according to his manager, is not likely. With the proper schooling, he is well on his way to stardom.

"I think the only thing against him right now is experience and time; time is on his side now," explains Duva. "He's more of a puncher right now, even though he's a real good boxer. His lateral movement is real fast, but I think he's wasting too much motion out there. We're trying to teach him to circle around and come in and punch in all angles. It will only come together with experience and finding different styles."

And no matter what, Hopson has style. His boxing style can be described as fast-handed and a bit free-swinging. His personal style is a bit more subdued, but just as unpredictable.

"I want to bring a new flare," he says. "I just came here to do my job, to get the job done. The job is to make them pay, whoever steps in the ring, you must pay. One man [at a time to challenge me]? This is an insult. One man?"

Hopson then returned to earth again.

"That's being a little bit too cocky," he admitted. "I just do my job and wait for the next guy . . . but I'm telling you what's inside of me. I don't think I'm better than anybody. Everybody's equal to me. My job is to go in there and get the job done. Make this guy pay for showing up. I'm not trying to be bold or cocky, because I'm not that type of guy."

Added Benton, "He's eager to learn. He's a good puncher, which is surprising, because he doesn't look like it, but he can knock your head off. He's got more on the ball than the other guys. He's going to be extraordinary."

So, for now, Hopson will wait for his chance, which he knows is not far off.

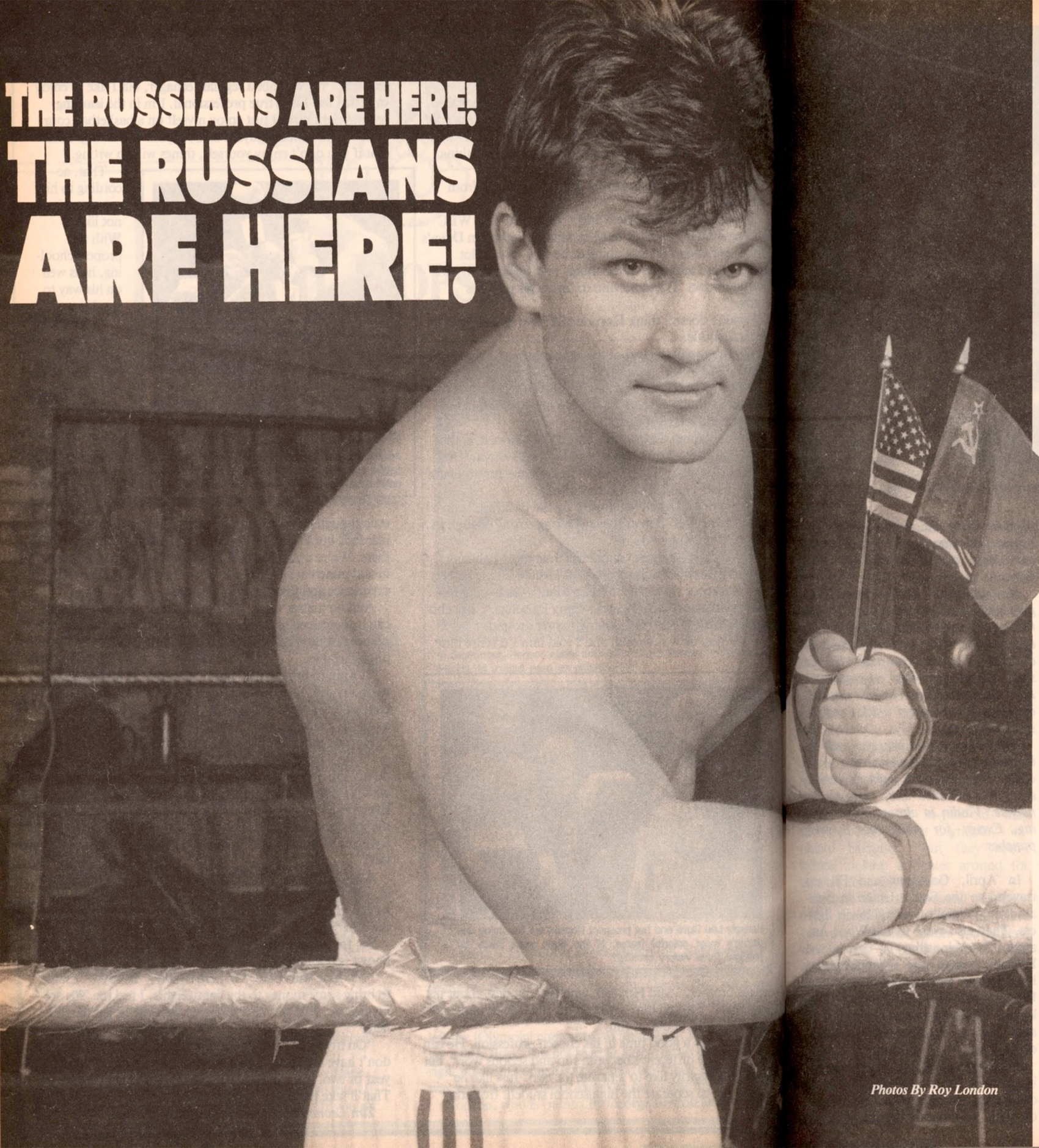
"My time will come, I'm here to stay," he says. "I want to bring some money to the lightweights. I feel the '90s are my decade. Just get me a body, whoever he is, get him out here.

"On my shelf I had a place for a gold medal. I really don't have anything there now. It'll be a little bit dusty in a year or two, but what will be going there is the title belt. That'll take the place." □

Tim Leonard is a sportswriter for Newsday.

THE RUSSIANS ARE HERE!

THE RUSSIANS ARE HERE!



Photos By Roy London

By Robert Cassidy

Finally, after nearly 40 years, the Cold War is thawing. At the moment, the political climate between the world's two superpowers is unseasonably warm. But even though walls are crumbling and communist governments are falling, it still might be a while before Soviet citizens start buying shares of stock in General Motors. And there probably isn't yet a Russian translation for the word *entrepreneur*, either. But over here, Stolichnaya may again replace Absolut as the preferred vodka. And there did seem to be a few more fur-lined hats, or *shapkas,* on the store shelves this winter. In fact, the fledgling Soviet National baseball team even visited spring training to learn the intricasies of the Great American Pastime.

Now the Soviet Union, led by a 26-year-old southpaw heavyweight named Yuri Vaulin, has also entered the ranks of professional boxing. Call it the result of glasnost, perestroika, or just plain old greed, but after some hard-nosed capitalistic bargaining, the Soviet Union succumbed to the lure of million-dollar purses and the glamor of the pro fight game. Lou Falcigno, a New York-based promoter, signed a series of contracts with three Soviet agencies that will bring Russian fighters to the United States and allow them to box professionally for the first time in history.

Falcigno managed to secure the deal after Soviet officials had negotiated with both Don King and Bob Arum.

"I read that King had been in Moscow, and Shelly Finkel said he [Finkel] had an exclusive contract," said Falcigno, the founder of Momentum Enterprises. "But I decided that nobody had an exclusive, so I went after it myself."

According to Falcigno, the negotiations "went very fast." They began in December 1988, and a contract was signed by April. The original deal gave Momentum exclusive rights to all Soviet fighters for the next 10 years, but under a revised agreement, the Soviets now have the right to sell their fighters around the world. Falcigno, however, has first option on certain weight classes, as well as fighters from the National team.

He has signed three-year contracts, that also include three-year options, with Glascomsport, Moskva (both are government agencies licensed to commercialize Soviet athletes as professionals), the U.S.S.R. Association of professional boxers, and Boris Gitman, the president of Sport Development International in Toronto and a former trainer of the Soviet National team.

It was reported that Falcigno paid more than $1-million, which included international licensing fees, to close the deal. But what Falcigno offered that King and Arum could not was availability.

"I didn't have any commitments to other fighters," he said.

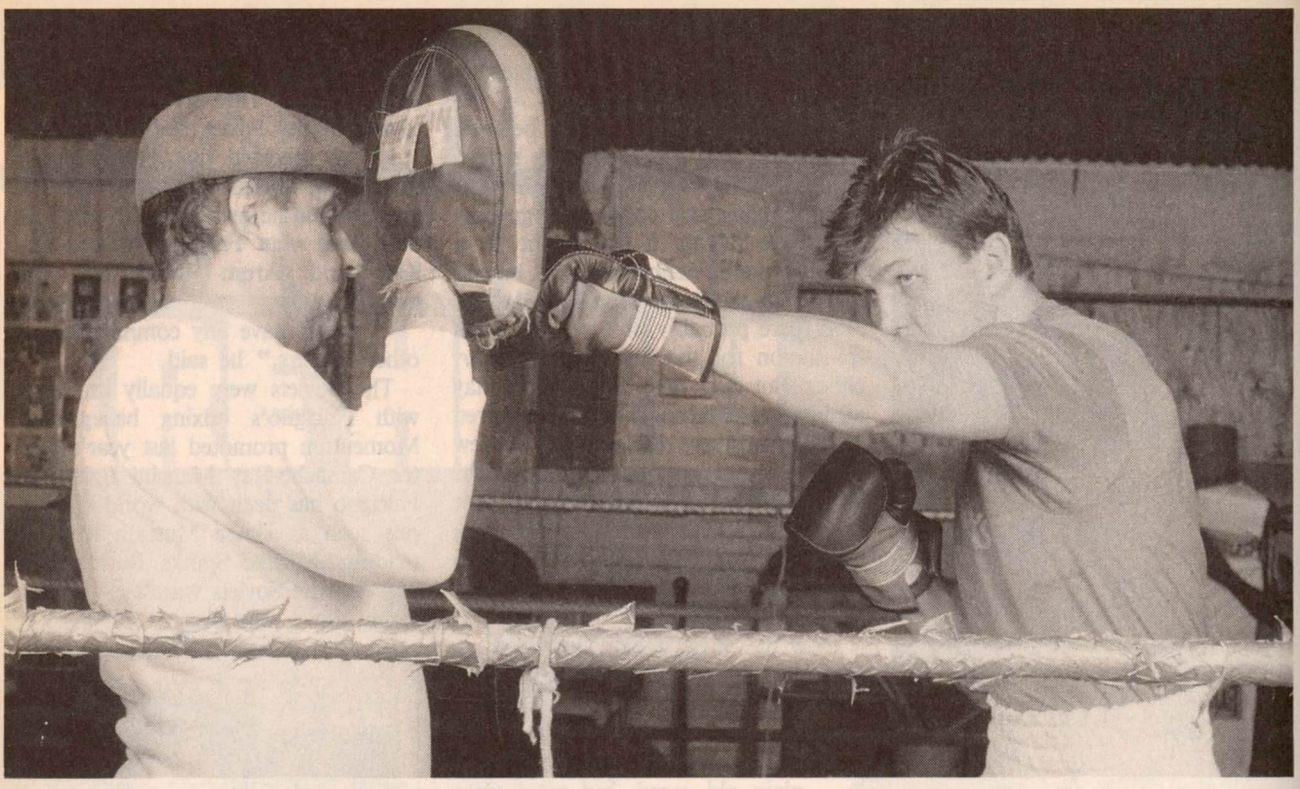
The Soviets were equally impressed with Falcigno's boxing background. Momentum promoted last year's Hector Camacho-Ray Mancini fight, and Falcigno has dealt with world champions such as Eddie Mustafa Muhammad and Michael Spinks. But negotiating with the Soviets wasn't exactly like sitting down with Arum or King.

Promoter Lou Falcigno has brought Russian boxers like heavyweight Yuri Vaulin (left) to the United States. They will compete as professionals.

"It was harder and easier," said Falcigno. "They're more cautious, but not difficult. It was harder because everything had to be explained. They don't understand contracts. But it was easier because they were anxious to make a deal. They want their fighters on the world stage."

In the United States, where the sport's megabuck bouts are staged, boxing is big business. Mike Tyson could earn as much as $25-million to fight Evander Holyfield in June. To a Soviet athlete, or general citizen, for that matter, that sum of money cannot be comprehended. The average income per capita in the Soviet Union is $3,000.

While these Soviet fighters will indeed be considered pros, they will not reap the full profits of capitalism. Momentum and the individual agencies will split the gross profits. The agencies



Vaulin, a southpaw, works with veteran New York City trainer Tommy Gallagher. The heavyweight's transition will not just be one of boxing styles, but of lifestyles as well.

will then pay the fighters' purses, which will increase as their careers progress. And Momentum will pay the fighters a base salary, as well as their rent, food money, and other expenses.

It is an arrangement familiar to Russian athletes. In the Soviet Union, Olympic athletes are national heroes, and the better ones are granted luxuries that common citizens cannot acquire. Their housing, training, and living expenses are all subsidized by the government. In effect, they are quasi-professional athletes. They may not get paid after a game or fight, but their entire cost of living is funded by the Communist Party. That allows them to train full-time and not work.

Last March, Sergei Priakin debuted for the Stanley Cup champion Calgary Flames of the National Hockey League and became the first athlete from the Soviet Union to play for a professional team in North America. Seven more Soviet hockey players followed him into the NHL, two are playing in the NBA, and there are several Soviets on the professional tennis tour. Goodwill through sports has helped change the dark image of the Soviet Union and bring about visible signs of the social and economic reforms initiated by Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev.

● *In East Berlin, the gates of the Berlin Wall are opened and East Germans are free to visit the West for the first time since 1961.*

● *In Romania, Communist dictator Nicolae Ceausescu is overthrown by revolutionaries and he and his wife Elena are publicly executed.*

● *In Lithuania, a republic of the U.S.S.R., 200,000 demonstrators demand independence from the Soviet Union. Addressing the crowd, President Gorbachev says that independence could lead to "tragedy."*

● *In Czechoslovakia, officials propose a 1990 deadline for the departure of Soviet troops in Prague.*

In 1987, Gorbachev introduced glasnost, which is designed to expand freedom and the democratization of the political process in the Soviet Union. Since then, all Eastern Bloc countries have adopted a more lenient attitude toward the West.

"Three years ago, this couldn't have happened," said Falcigno. "But there were no problems politically."

In Queens, New York, Yuri Vaulin is driven in a Corvette to the South Queens Boys and Girls Club. He steps out of the $20,000 automobile and onto the dilapidated streets of South Jamaica. He does not yet understand this contradiction of capitalism, and doesn't seem to care. Vaulin is a 6'4", 215-pound heavyweight who was plucked from the Soviet province of Latvia and placed into the excitement and mass confusion of New York City.

He walks up to the second-floor gym and smiles as his trainer, Tommy Gallagher, greets him. Vaulin's blue eyes are deeply set and his features are distinctly Eastern European. He has short blond hair that is cropped in Ivan Drago fashion. Vaulin's shoulders are broad, his arms thick, and his smile engaging.

He walks around the gym with the innocence and enthusiasm of a young child. The American fighters seem to enjoy his presence and, more so, his naivete. Vaulin is almost always smiling. Except for when he's throwing punches.

In April, Gallagher and Falcigno traveled to the Soviet Union to evaluate the potential of several Soviet fighters. They also went to the World Amateur Championships in Greece, and Falcigno visited the Olympic boxing headquarters in Sukhumi (in the Soviet Union, near the Black Sea). They looked for fighters who were talented, and, just as significantly, who could easily adapt to a professional style.

There was never a question in selecting Vaulin. He is a former World Cup champion and European Cup champion with an amatuer record of 220-20

(90).

"He was just very aggressive, almost fearless," said Falcigno. "We'll try to showcase Yuri. Obviously, the big money is in the heavyweight division and a fight with Tyson."

A big payday with Mike Tyson would easily finance the rest of the program. Vaulin is at least two years away from challenging the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world, but the potential seems to be there.

"I think he's one helluva prospect," said Gallagher, one of New York City's most respected trainers. "It's amazing how he's picked things up in the three weeks I've had him."

Gallagher rates the top heavyweight prospects in this order: Lou Savarese, Tommy Morrison, Riddick Bowe, Ray Mercer. "When [Vaulin] gets a couple of fights under his belt," Gallagher adds, "I think this guy is gonna be better than all of them."

The language barrier has been only a minimal problem thus far. Vaulin speaks a little English, and Gallagher has prepared a list of words for him to learn.

Six other Soviet boxers were selected from a list that Falcigno had narrowed down to 31 fighters. He also expects to sign 1988 super heavyweight bronze medalist Aleksandr Miroschenenko, who lost to Bowe in the semifinals despite twice dropping the American. He was also impressed with lightweight brothers Alex and Serge Artemive.

But Falcigno does not have free reign over Soviet boxing talent. The Russians will not release a fighter who will potentially box in the Olympics, and Falcigno cannot choose a fighter who is still in the armed forces. But those, for now, are the only restrictions.

"If they have a 16-year-old, they may keep him for the Olympics," explained Falcigno, "but they aren't looking to keep a fighter around for three or four Olympics."

Falcigno plans to house all the fighters in Yonkers, New York, and have them train together under Gallagher's watchful eye. A boxing gym is being constructed in the basement of Gold's Gym in Yonkers so that the Soviets will have weight training facilities as well. And arrangements have been made for a Soviet trainer to join the fighters.

Vaulin is scheduled to debut in March, in either Reno or Las Vegas. Falcigno plans to keep him busy, fighting once a month. As of now, Vaulin will fight in main events, and the preliminaries will feature the other Soviets. All their fights will be televised in the Soviet Union, and in December, Falcigno plans to promote a "blockbuster" card in Moscow.

Gallagher claps his hands twice, and Vaulin places his taped hands on the top rope and hops over the strands and into the ring. (Vaulin was a high jumper before he turned to boxing.) Gallagher laughs and pretends to try the stunt himself. While shadowboxing, Vaulin, a southpaw, displays smooth movement in the ring. He gently bounces around the canvas on soft, quick feet. His punches are straight and combinations fluid.

"Yuri, the hook," barks Gallagher, as he demonstrates a right hook. Vaulin's hook is not as polished as the rest of his punches. And, like most European fighters, he remains erect, not bending at the knees or waist.

Vaulin begins to work on the heavybag, keeping one eye on the bag and one eye on Gallagher. His punches jolt the white leather bag. He is strong and his jab is very stiff. But it is obvious that he's still an amateur. He throws rapid combinations and then steps straight back to regroup. He darts in and out, landing two and three punches, repeating the same action over and over. His blows do not vary and he does not move laterally. Just straight in and straight out.

But he is big, strong, and quick. He is an athlete. And he says he's not intimidated by "Iron" Mike Tyson.

Vaulin is now absorbing Pink Floyd, tall buildings, pizza, and American fight posters.

Boxing in Latvia is not popular, but Vaulin became a local hero because of the punching power he displayed on the streets, which seems a very American way to develop a reputation. He occasionally had the opportunity to watch American fighters on television or on videotape and has tried to pattern himself after Muhammad Ali.

"I like Muhammad Ali, very technical," he said.

The savagery of Tyson and Marvin Hagler also impressed Vaulin, but he never dreamed he might one day face Tyson. In fact, he never even dreamed.

"No dreams," he said. "I don't dream, I just have strong punch."

But for many Soviets, coming to America is the ultimate dream.

Vaulin resides in a modest apartment in Yonkers, with his wife Yrina and five-year-old son Vlad. He also managed to sneak his poodle, Betty, out of the Soviet Union.

Communist propaganda painted a distorted portrait of America, and Vaulin admits it is not what he pictured it to be.

"Oh, it's very well country. No problem," he said, fighting through his harsh accent.

When Vaulin talks about America, the smile does not leave his face. In his short time here, he has been introduced to Pink Floyd, bowling, and fast food. "Pizza, yeah, fine," he said. "Disco music, I like."

And like most foreigners, he is in awe of Manhattan.

"Very long buildings," he mused. Vaulin then paused to search his limited English vocabulary for a word that would describe his impressions of the Big Apple. Unable to find any, he finally offered, "Very good for eyes."

When Vaulin is asked about glasnost, he becomes silent. It appears to be a disdainful silence, but, even in America, it is not wise for him to criticize the Communist Party. He shakes his head from side to side and says, "This is political, I am sportsman."

A quick grin by Vaulin eliminates any tension that the question may have caused. He is then asked what he would do if he earned $20-million in a fight against Tyson. He laughs and rocks back and forth in his seat.

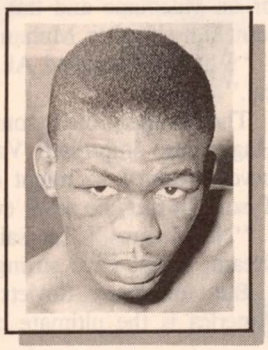
"No problem," he says, continuing to laugh. "Big, big house and dresses [for his wife]. I really like dresses. No problem." □

BATTLE OF THE LEGENDS

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Ike Williams

Trenton, New Jersey
1940-1955
123-25-5 with 60 kayos



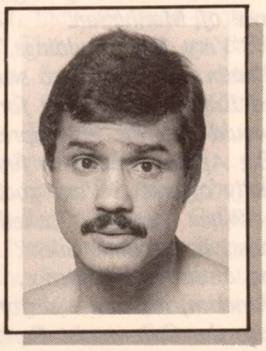
Isiah ("Ike") Williams was among the best fighters of the '40s and one of the greatest lightweights of all time. A pro's pro, the 5'9½" Williams, seemingly too frail to compete against strong foes, learned his craft in the clubs of New Jersey. He fought no less than 70 bouts before challenging for his first world title, and in April 1945 he stopped Juan Zurita in two rounds to capture the National Boxing Association 135-pound crown.

Two years later, in August 1947, Williams battered rival Bob Montgomery and scored a sixth-round stoppage to gain universal recognition as world champion. He retained that title five times before losing it to huge underdog Jimmy Carter in May 1951. Between defenses, Williams frequently engaged in non-title bouts in the welterweight division. His last bout was a ninth-round TKO over Beau Jack in August 1955.

Williams' strengths were a power jab, a straight right, and a subtle defense. Until his title-fight loss to Carter, he had been stopped only twice in 136 bouts.

Alexis Arguello

Managua, Nicaragua
1968-1986
80-6 with 65 kayos

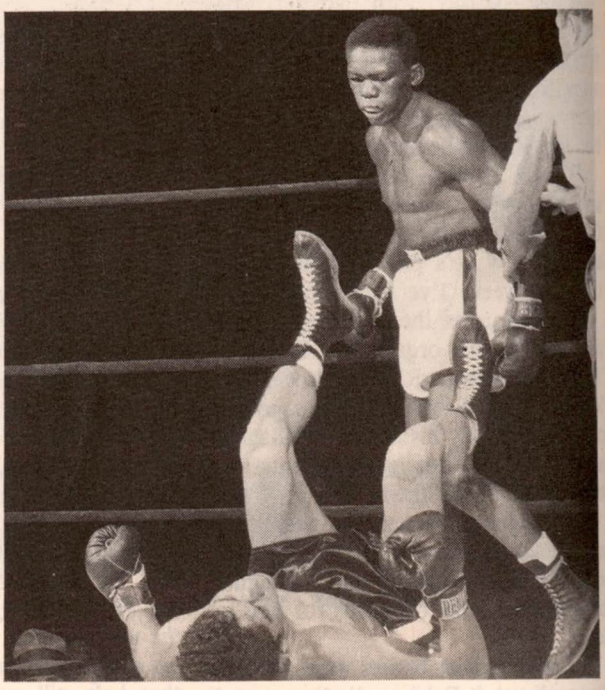


As a 16-year-old junior featherweight, Alexis Arguello was a skinny fighter. And as a 35-year-old junior welterweight, he was still a skinny fighter. But as was the case with Ike Williams many years before, no one wearing boxing gloves ever underestimated this triple-crown champion. The 5'10" Arguello won the featherweight title by kayoing Ruben Olivares in 1974, the junior lightweight title by stopping Alfredo Escalera in 1978, and the lightweight crown by decisioning Jim Watt in 1981. The only champion "The Explosive Thin Man" wasn't able to conquer was 140-pound king Aaron Pryor, who twice halted Arguello. In fact, 1982's Pryor-Arguello I, in which Arguello attempted to become the first fighter in history to win world titles in four different weight classes, was The Ring's selection as the Fight of the Decade.

A slow-moving powerpuncher with a solid chin and a fierce pride, Arguello was a fighter for the ages, and the kind of fighter Ike Williams could appreciate.

Who will win this battle of the legends?

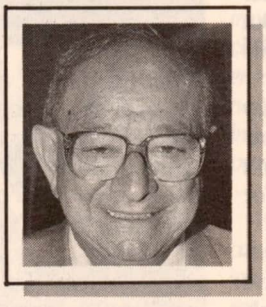
Fight fans will forever debate the merits of champions from different ages. In "Battle Of The Legends," the editors of THE RING play matchmaker and pit two of the all-time greats against each other. Three experts serve as judges. If there are particular dream matches that you'd like to see featured, please write us



Williams drops Jesse Flores for the count

ANGELO DUNDEE

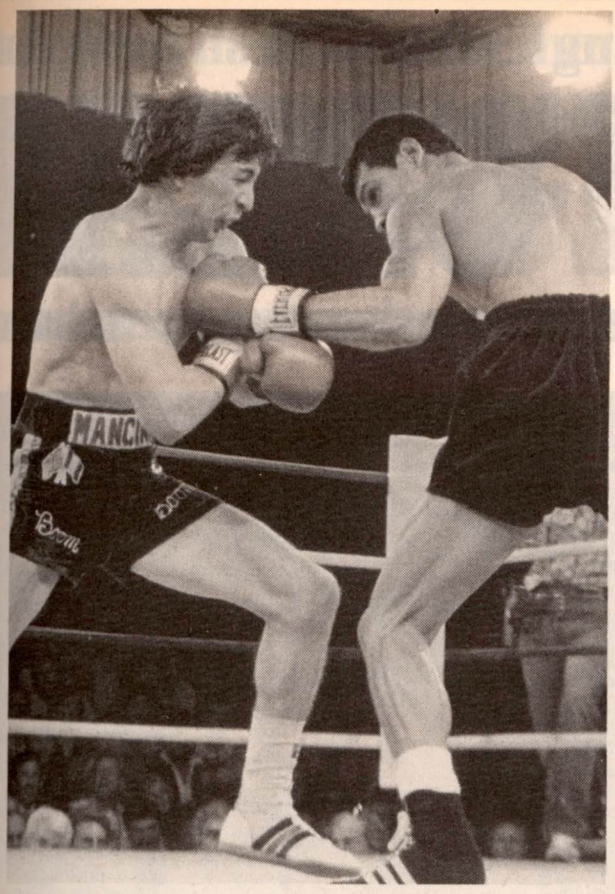
I saw Ike Williams fight live. I remember him losing to Jimmy Carter. He had a strong left jab, he was fluid, a tough banger. Him and Montgomery . . . God all mighty! The key would be Ike's jab. Ike stood tall; he didn't bend at the waist. He'd pop Arguello and take advantage of Arguello's slowness of foot. I'd make Ike surround Arguello, use lateral movement, slide to the right and drop the right hand over the top. As far as kayo-punching, I think they were comparitive, but the banger in the fight is Arguello.



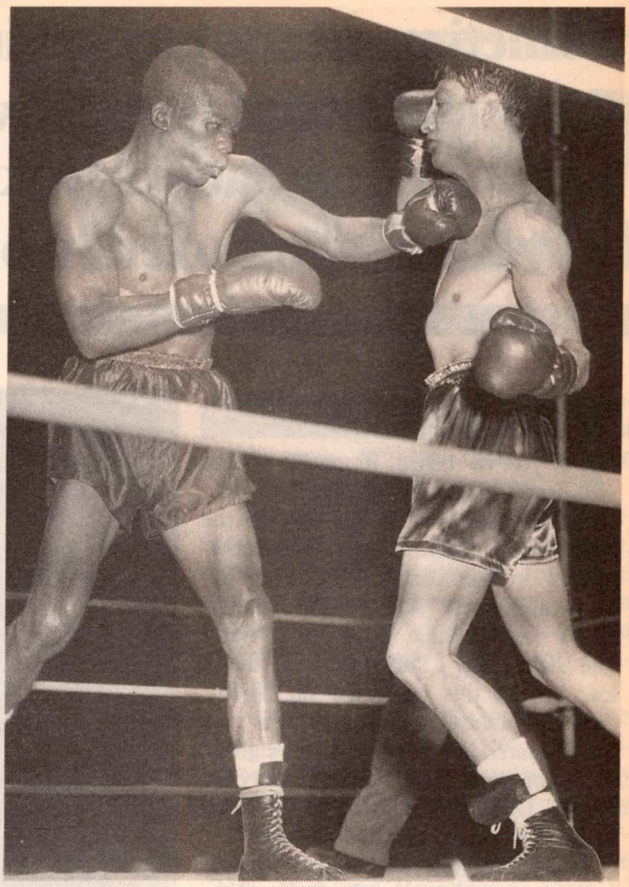
I'd have Arguello stay on the outside, slide over to his left, and try to nail Ike with his hook as Ike was coming in. I'd try to have Arguello mesmerize him into fighting at Alexis' tempo, a slower tempo than Ike would like. Arguello had a slower jab, but they were both great bodypunchers. And another thing . . . they'd bang heads and Ike would get busted up. The scar tissue over both of his eyes was pretty bad. Arguello didn't really get busted up.

It would be a fight to remember. I'd make Arguello the prefight favorite. I see a knockout, with either Williams by kayo or losing on cuts. Either way, it would end in the late rounds of a murderous fight.

Angelo Dundee is a veteran trainer and manager.



Arguello slugs it out with Ray Mancini

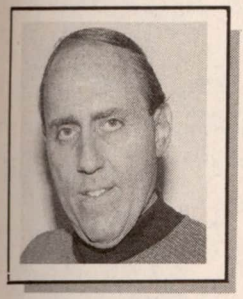


Williams jabs at Enrique Bolanos

BOB SHERRICK

I saw Ike Williams fight live at least half-a-dozen times, and I have the tapes of him against Beau Jack, Enrique Bolanos, Livio Minelli. In his prime, he was an outstanding counterpuncher; he wanted you to do all of the leading. Great handspeed, a short puncher. They used to call him a miniature Joe Louis. He gave away weight to Kid Gavilan and put Gavilan down. And Gavilan had a great chin. Ike wasn't fast of foot, though.

Alexis Arguello was a fighter for his time, but even he once said that he and his contemporaries were good fighters, but the fighters of the '30s, '40s, and '50s were *great* fighters. Arguello didn't fight the opponents Williams fought, not that it was his fault. The main problem was that he got hit too much. And he wasn't a big enough puncher at lightweight to hurt Williams. Arguello wasn't as good a fighter at lightweight as he was at featherweight.

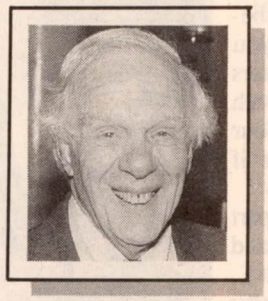


The first couple of rounds, Williams would feel out Arguello, then chop him up. I don't think Arguello would even give him any trouble. Williams was too good an all-around machine. Ike by kayo by the fifth, sixth, or seventh round. It wouldn't even be a tough fight.

Bob Sherrick is a New York-based boxing historian and fight film collector.

IRVING RUDD

Ike Williams was a very gallant warrior—I saw him fight live several times. Under better circumstances, he could have been even a better fighter. It was no fun being a black fighter 40 years ago. Imagine if he had been handled by a Mike Trainer.



Ike was one of the most underrated fighters, even with his lightweight title and all those wins at welterweight. He never caught the public's fancy. He had strength, determination, and skills. Pound for pound, he was one of the best fighters I've ever seen.

Billy Conn once told me that the only fighter he's paid attention to in the last 20 years is Alexis Arguello. Arguello had that beautiful left hand and those crisp straight rights, but overall Williams faced higher quality of opponents. I don't think a Vilomar Fernandez could have outhustled an Ike Williams, the way he outhustled Arguello. For comparison, Williams fought Jesse Flores in 1948, and Flores was a slick and fast-moving guy. Ike took him out in the 10th.

I see a rough fight, lots of hard hitting, with Williams stalking. Ike would come on late and do what Aaron Pryor did to Arguello in their first fight. Williams by late stoppage, say the 13th round.

Irving Rudd is the venerable fight publicist for Top Rank Inc.

Sometimes those guys swinging leather at flesh *really* don't like each other. Sometimes hatred is a bigger motivator than money and titles. Rivalries are commonplace in boxing. But when two boxers would just as soon be in a dark alley as a prize ring, you have...

GREAT GRUDGE WARS!

By Steve Farhood

If you've heard it once, you've heard it too many times:

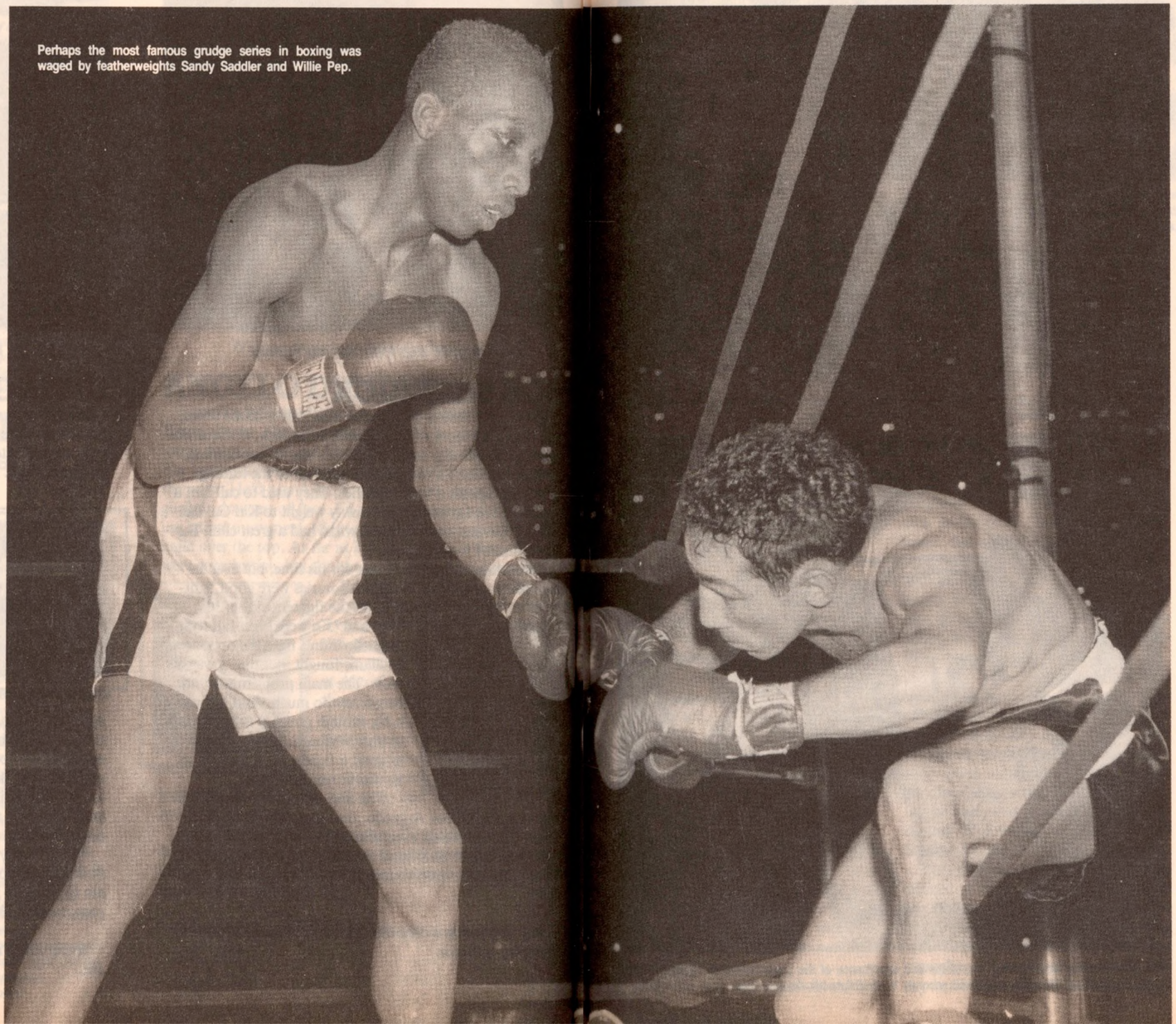
Fighter Smith is on his way to the ring, where fighter Jones is shadowboxing in his corner. The blow-by-blow announcer says to the analyst, "You know, these guys really don't like each other. I know you hear that a lot, but in this case, it's no hype." And the analyst chirps in, "It's true. Smith *stared* at Jones at the weigh-in, and Jones said something nasty to Smith. Don't invite them to the same party. Definitely bad blood here."

Wow! Send the women and children to the concession stands and remove all sharp objects from ringside. The police might be needed to break up this rumble!

In today's world of boxing, there doesn't seem to be as many legitimate grudge matches as there used to be. The primary reason is that today's best fighters make million-dollar-plus purses, and their motivation has become strictly financial. Priorities, you see. Another factor: Today's fighters rarely engage in risky rematches, much less extended series of three or four matches. You can't secure revenge if you can't secure the fight.

Grudge matches are as much a part of boxing as one-punch knockouts and split decisions. Consider that John L. Sullivan almost started a brawl with his conqueror, James J. Corbett, 18 years after their heavyweight title bout. Sullivan, of course, never received the opportunity to avenge his defeat in a prize ring.

Here, then, are some of boxing's best grudge bouts, where emotion influenced the outcomes as much as strength, skill, or stamina.



Perhaps the most famous grudge series in boxing was waged by featherweights Sandy Saddler and Willie Pep.

Ike Williams vs. Bob Montgomery: Philadelphia fighters have always made for boxing's best grudge rivalries. If you don't agree, an afternoon spent in any of the city's sweat-soaked gyms should change your mind; most Philadelphia sparring sessions are fought with more emotion than the main events of other fight centers.

For Williams, who came from Trenton, New Jersey, and Montgomery, born in North Carolina but toughened in the arenas of Philly, that emotion caused a pair of ring explosions that highlighted an entire decade of lightweight action.

Split titles didn't begin in the '70s and '80s. In the early '40s, the 135-pound title was fractured when Sammy Angott retired because of chronically injured hands. Montgomery, the veteran bully "Bobcat," ended up with the New York and Pennsylvania State titles, and Williams with the National Boxing Association title. At first, neither champion appeared eager to clash. In 1947, however, rumors of a unification bout began to surface. For Williams, those rumors served to ignite his memory. And for days and nights, all he could think about was January 25, 1944.

On that night, at Philadelphia's Convention Hall, Montgomery had punished Williams in the late rounds en route to a 12th-round TKO victory. For the winner, it was a personal matter. Ten weeks before, Williams had kayoed Johnny Hutchinson, a good friend of Montgomery's. On a radio program before that bout, Williams read a message scribbled by a publicist: "I'll knock [Hutchinson] into Montgomery's lap." Had Montgomery been seated along press row the night of the fight, he might have received an unexpected visitor: Williams kayoed Hutchinson in round three.

In their first grudge match, Montgomery battered the skinny Williams on the inside, and then infuriated the loser by pummeling him in the 11th, backing off, pounding him again, and then decelerating again so he could continue to administer punishment.

Williams also believed Montgomery to be a dirty fighter, utilizing intention-

al headbutts and low blows.

"I don't care if a fellow fights all out," Williams said while awaiting the rematch. "I've never hesitated to pour it on when I've got somebody hurt. What I don't like are the sneaky things "

"Losers are complainers," Montgomery responded. "I always could wear down the skinny-waisted guys with body punches."

But not at Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium on August 4, 1947. Williams fought with intelligence on that night, halting Montgomery's advances with jabs and then following with punishing straight rights. By the fourth round, the NBA champion's punches were beginning to take a cumulative effect. Finally, in the fifth, came sweet revenge.

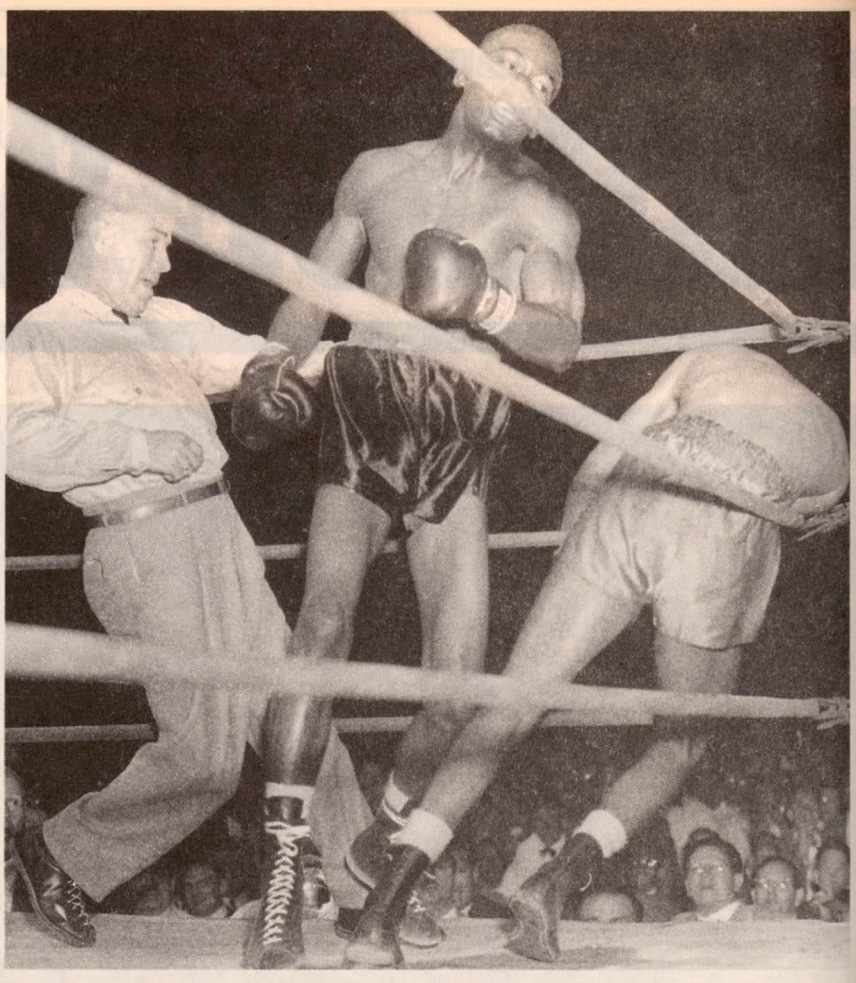
In that round, Williams hooked to the body and then retreated as Montgomery gasped for air. He added a right to the chin, and then moved inside to ensure that a wobbly Montgomery wouldn't pitch forward. Several jabs split Montgomery's lower lip, and Williams joyfully studied his gory work. "What's the rush?" he said happily to his anxious cornermen after the round.

Montgomery crashed in the sixth, and even as he lay helplessly on the canvas, Williams shouted at him to get up so he could extend the beating. As referee Charley Daggert tolled the 10-count, Williams stepped back, totally satisfied.

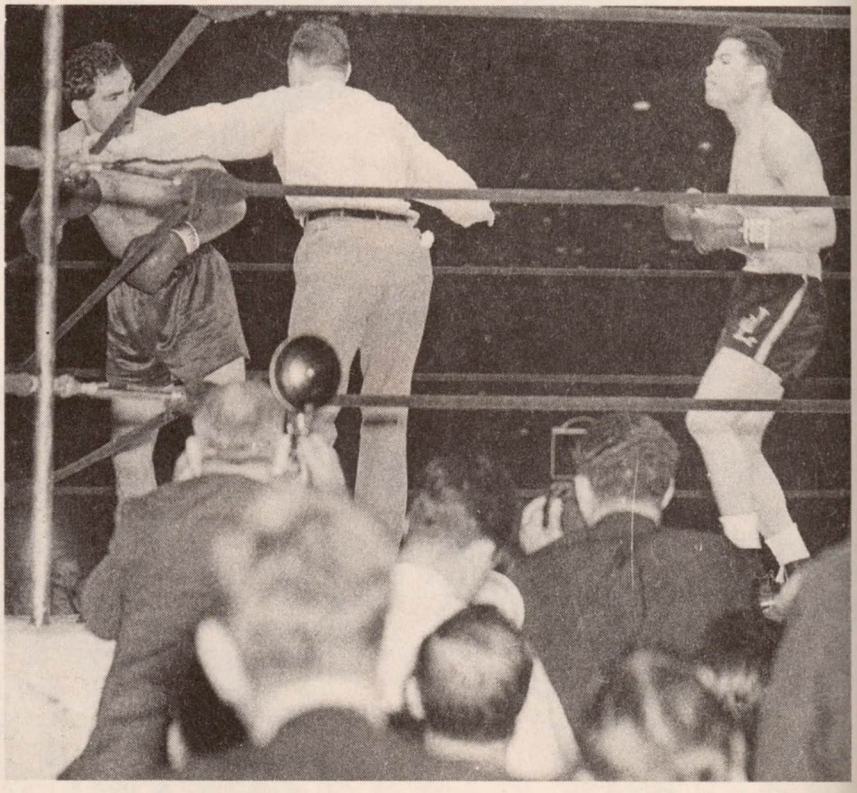
Perhaps he sensed that he had secured more than just revenge, for Bob Montgomery fought only six more fights, and never won another bout.

Joe Louis vs. Max Schmeling: It's happened less than half-a-dozen times in history, but a boxing rivalry occasionally trancends the fight game, and the outcome of a single match assumes critical social and historic significance. Such was the case with Louis and Schmeling, a pair of heavyweights who became key symbols of the turbulent late '30s.

Louis, a black American, and Schmeling, a German who certainly never qualified as a Nazi, didn't hate each other. But that really didn't matter. After Schmeling kayoed Louis in their first fight, Joseph Goebbels, Hitler's sinister minister of propaganda, sent the winner a telegram that read, "Congratulations. I know that you fought and won for the Fatherland. *Heil* Hitler!" And before their second



Ike Williams would like to keep punching, but Bob Montgomery, helpless along the ropes, won't cooperate. Referee Charley Daggert is about to end the slaughter.



Few championship bouts carried the drama and significance of the Louis-Schmeling rematch of 1938. Louis needed just 124 violence-packed seconds to annihilate his German rival.

fight, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt said to Louis, "Lean over Joe, so I can feel your muscles. Joe, we need muscles like yours to beat Germany."

Innocent as they might have been, Louis and Schmeling were prisoners of their time.

Schmeling, a former heavyweight champion and an 8-1 underdog, was thought to be badly faded when he first met the undefeated Louis at Yankee Stadium on the muggy night of June 19, 1936. But having detected a flaw in the way Louis threw his jab, the heavy-hitting German struck with no fewer than 52 right crosses (an actual count) before halting the 22-year-old Louis in the 12th round.

With the victory came the spoils: Hitler sent flowers to Schmeling's movie-actress wife. The fighter received a special berth in the zeppelin Hindenburg, and, upon his return home, a hero's welcome. As for Louis, one Southern sportswriter suggested his nickname be altered from "The Brown Bomber" to "The Brown Bummer."

Louis rebounded to win the world title from Jim Braddock a year later. He made three successful defenses, but the bout everyone—including Hitler—wanted was a rematch with Schmeling. When the fight was made, Hitler was sure that on the night of June 22, 1938, the world, and particularly the Americans, would learn a convincing lesson of Aryan supremacy.

Louis was a quiet champion, but in private he admitted, "I don't want nobody calling me champ till I beat Schmeling."

"I knew I had to get Schmeling good," he said years later. "I had my own personal reasons, and the whole damned country was depending on me."

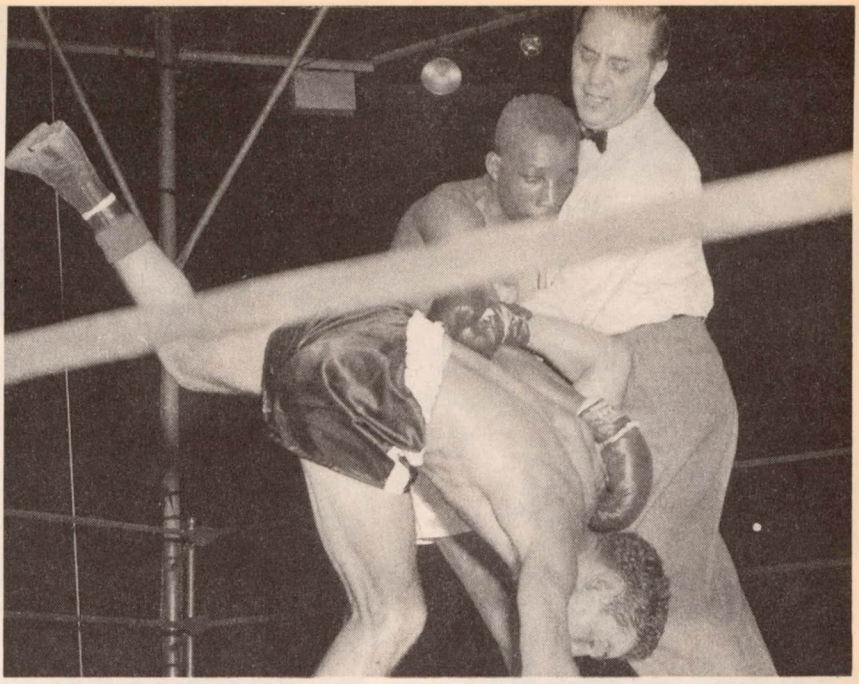
The rematch took place at Yankee Stadium. About 70,000 fans attended the bout live, but the fighters knew the whole world was watching. In a breathtaking flash, Louis slaughtered Schmeling in 124 seconds. For many Americans, it was a victory convincing enough to obliterate any extended program of propaganda.

Consider the lead of famed sportswriter Bob Considine:

"Listen to this, buddy, for it comes from a guy whose palms are still wet, whose throat is still dry, whose jaw is still agape from the utter shock of watching Joe Louis knock out Max Schmeling."

After the first-round knockout, neither Joe Louis nor anyone else questioned the identity of the world's heavyweight champion.

Not even Adolf Hitler.



Given the tactics practiced by Saddler and Pep during their third rumble, it was hardly a surprise that Pep, ahead on points, had to retire in round eight due to a dislocated shoulder. Each fighter blamed the other for turning their bouts into foul-filled brawls.

Sandy Saddler vs. Willie Pep: Like Frazier and Ali, Dempsey and Tunney, and Graziano and Zale, the names of featherweights Saddler and Pep will forever be linked. This was a different grudge from the others, perhaps a different grudge from any in boxing history. Saddler, the lanky, power-punching New Yorker, and Pep, the slick stylist from Hartford, were fantastic fighters—two of the greatest lighter-weight champions of all time—and all four of their battles were contested with the world's featherweight title at stake. The rivals respected each other, but when they clashed, *something* happened.

The oft-booed Saddler, considered by many observers to be one of the dirtiest fighters ever, blamed Pep for his reputation. And Pep, a master boxer (legendary sportswriter Grantland Rice called his 15-round decision over Saddler the greatest exhibition of boxing he had seen in more than a half-century of covering the sport), blamed Saddler for the ugliness of their fights.

"It's that Saddler's fault," he explained after losing his third fight in the four-bout series, a foul-filled wrestling match that featured thumbing and butting, and even kicking and strangling. "He gets me so mad I lose my head. And when I lose my head, I fight his kind of fight, not my own. So I wind up getting the worst of it."

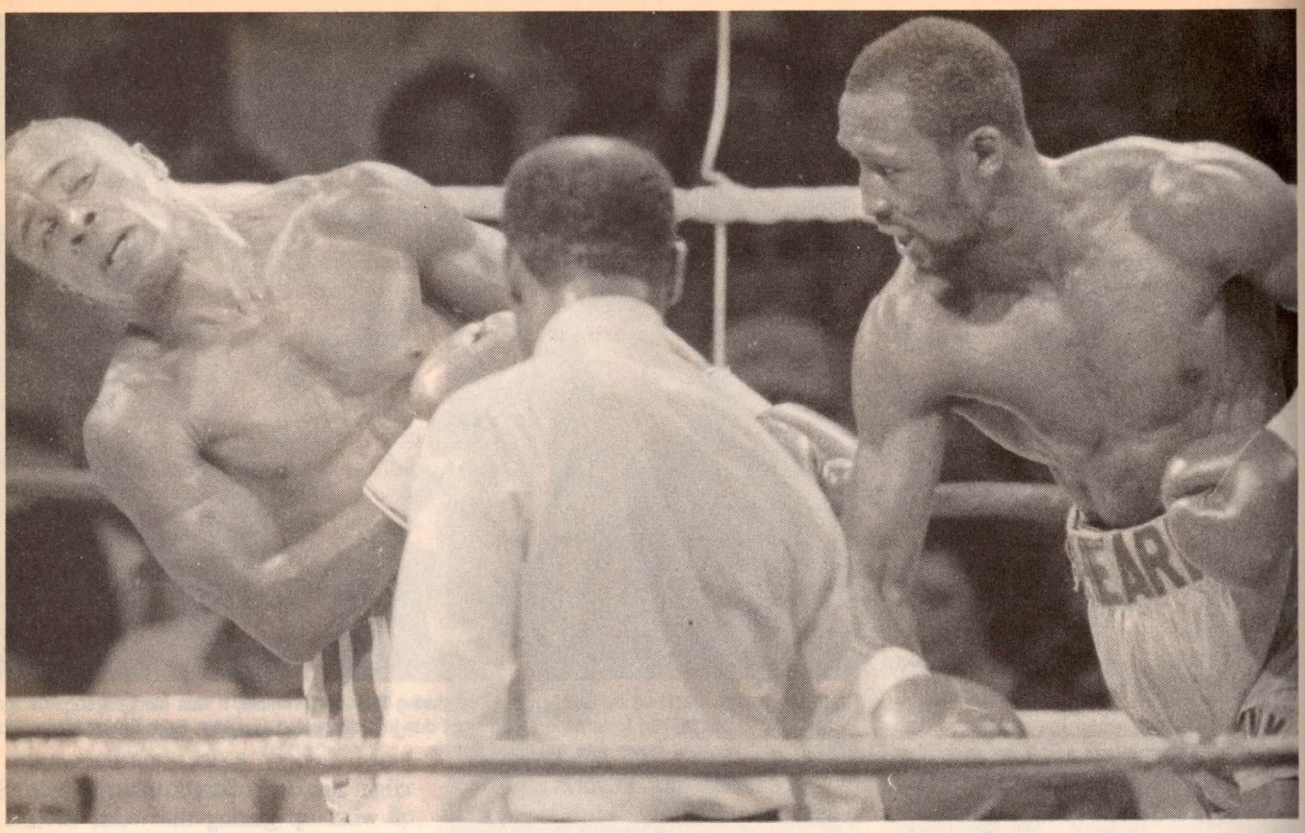
In fact, the fighters' conduct in their fourth and final meeting was so despicable that Bob Christenberry, then-chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, suspended Saddler for 60 days and revoked Pep's license for life. (Pep was reinstated 20 months later.)

The Saddler-Pep feud escalated in their third and fourth bouts. In battle number three, defending champion Pep was ahead on all three cards when he retired after dislocating his left shoulder in round seven. Predictably, Bill Gore, Pep's trainer, pointed at Saddler.

"It was something like a half-nelson," was his explanation of the cause of injury.

Before Saddler-Pep IV, the battle began in the newspapers, when Charley Johnston, Saddler's manager, publicly accused Lou Viscusi, Pep's manager, of hiring three high-powered press agents to smear Saddler's name and intimidate the officials who would be chosen to work the bout.

A funny thing: At Madison Square Garden in March 1973, Pep, 50, and Saddler, 46, boxed a one-round exhibition. Some of the fans were disappointed; there were no elbows, butts, or chokeholds. Too bad Saddler and Pep aren't modern-day fighters. Given their mended ways, they'd be perfect for one of those Right Guard deodorant "civilized" commercials.



Thomas Hearns waited eight years to humble Sugar Ray Leonard with right hands like this one. Hearns floored Leonard twice but had to settle for a draw in their super middleweight rematch. Leonard had stopped Hearns in the 14th round of their first bout, a magnificent welterweight showdown in 1981.

Thomas Hearns vs. Sugar Ray Leonard: This was the grudge of the '80s. Leonard's series with Roberto Duran was spiced with more nastiness, but given the lack of emotion displayed before, during, and after *"Uno Mas,"* Leonard-Duran was quickly dismissed from consideration. You can be sure that if Hearns were to face Leonard for the *65th* time, much less a second or third, he would offer a more focused and intense effort than Duran did in Las Vegas.

At their fighting best, Leonard-Duran was a contrast and clash of cultures as much as anything else. But Leonard-Hearns can be simplified to a decade-long struggle with a single motivational ingredient: ego.

At the time of their first showdown, fought in September 1981 for the unified welterweight title, Hearns and Leonard were not only the two best 147-pounders in boxing and two of the world's best pound-for-pound fighters, but arguably two of the finest welterweights in history. Leonard won that match, of course, negating a points deficit by dramatically stopping a spent Hearns in the 14th round of a memorable struggle. Afterward, the fighters were cordial. But then Hearns insisted that referee Davey Pearl had prematurely stopped the bout. Leonard responded by insisting that until Hearns admitted Pearl's judgment had been correct, there would never be a rematch. Predictably, the ever-proud Hearns, his ego splintered but still functioning, made no such admission.

Hearns waited eight years for that return bout, living through sleepless nights, nightmares, and a gnawing knowledge that his psyche was being manipulated and his career was being controlled by another fighter.

"Eight years of living with the pain," he said before the rematch. "I'm fed up with that. It's got to stop. It's payback. Ray knows I want him back."

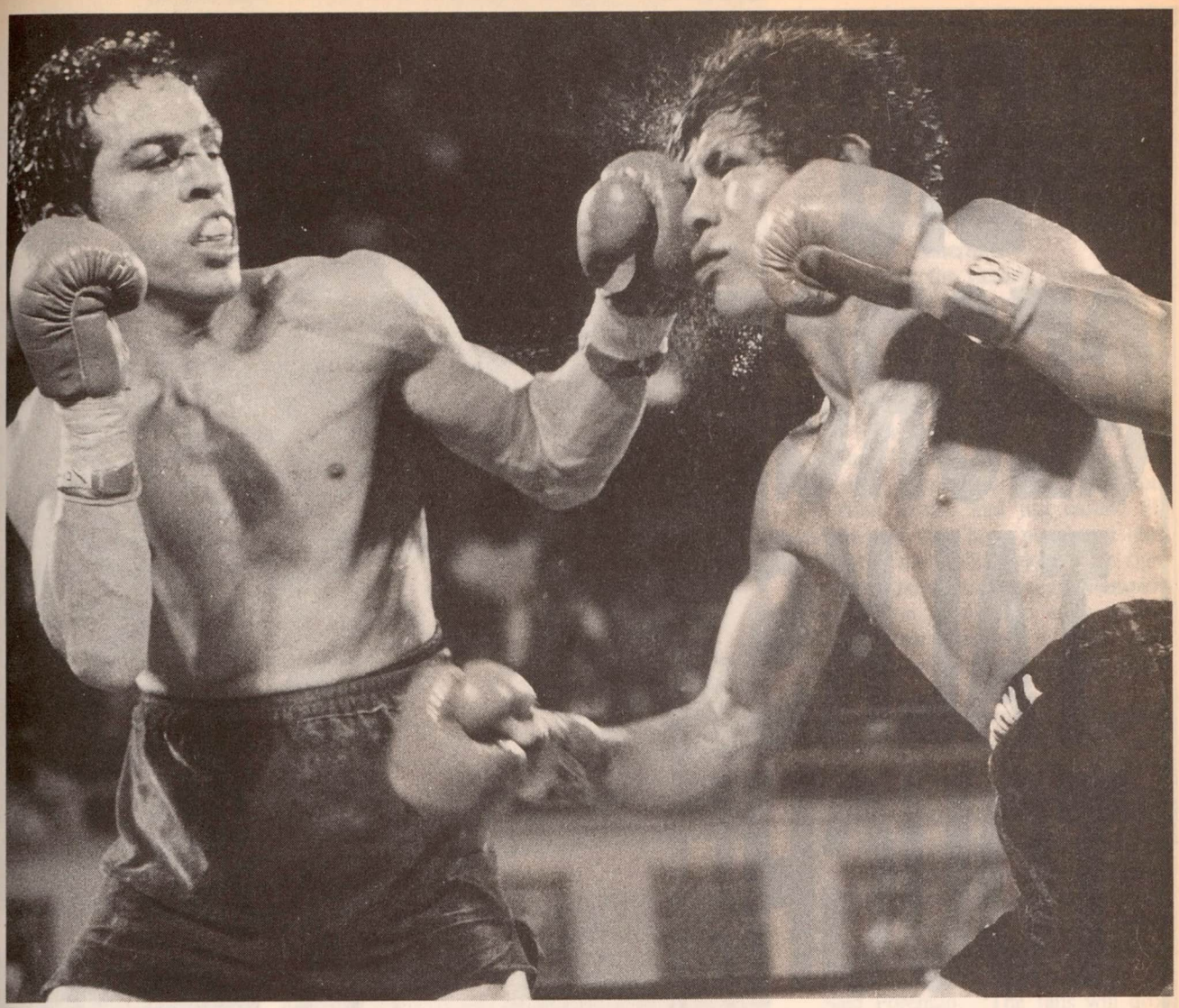
On June 12, 1989, he finally got him. Hearns may not have beaten Leonard in their rematch—the bout ended in a controversial 12-round draw. But considering that 25 of 30 boxing writers polled by *USA Today* had picked Leonard to win (and *all 25* picked Sugar Ray by kayo), Hearns' performance rates with the decade's most gritty. Twice he drove Leonard to the canvas, and with those knockdowns he drove away the demons that had been dancing inside of him.

" . . . I woke up this morning and my mind was clear," he said the day after the fight. "Ray wasn't haunting it anymore."

It had taken Hearns most of his career, but he finally understood that as much as he loved to make war, a little peace of mind sure felt good.

Bazooka Limon vs. Bobby Chacon: This pair of 130-pounders would have fit comfortably into the '20s, '30s, or '40s, when rivalries like Tunney-Greb and Robinson-LaMotta weren't settled until at least four showdowns and enough bloodbaths to drown a vampire. Limon, a Mexican-National southpaw, and Chacon, a Southern Californian of Mexican descent, collided four times over seven years, with the climax of their grudge seemingly scripted by a Hollywood screenwriter after a five-martini lunch.

Before their first meeting, in Mexicali, Mexico, in December 1975, Limon was a nondescript 21-year-old featherweight with an unthreatening record of 18-7, and Chacon was a 24-year-old former 126-pound champion who had already established himself as one of the most talented—and charismatic—boxers in the world. In a shocking upset, Limon won a 10-round decision. Chacon dismissed the loss, claiming he hadn't been in proper fighting condition. He would never underestimate Limon again.



Hatred outside the ring and savagery inside highlighted the four-fight grudge series between junior lightweights Bobby Chacon and Bazooka Limon. Their fourth bout, a bloody title brawl with a pulsating ending, was among the best fights of the '80s. Chacon scored a last-round knockdown to earn a decision win.

Three-and-a-half years passed before they were rematched. At the Inglewood Forum in April 1979, Limon and Chacon fought to a seven-round technical draw. The bout was stopped when Chacon unintentionally butted Limon, and the bloodied Mexican could not continue. Before that bout, Chacon insulted Limon's manhood, and Limon vowed to leave Chacon dead in the ring. Otherwise, they were the best of pals.

Limon-Chacon III, fought at the Forum in March 1980, did little but underline the need for a fourth fight. In one of the worst decisions of the decade, Limon knocked down Chacon, cut him over both eyes and on the bridge of the nose, and lost by a split decision.

There would be one more duel, and it would be the most significant fight—and most unforgettable—of the series. In Sacramento in December 1982, Limon, the reigning WBC super featherweight champion, defended against Chacon, who, after suffering stoppage losses to Alexis Arguello and Cornelius Boza-Edwards, seemed played out. Cocky as ever, Limon predicted a knockout. He said that he had faced 10 fighters better than Chacon, and that the thought of an easy fight against a washed-up Chacon was "about as exciting as eating a bowl of beans." Chacon, Limon continued, was a dirty fighter who was suffering from psychological problems because he knew he was through.

For eight rounds, Limon outfought Chacon, and taunted him as well, sticking his tongue out whenever his rival landed a blow. Chacon understood the terms of the battle as well; he traded low blows throughout, and in the fourth, after Limon dabbed at his right eyebrow and turned to referee Isaac Herrera to complain about an intentional butt, Chacon struck with a thunderous right that drove the southpaw into the ropes. It was all but pointless to assign a third man to work with these two, unless it was a referee inclined to issue a double-disqualification.

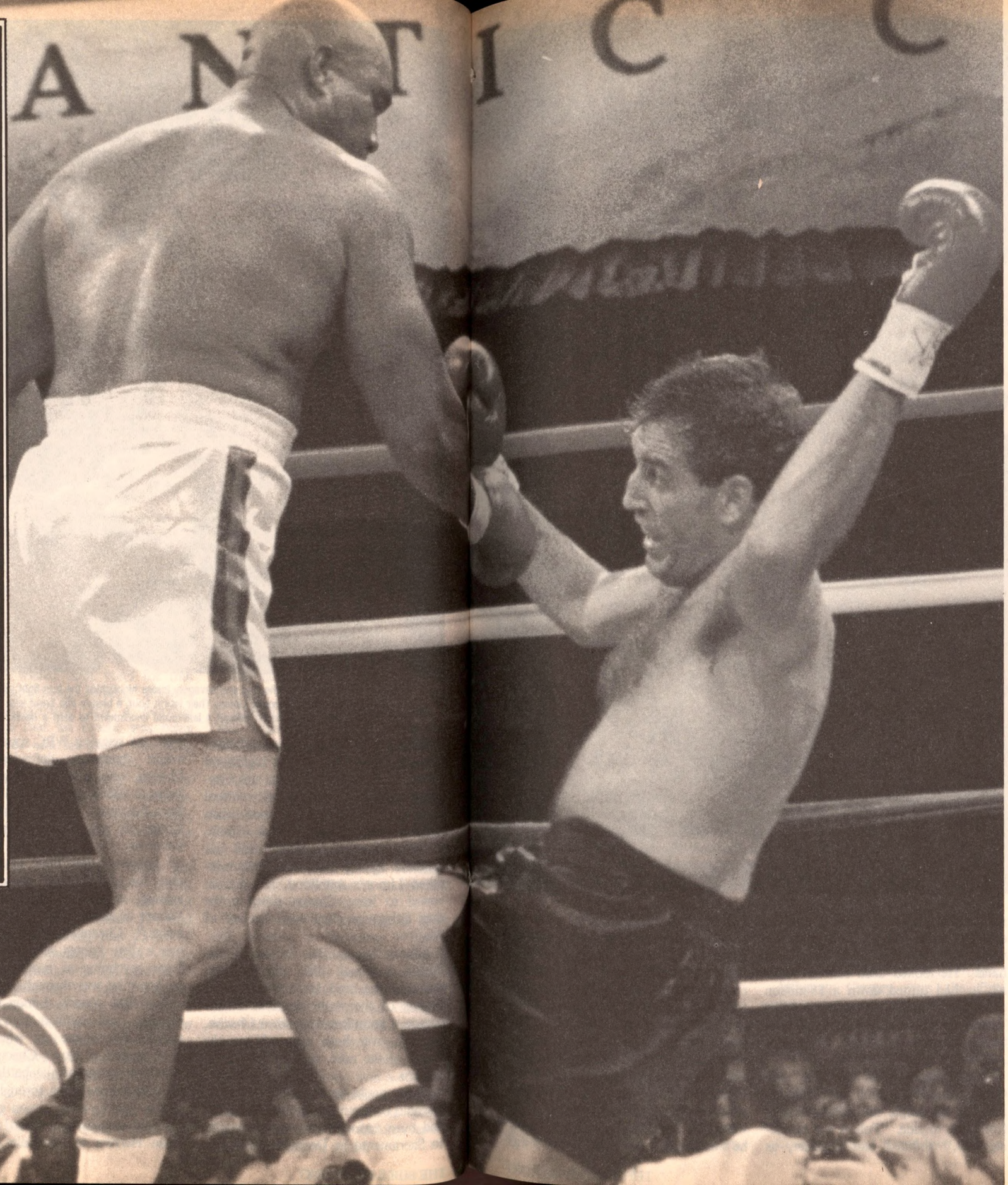
Entering the stretch, Chacon, floored in the third and 10th rounds and fighting through a mask of blood, was behind and faced with the desperate task of needing to knock out—or at least knock down—the fighter with the best chin in boxing. In what could only be termed a triumph of will, he felled Limon with 20 seconds remaining in the 15th and last round. As it turned out, he needed the knockdown to win a unanimous but close decision.

In a year of classic championship fights, Limon-Chacon IV placed at the very top.

And in 100 years of boxing grudges, it rated pretty high as well. □

BIG GEORGE TALKS TOUGH!

"Tyson Won't Be That Difficult"



By Joseph C. Tintle

Ever since George Foreman returned to the ring in 1987, most sportswriters have had a difficult time accepting the idea of a 267-pound former heavyweight champion making a comeback after a 10-year retirement. So they made jokes. "Foreman is so fat," they wrote, "that if he were lying on a beach, Greenpeace would drag him back into the ocean."

The 42-year-old boxer took the teasing good-naturedly, even when the press dubbed his recent fight with 33-year-old Gerry Cooney as the "Two Geezers at Caesars." But after Foreman dismantled Cooney in two rounds at the Atlantic City Convention Center, Big George looked his media critics in the eye, and said, "Call me anything you want, but don't forget to call me at dinnertime."

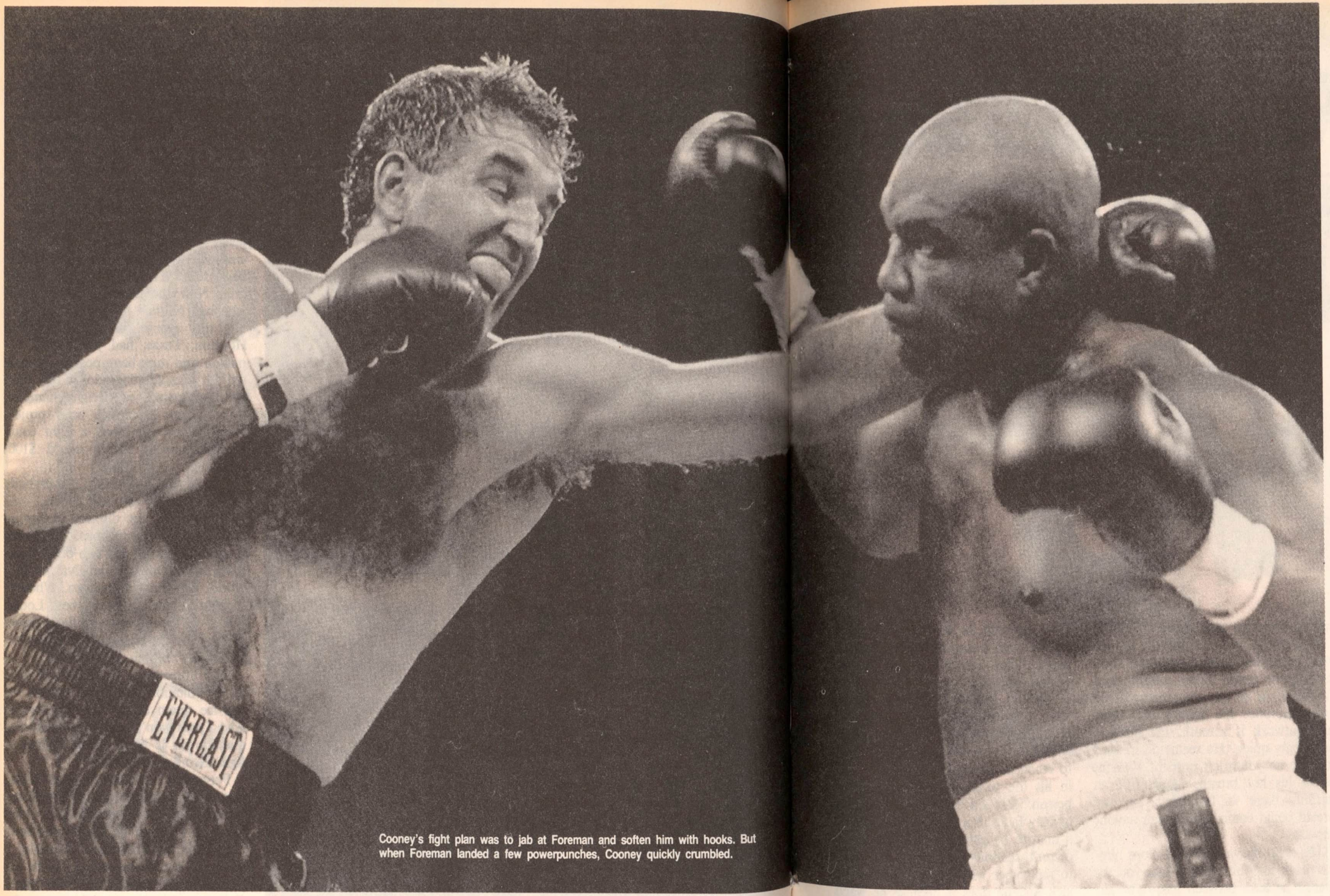
Even after the victory over Cooney, the lack of respect persisted. When a reporter called Foreman's last 20 opponents "tomato cans," Big George cracked, "I've been fighting some bean bags, too." Then he flashed a toothy grin. Now the laugh is on everyone who had belittled his comeback. After all, the evangelical preacher from Houston, Texas, had just earned $1-million and may have positioned himself for a multimillion-dollar title fight with undisputed heavyweight champion Mike Tyson. Optimistic early projections indicate that such a fight could generate upward of a record $100-million.

"He plotted and bull____ everybody into believing he can beat Tyson," said Al Braverman, the director of boxing for Don King Productions. "But keep in mind that Mike has two other fights first: Buster Douglas and Evander Holyfield. Anything can happen. Whoever thought Schmeling would beat Louis? But if a Tyson-Foreman fight comes off, it'll be the biggest blockbuster because they're both so popular."

Said Foreman, "The fans will drop all the imitation sweets and run for the real ice cream to see me fight Tyson. And Tyson won't be that difficult. The question is: Is Mike Tyson willing to fight George Foreman?"

Foreman's reference to ice cream was fitting, considering his physical appearance in the Cooney fight. After Foreman took off his red-hooded terry cloth robe, his midsection resembled a dollop of mocha chocolate. Yet he appeared much stronger than the gaunt Cooney, the heavyweight pretender who has always received big-money shots for one reason, and one reason alone: He is white. Cooney, who suffered a fifth-round knockout loss to Michael Spinks in the same Convention Center ring in June 1987, came out of a two-year retirement for a million-dollar shot at Foreman. Cooney claimed he was a different fighter from the ill-prepared statue that had failed miserably against Spinks.

"In the past," he said, "I used to fight for everyone else. This time I'm fighting for myself." Alcohol and



Cooney's fight plan was to jab at Foreman and soften him with hooks. But when Foreman landed a few powerpunches, Cooney quickly crumbled.

drugs were all behind him, he promised. This was the new Gerry Cooney. No more pyschodramas. On this night in Atlantic City, the sellout crowd of 12,581 curious spectators would judge for themselves.

As Cooney walked down the steps from his dressing room, he winked and smiled at well-wishers and didn't seem particularly focused on the fight. A few cheers and a smattering of boos greeted him as he stepped through the ropes and danced around the ring in his white robe. Foreman, by comparison, made the long walk from his dressing room behind a handler on whose shoulders he rested his gloved hands. He looked dead serious. After all, he had turned down a $5-million offer from Don King to fight Mike Tyson, and he was risking everything against Cooney for a mere $1-million. And that's pretty serious.

After stepping into the ring, Big George skipped around in lumbering fashion, his ample red robe swinging from side to side. "Follow the bouncing ball," shouted one ringsider, as Foreman's belly shook.

When the opening bell sounded, Foreman, all 253¼ pounds of him, plodded toward Cooney, 231, with a cross-armed defense, raising his right forearm in front of his face while his left arm covered his upper body. This technique, as taught to him by cornerman and former light heavyweight champion Archie Moore, had served Foreman well against some of his previous 19 comeback opponents, 18 of whom he had knocked out. But now he was facing a foe who, at 6'7", was four inches taller than he, and a fighter who had once been known for a devastating left hook.

Cooney started off with a snapping jab and several left hooks that thudded against Foreman's bulky body. But none of the blows seemed to faze Big George. Foreman, 65-2 (61), then muscled Cooney, 28-3 (24), to the ropes and connected with two jabs. The first struck the Irishman's face. The second caught his throat and sent his mouthpiece flying. Cooney worked his way off the ropes and caught Foreman with a left hook to the head. "The Puncher," as Cooney was dubbed during the prefight publicity, stunned "The Preacher," but didn't try to finish him.

Although Cooney won the first round on all three judges' cards, his trainer, Gil Clancy, thought he should have ended the bout.

"When you hurt a guy," Clancy said, "you have to jump all over him and finish him. Gerry didn't do that. I think inactivity had a lot to do with it."

Cooney opened round two with a counter left. Then he hammered Foreman with two left hooks to the midsection. Foreman scored with two right leads. Cooney, fighting only in spurts, moved out of Foreman's range. Though Foreman was undeniably fat, he at least looked strong. Cooney, by comparison, was thin and weak. Gone were the broad shoulders and the heaving chest he carried in the early '80s.

Cooney's unhealthy appearance was the result of a 31-month period of inactivity. That lengthy layoff cost him a minute into the second round, when Foreman pawed at him with a weak right. Cooney backed up, and Foreman stepped forward and delivered a powerful left uppercut that split Cooney's guard.

Foreman again pawed with a short right, then threw a short left and followed with an overhand right to Cooney's face. Cooney's legs turned rubbery and he looked bewildered by the swiftness and savagery of Foreman's assault. He leaned into Foreman's chest for support, but Foreman's roundhouse right caught him on the head. A left-right combination came, and Cooney collapsed near his corner.

As Cooney lay on his back, his right hand gripped the ropes. He was wide-eyed and hurt. But he rose at the count of six.

"All I could think of was how George landed all those shots on me," Cooney said later. He smiled and added, "What else can I say?"

Foreman wasn't through yet. As the fighters stood at midring, Big George stepped toward Cooney with his lead foot and fired a horrific left uppercut at his target's chin. Upon impact, Cooney's puppy-dog eyes drooped. He was staggered. Foreman then set himself before drilling a finishing overhand right to the side of Cooney's head.

A savage but mesmerizing moment followed. In a boxing ring, nothing quite resembles the sight of Gerry Cooney being knocked out. He crashed face-first to the canvas, landing on his side. As he bounced, his legs spread in different directions, and his head rolled under his chest.

Referee Joe Cortez motioned Foreman away and removed Cooney's mouthpiece as the fighter lay motionless for 30 seconds. No count was given. Old, bald, fat George Foreman was declared the winner at 1:57 of the second round.

"Gerry Cooney hit harder than any guy I got into the ring with," Foreman said. "Maybe Ronnie Lyle hit harder,

(Continued on page 70)

ARCHIE MOORE at 76

Youth Is Still Being Served

"Within I do not find wrinkles and used heart, but unspent youth."
—Ralph Waldo Emerson

By Jeff Ryan

Suspicions that Archie Moore still isn't a guy to trifle with are soon confirmed when he suddenly springs from his chair in the middle of talking about, oh, probably he doesn't even remember what it was, and starts circling the room, firing combinations furiously. At an age when many of his contemporaries are leaning on canes, his footwork is smooth, the punches amazingly quick. He seems determined to have no youth left unspent when he draws his last breath, though for an instant, there is fear that the last breath could come sooner than anyone expects.

His chest heaving, Moore plops himself back into his chair. "Did you see that?" he asks between gasps for air. "And I'm not even taking a deep breath."

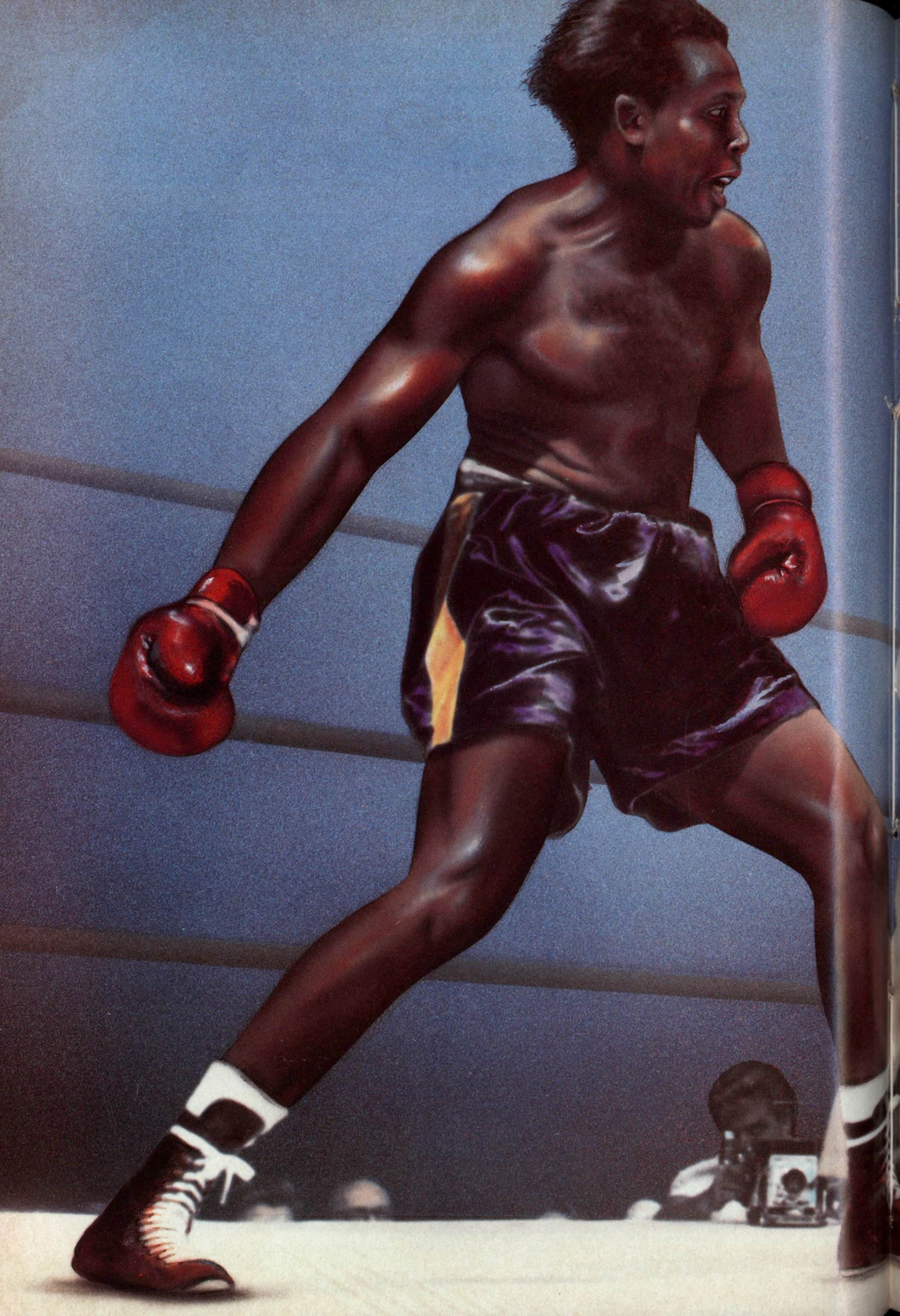
Now, then, where was he? Oh yeah, the key to remaining so young of heart and mind. "It's like this," he says several minutes later, after his heart rate has returned to normal. It's like what, Archie? *It's like what?* There is no answer, just that sight of the man in the purple beret springing to his feet again and punching wildly at the air. This time, the punches come from all angles, with a feint thrown in here and there just to impress.

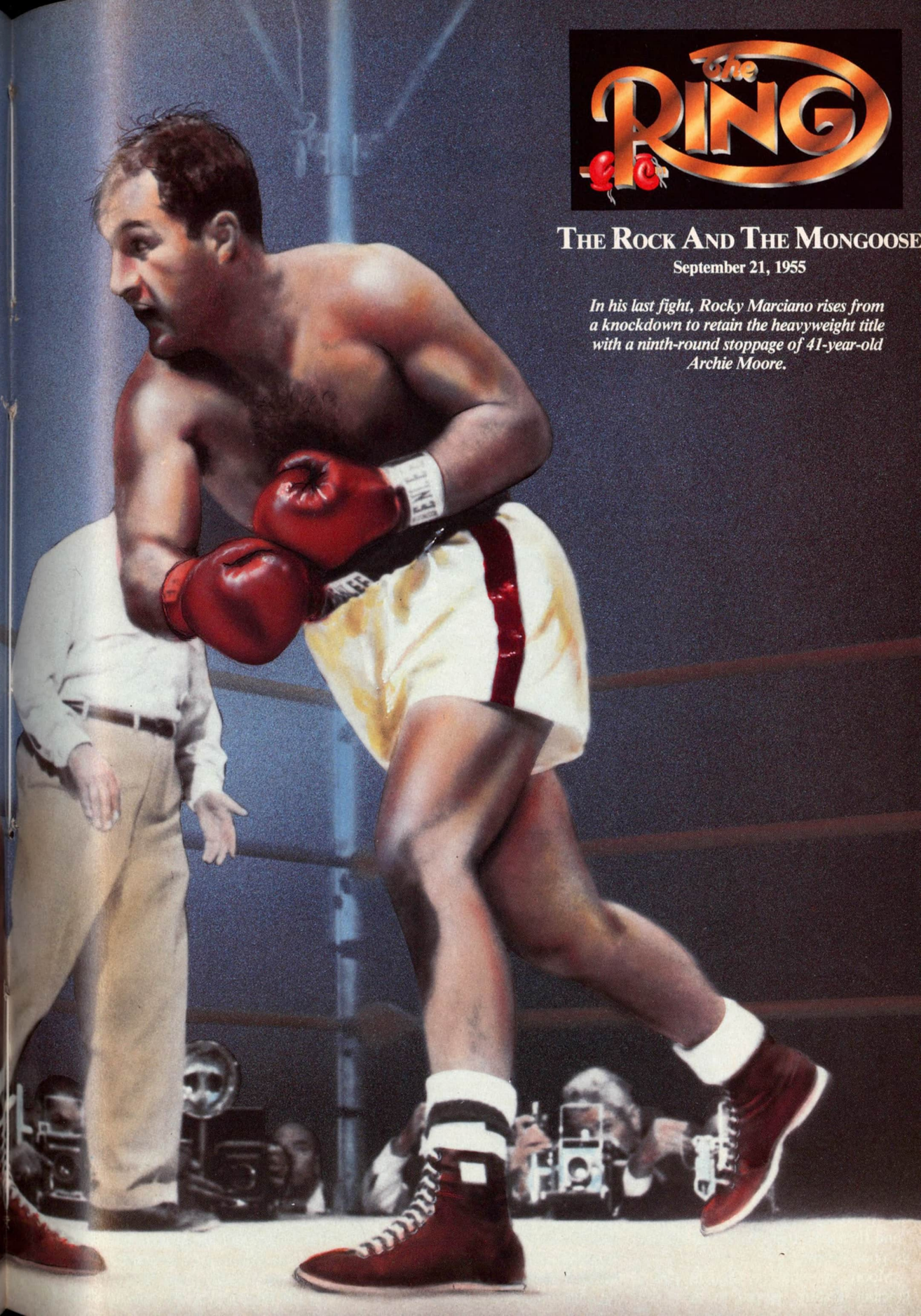
"I can still do 10 rounds of this," he says with a smirk after sitting down again. "You just don't have the time to wait for it."

For an instant, the mind flashes back to the final scene of *Raging Bull,* when an aging, worn-out Jake LaMotta shadowboxes in a mirror, trying to reconcile himself with the only time in his life when he felt like a whole person. But on this day, the image quickly fades. For Archie Moore is not a man to be pitied, but to behold. He doesn't shadowbox because he wants to remember what it was once like to kick ass, he does it because he wants to stay sharp in case he has to do it again.

You never know when that moment might arrive. Hell, Old Arch was still knockin' 'em out way back when he was 63. He was living in Nigeria at the time, and was out riding in a car one day when he became enthralled by the sight of a group of workers digging sand from the banks of the Ikorodu River and loading it onto boats. Moore took out his camera and decided to take a picture.

(Continued on page 42)





The RING

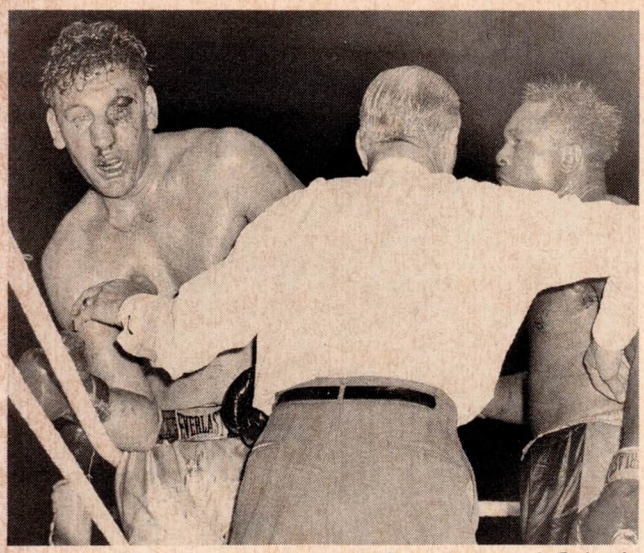
The Rock And The Mongoose

September 21, 1955

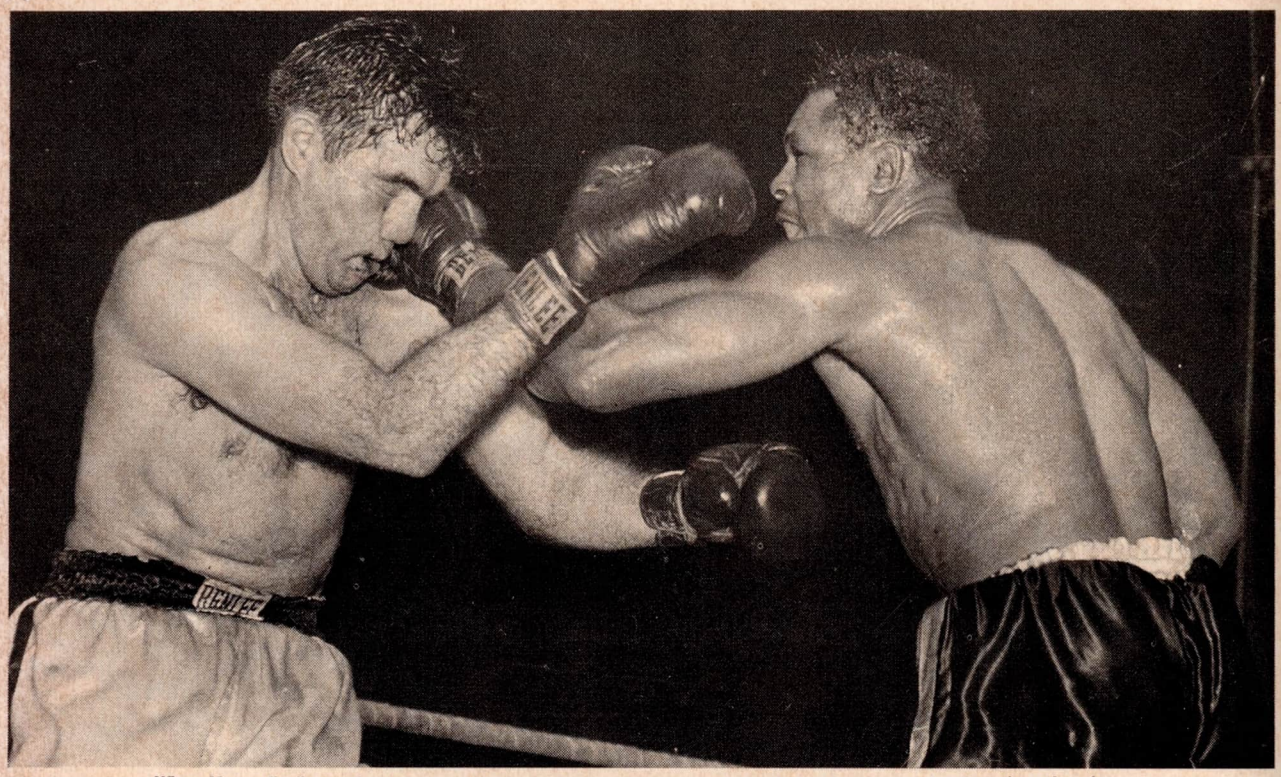
In his last fight, Rocky Marciano rises from a knockdown to retain the heavyweight title with a ninth-round stoppage of 41-year-old Archie Moore.

ARCHIE MOORE

(Continued from page 38)



Moore's July 1956 heavyweight battle with Canada's James J. Parker is stopped in the ninth round (above). In Moore's last title-fight victory, in June 1961, he outpointed light heavyweight challenger Giulio Rinaldi over 15 rounds (right). Moore was 47 years old.



When Moore finally received a title shot, he scored a unanimous 15-round decision over defending champion Joey Maxim in St. Louis in December 1952. Moore subsequently defended twice against Maxim, winning two more 15-round verdicts. In all, "The Mongoose" made nine successful defenses.

Just then, the foreman of the work crew, a muscular man who appeared to be in his late-20s, demanded that Moore hand over the camera.

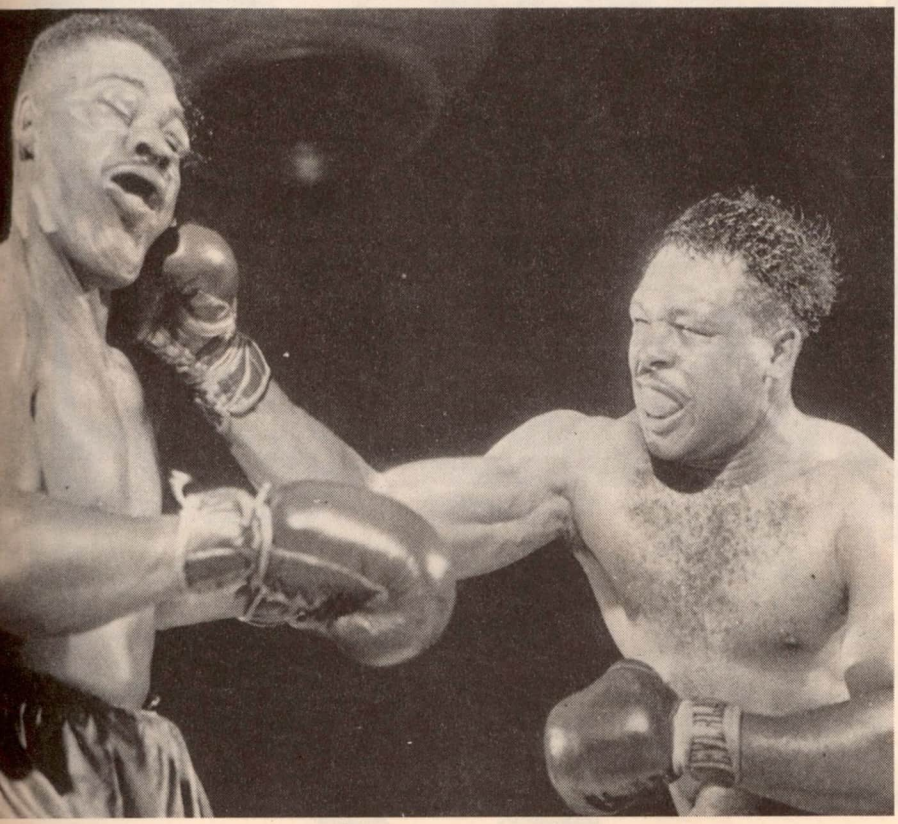
"You people come up here to take our pictures," the foreman snapped, "and then take them back and ridicule us poor people."

Moore, in what he thought was a gracious gesture, agreed to turn over the film. The foreman kept demanding the camera. When Old Arch unleashed a left hook, a right to the ribs, and another hook to the mouth, the argument became moot because the foreman became unconscious. Moore didn't escape completely unscathed, however. He returned home with an infected hand and the realization that he might *finally* be slowing down a bit.

"If a man can bite my fist before I can get it out of his mouth," he wrote in his journal, "I'd better stop fightin' in the streets."

It comes as no surprise then, when Old Arch reaches under his pillow for his wallet and wristwatch before leaving his room at Caesars in Atlantic City on this day. You fight 215 bouts in the ring, maybe 10 times that many

The mood, the music ... this photo (saxophonist unidentified) more than any other illustrates Moore's introspective side. It was taken in 1955, while Moore was training for his heavyweight title try against Rocky Marciano.



Moore was a thinking man's fighter, but his punching power, in evidence during his March 1954 ninth-round stoppage of Pittsburgh heavyweight Bob Baker, produced the most kayos in boxing history.

on the streets, and you start to think that maybe you don't really have to bother with things like hotel safes. Those are for the feeble and elderly.

Funny thing about this fellow they once called "The Old Mongoose," the man born Archibald Lee Wright in Benoit, Mississippi. He spent so many of his younger years being thought of as old, and now he spents his older years being thought of as young.

"How do I stay so young at heart?" he says, addressing the question for the third time, and only now deciding he feels like answering it. He points to his head. "I exercise this."

One of the fight game's true eccentrics, the old man still spars a lot these days, only now it's verbally. And from all indications, the training gets results. Former fighters who have taken so many punches aren't supposed to think so young, act so young, talk so young, walk so young. For that matter, former assembly line workers, butchers, roofers aren't supposed to be so sharp at the age of 76, uh, 73, uh ...

"I was born in 1916," Moore says.

"But your mother says you were born in 1913," he is told.

"We're both right," comes the reply. "That's W-R-I-G-H-T."

What brings Moore to Atlantic City

Moore on Foreman: "George is following closely in my footsteps. I wouldn't be working with him if I didn't think he could win the title again."

on an unseasonably warm January day is George Foreman's quest to topple Gerry Cooney two nights hence. Moore worked as a trainer-adviser to Foreman way back in Big George's first career, when he was pulverizing Joe Frazier and Ken Norton and falling victim to another oldie but goodie, Muhammad Ali. When Foreman decided to mount another assault on the heavyweight title, he made sure that he dug out Moore's phone number right along with his old pair of trunks.

"This is an opportunity for me, as well as for George, to refute the old axiom that an athlete is through at 27," Moore says. "Today, George is following closely in my footsteps. I wouldn't be working with him if I didn't think he could win the title again. And he's going to knock out Cooney. Training has gone very well, especially here."

And how long have Archie and the gang been in Atlantic City?

"I don't keep track of time," Archie Moore says with a wink. "You age that way."

***

When the right hand landed in the second round, heavyweight king Rocky Marciano crumbled to all fours, his face staring down at the canvas of the Yankee Stadium ring. Three months shy of his 42nd birthday, Moore, who had been fighting since the age of 22, but was ducked for years by the white champions and promoters because of his skin color, was on the verge of being the first reigning 175-pound champion to capture boxing's ultimate prize. But then he made a fatal error.

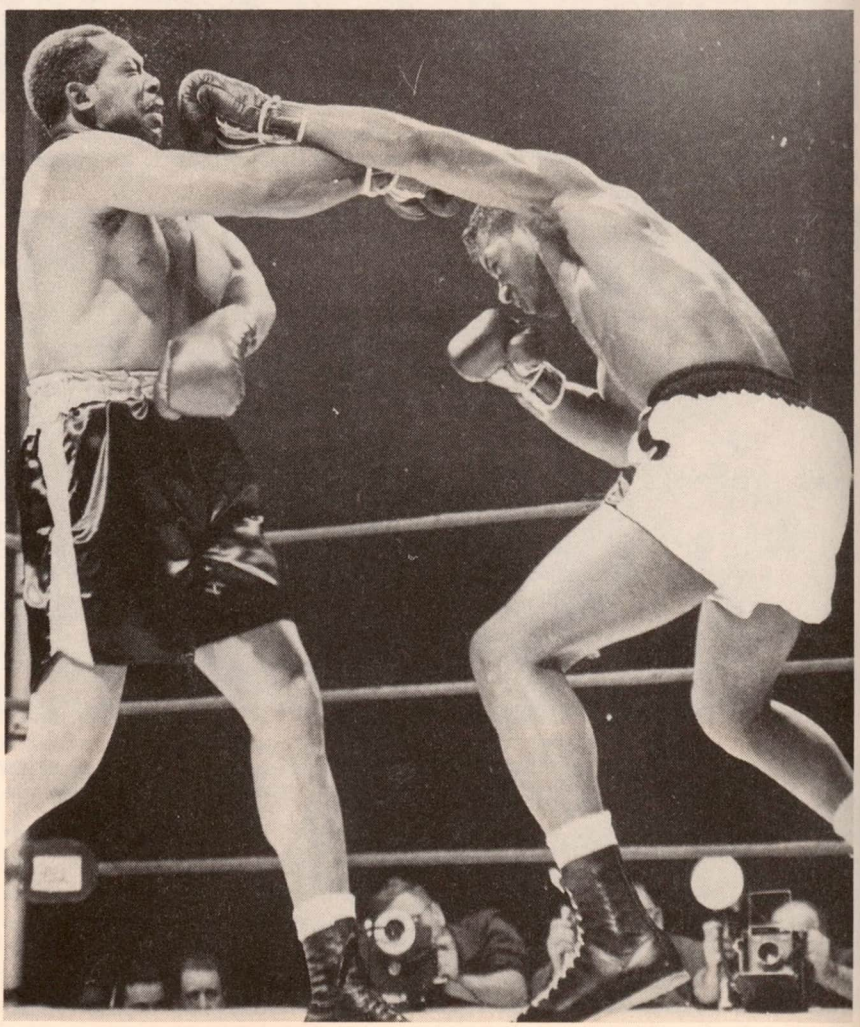
In his excitement, Moore inadvertently walked to the closest, not farthest, neutral corner. As Marciano pulled himself up, his eyes glazed and his legs shaky, Moore started toward him, but was directed to the far corner by referee Harry Kessler, who began administering a standing eight-count, a rule that the official had forgotten was waived for the bout. The extra few seconds enabled the 32-year-old Marciano to recover, and he went on to floor Moore in the sixth, eighth, and ninth rounds, the last time for the count.

"Marciano was a great fighter," Moore says today, when he recalls the moment that has come attached to every mention of his name in the past 35 years. "What was special about him was that he had a dominant willpower. And he loved to fight. A lot of guys have big fighting hearts, but they're riding horses or working in offices. He was born to be a fighter.

"You know, when Marciano was a young kid, he was a good baseball player. He played catcher and he had a great arm. And he threw his punches like he was throwing a baseball. He threw his punches on a short arc and it was hard to get underneath them. I ridiculed his style, but the man hit tremendously hard."

Had Archie Moore walked away from boxing the day after the loss to Marciano, most people would have said that he fought much longer than he should have. The fact that the old man would go on to fight for eight more years and in 43 more bouts is mind-boggling. That he would compile a record of 38-3-2 in those fights, battle yet again for the heavyweight title (losing by fifth-round kayo to Floyd Patterson), and make five more defenses of the light heavyweight crown (including one, against Canadian Yvon Durelle, in which he had to climb off the canvas four times before scoring an 11th-round kayo) is simply astounding. No wonder Moore says Foreman is only in the "third stage of his prime."

"I feel that a man can still do certain things in the ring after 40, just by moving his head and shoulders," he says. "You're using tricks, feints,



Perhaps the best chance Moore had to win the heavyweight title came when he was pitted against 21-year-old Floyd Patterson in November 1956. Moore, facing a foe exactly half his age, fell in five rounds.

you're fighting with knowledge and experience. The skills can leave, but experience is something never thrown away. It stays with you."

Moore is reluctant to reveal a straight answer to the question of how he managed to avoid a similar neurological fate as that experienced by the likes of Ali, Sugar Ray Robinson, and Rocky Graziano. Or maybe he just doesn't know. After all, Moore is not the kind of man who sits around thinking of what might have been.

"Would I have beaten Marciano if I was younger?" His face contorts, as though he's been asked to step outside and tiptoe along the window ledge. "Why would I want to think about *that?*"

He is a man who lives for the moment. Since he retired following an exhibition with Nap Mitchell in 1965, the moment has encompassed everything from coaching the Nigerian national boxing team, to training Foreman, to his favorite passion—working with troubled youths on the streets of Los Angeles and his current home of San Diego. And when he hasn't been occupying himself with such altruistic pursuits, he's managed to reserve a rather sizable amount of time for some of Southern California's finer pool halls.

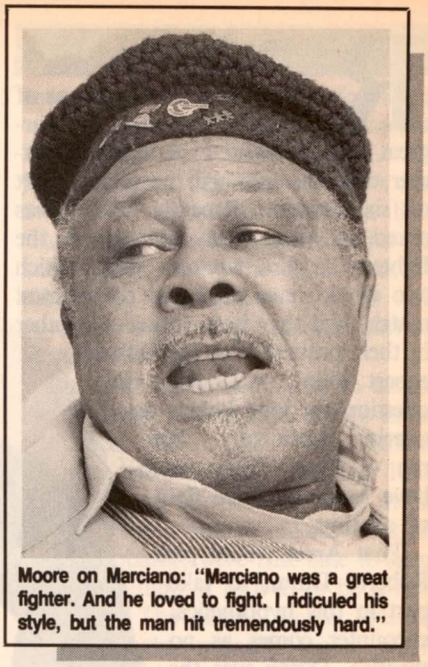
"You shoot pool, don't you?" Moore asks his visitor.

He recoils when he hears that the answer is no.

"S____," he says, dismissing his guest with a wave of the hand. "Wasted life."

***

Last year, Moore learned, to his displeasure, that he was being released from his youth counseling job with the Department of Housing and Urban Development. As Moore tells it, he was appointed by President Reagan in 1980, but soon after George Bush took office and Jack Kemp was named the secretary of HUD, Moore was told that his services were no longer required. Never one to pass up the chance to play head games, Moore recently sent Kemp a photo he took with the fighter about 30 years earlier, when Moore was the light heavyweight champion and Kemp was the quarterback of the San Diego Chargers.



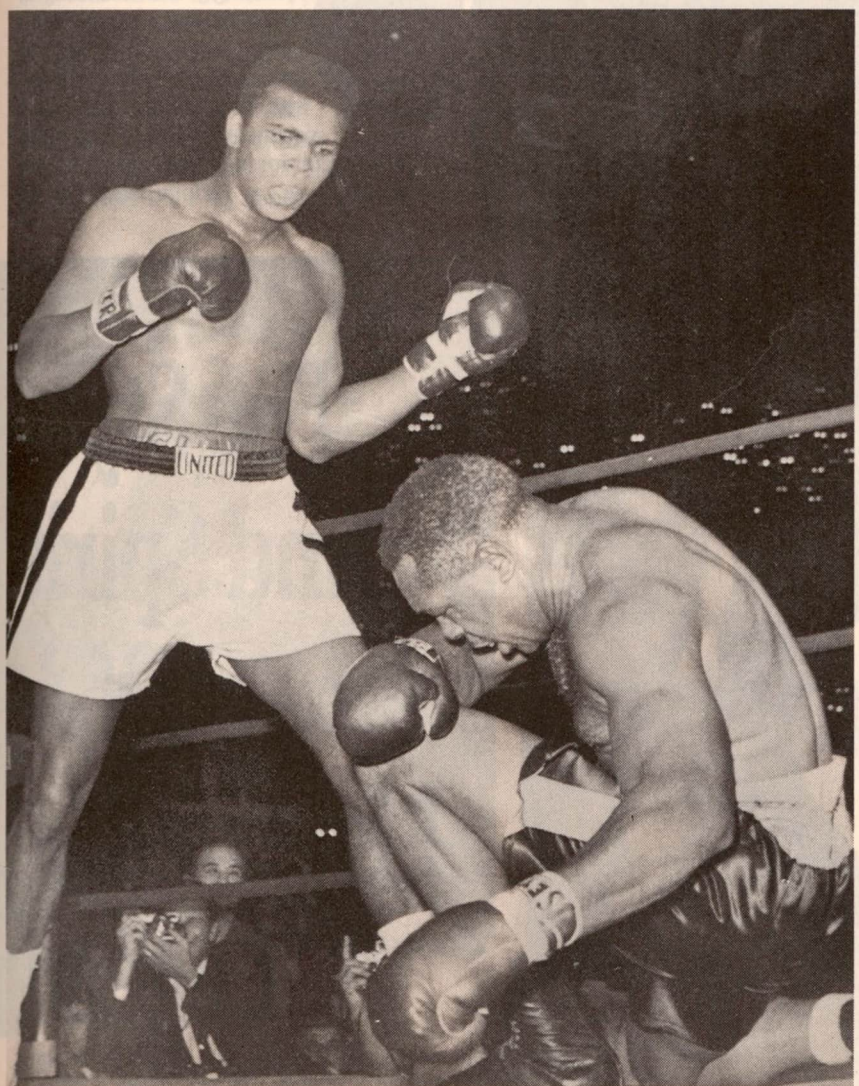
Moore on Marciano: "Marciano was a great fighter. And he loved to fight. I ridiculed his style, but the man hit tremendously hard."

"I never heard from him," Moore says, laughing. "I think I'll send him another one."

Though disheartened by his dismissal, Moore nonetheless hasn't stopped assisting young people whenever he can. He still spends most of his days speaking in schools and visiting neighborhoods and gyms, attempting to offer the sweet science as an alternative to gang fights and drugs. He prefers training troubled teens with impressionable minds rather than seasoned pros with established attitudes and work habits. Thus, except for his work with Foreman, he has been a stranger to the pro game for years.

"I still get my biggest enjoyment from working with kids," The Mongoose says, a smile spreading across his face. "There is something in every troubled boy that wants to be brought out: 'Who am I? What am I here for? What will I do with my life?' I know that nothing'll bring those answers out quicker than boxing. Boxing makes you say no. No to drugs, no to food, no to pain. Out of 30,000 kids who try boxing, maybe 300 become real moneymakers. But a lot of the rest can become good people."

It all starts, says Archie Moore, with respecting your elders. Funny words coming from a man who continues to spit in the eye of Father Time. □



In his penultimate effort, Moore, age 48, crashed in the fourth round against a brash, outspoken contender named Cassius Clay in November 1962. It's almost incomprehensible that a fighter who turned pro in 1936 fought long enough to have faced "The Greatest."

JACKIE "KID" BERG

The Style And Spirit Of A Lightweight Legend

By Ben Sharav

Ray Arcel has trained dozens of fighters, from great to near-great to near-awful in a legendary career that has spanned the greater part of six decades. Recently, Arcel was asked to pick from among all the fighters he had worked with. Which two would have produced the greatest match, had they been brought together in their primes? The 90-year-old expert didn't mull over the question for long before answering confidently, "Duran vs. Berg. That would have been the prize fight of all time."

That Arcel would pick Roberto Duran to take part in this hypothetical encounter comes as no surprise. Duran was the last champion to be tutored by the New York trainer, and the Panamanian's unique blend of punching power, boxing finesse, and general ring savagery made him the most exciting, if not the greatest, fighter of the 1970s.

The name Berg, though, probably won't register with most modern-day fans. Some may remember hearing of Moe Berg, a reputed genius who played a solid catcher for most of a 15-year major league baseball career in the 1920s and '30s, but of whom it was said, "He knows 10 languages, but can't hit in any one of them." The Berg who rates so high in Ray Arcel's estimation performed during much the same years as the ballplaying Berg. Jackie "Kid" Berg, however, wasn't renowned for his linguistic skills. But then, nobody ever said that Kid Berg could not hit.

"Berg was a whirlwind," Arcel said. From anyone else, that would sound more like a cliche than a description of a boxer who was known as "The Whitechapel Whirlwind." But the venerable trainer speaks the words with firm conviction, seemingly still marveling at the memory of the fighter's skills more than 60 years after first working with him. "Berg was a rare specimen," Arcel continued. "His conditioning was awesome. He could go at a furious pace for 15

rounds. And he had a terrrific ability to take a punch."

If Berg's name has tended to get lost over the years, it's probably because he had the misfortune of being a great fighter in an era of ring demigods. Beginning in 1924 at age 15, Berg campaigned as a pro for 21 years. During his peak, the lighter divisions of featherweight through welterweight were ruled by such immortals as Kid Chocolate, Tony Canzoneri, Barney Ross, and Henry Armstrong. Berg whipped Chocolate twice and beat Canzoneri, too, but also lost to Canzoneri on two occasions. Berg won a world championship, but he had to endure having his title denigrated for being of the *junior* welterweight variety in the years when a championship signified a lot more than it does today.

Jackie Berg looked like a person with business to attend to when he checked into the Harding Hotel on West 54th Street in New York in the spring of 1928 in a tailored suit, with his black hair parted and slicked back in the style of the day. He had just stepped off a boat from England. With his reed-thin 5'9" frame, smooth white skin, and broad smile, he looked even younger than his almost 19 years, and more like an aspiring actor than an athlete.

But the young man was accompanied by Sol Gold, one of the top boxing managers in the country. And Berg, despite his delicate appearance, had already been fighting professionally for almost four years in his home country, putting together a record of 53-3-3. It was the intent of Gold and partner Harry Levene to make Berg a world champion. So Gold called Arcel, then a 29-year-old trainer working at Stillman's Gym, and asked him to take the task of helping to hone the Britisher's skills and prepare him for a title shot.

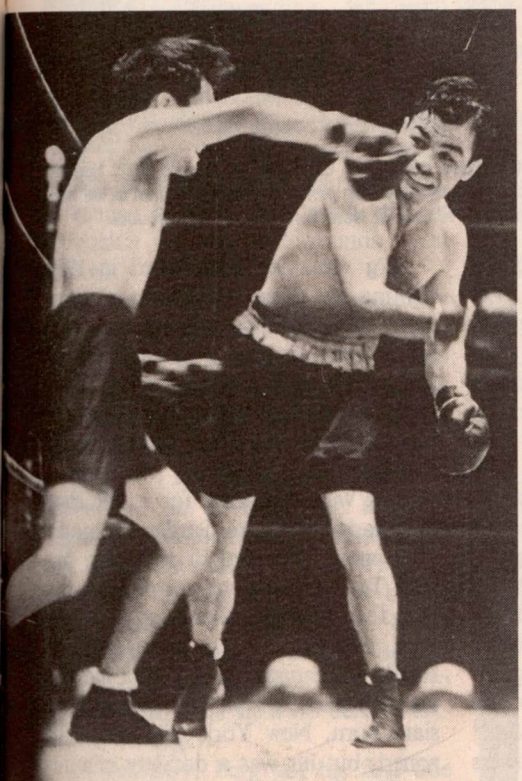
Arcel had heard rave reviews about Berg from Charley Harvey, a booking agent who specialized in importing European fighters to the United States. But the trainer remained skeptical about a record—no matter how stellar, numerically—compiled exclusively in London. And he was decidedly underwhelmed upon first meeting with the fighter at the hotel.

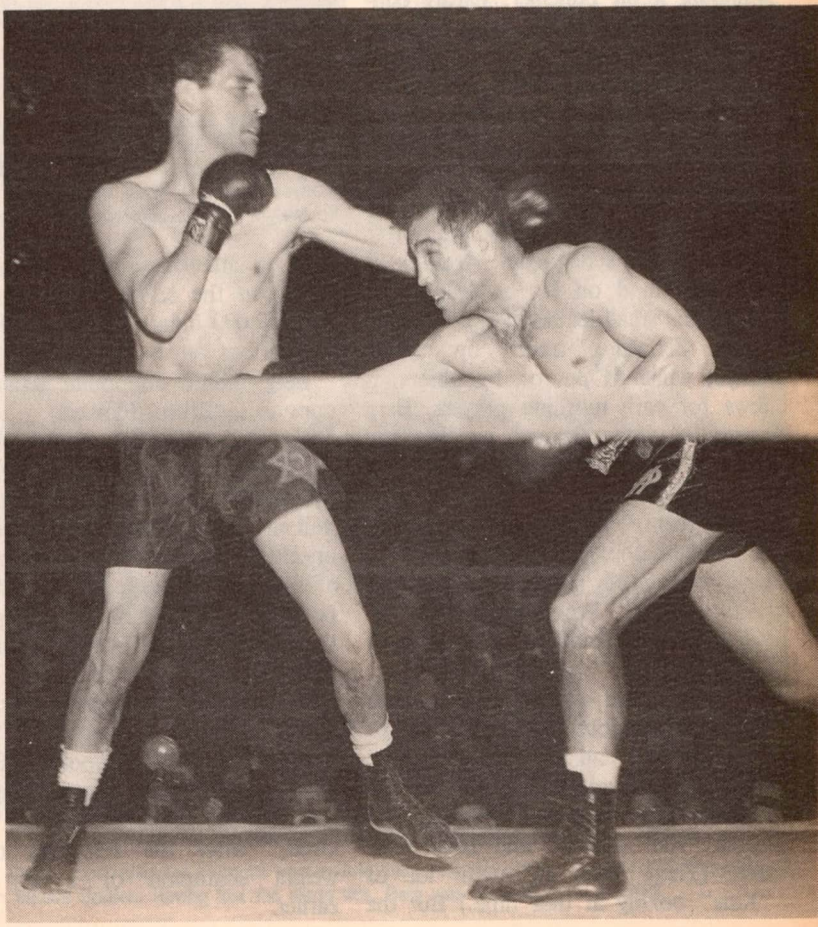
"He looked like a kid playing hooky from school," Arcel recalled years later. "He seemed so delicate. I couldn't visualize him in the ring with Canzoneri or Petrolle—the men Goldie said he would try to get as opponents."

Arcel's suspicions were further aroused when he went out for lunch with the fighter and the manager. "Berg didn't eat," Arcel recalled. "He just stared out the window with a far-away look and asked questions like, 'How far is Times Square from here?,' and 'Where are all the night clubs?' I thought to myself, *One of those wild guys. He wouldn't get too far with an attitude like that.*"

But Gold convinced Arcel to accept the challenge and become Berg's trainer. Arcel didn't just train Jackie, though; he practically adopted him. Jackie moved into Arcel's home in St. Albans, New York, where Ray and his wife, Stephanie, were best able to keep an eye on him. It proved to be a full-time job. The British fighter quickly confirmed the trainer's worst suspicions about his proclivities toward the nightlife.

"We never could let him out of our sights," Arcel remembered. "Lights out signaled the start of war games with Berg. Would he or wouldn't he break loose? We put extra padlocks on the door, barred the windows, and stationed somebody in the room to watch him. Still, we could never be sure."





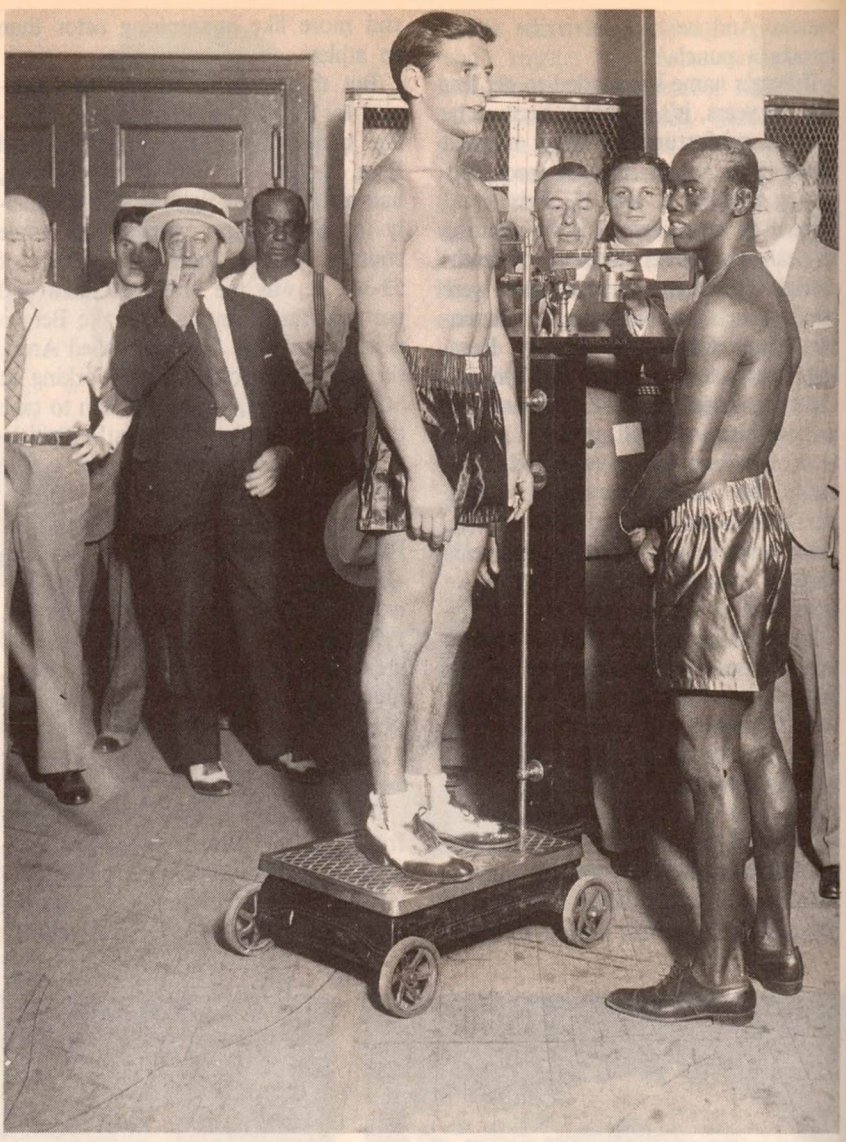
In one of his biggest victories, Berg dueled with Tony Canzoneri in January 1930 and captured a 10-round decision victory (above). In March 1939, with his 21-year career winding down, Berg brawled with Pedro Montanez (right). He was stopped in the fifth round.

Berg traveled to Chicago in May 1928 for his United States debut and whipped one Pedro Amador in a 10-rounder. After three more victories, he was matched with Billy Petrolle, the dangerous "Fargo Express," and emerged with a 10-round draw. In their Windy City rematch just one month later, though, Berg walked into a vicious right hand in the fifth round and suffered his first-ever knockout loss. Berg may have been beaten, but he remained unbowed, vowing to avenge that defeat sometime in the future. He returned home to England to recharge his batteries that winter, and scored two 15-round victories in London before making the trek across the ocean once more for a fresh run at the title.

Race, ethnicity, and religion have perennially played a role in promoting fan interest in boxing. In recent years, as people have presumably become more enlightened and sophisticated, overt appeals along those lines have been frowned upon. But in the 1920s and '30s, ethnic and race-based promotion was accepted. Jackie Berg was born Judah Bergman in the rough Whitechapel section of London. His original name highlighted his Jewish heritage. His adopted name, while sounding a bit punchier, hardly concealed his roots. When Berg returned to the United States in May 1929 and made his New York debut, he and his managerial team heavily stressed the religious angle.

Berg entered the Madison Square Garden ring for his semifinal 10-rounder wrapped in a *tallis*, the prayer shawl worn in synagogues. Around his right arm and on his head he wore *tefilin*, the small leather box containing sacred Scripture, trailed by leather straps, which is put on by observant Jews for early-morning prayers. Berg proceeded to go through an elaborate ritual of slowly unwinding the leather straps from around his body, tenderly kissing them, and placing the materials in a gold-embossed velvet bag, which he then carefully handed to his chief second, Arcel. Berg's trunks, as always, were adorned with the Star of David.

The spectacle would certainly have seemed sacrilegious to any truly orthodox Jew who had attended the show, which was headlined by a featherweight bout between ex-champion Louis "Kid" Kaplan and Billy Wallace. (There were an awful lot of "Kids" boxing at that time.) But the Jews in attendance loved it, and the others in the sellout crowd of more than 19,000 didn't get too riled up by the curious antics in the ring.



Berg weighs in for his first meeting with legendary Cuban Kid Chocolate in August 1930. Note the always-stylish Kid's shoes. Berg, already junior welterweight champion, was seeking a shot at the world lightweight title. He outpointed Chocolate over 10 rounds at New York City's Polo Grounds.

Berg didn't disappoint against his opponent, Bruce Flowers, whom he decisioned over 10 rounds. As Nat Fleischer wrote in *The Ring*, Berg "proved to be a veritable human windmill in action. From the moment the opening gong charged, he was perpetual motion personified." From Berg's point of view, the highest compliment that the New York press gave him was that he didn't fight like an Englishman. None of that traditional stand-up and jab-and-run style from this "Kid."

After Berg again outpointed Flowers in a rematch, sportswriters began touting him as a "vest pocket Harry Greb," after the ferocious middleweight champion of a few years earlier.

Berg remained undefeated in 1929, fighting one draw with the tough Stanislaus Loayza, but winning 12 more times. One of those wins came against Mushy Callahan, who was recognized as the world junior welterweight champion, in a non-title 10-rounder in Brooklyn.

Berg was clamoring for a title shot, but Madison Square Garden promoters were most interested in matching him with Tony Canzoneri, the popular former featherweight champion who was then campaigning as a lightweight. Berg's co-manager, Gold, believed that his man had the style to beat the Louisiana-born, New York City-bred Canzoneri, but his was a decidely minority opinion. So the fight crowd was more than a little surprised when the Garden announced that the bout had been made. By fight night on January 16, 1930, Canzoneri had been bid up to a

solid 16-5 betting favorite.

The two fighters were a striking contrast when they met in the center of the ring. Berg, who had struggled to make weight for the bout, fought at the lightweight limit, appeared thin, drawn, and pasty-faced. Canzoneri, a good five inches shorter than Berg at 5'4", looked tanned, heavy-chested, and rippling with power as he bounced on his feet waiting for the introductions. The compact Italian-American did not look like a proper target for Berg's famous swarming style.

Perhaps sensing that, Berg opened the fight sticking and moving from a stand-up style. But it proved ineffective, as Canzoneri bored in and connected with thundering shots to the body and head.

"What the hell is he pulling?" Gold muttered at Ray Arcel as the first round wound down. "He's gonna get killed."

Berg fought the second round much the same as the first, and all he had to show for it was a bloody mouth and busted nose. But when he came back to his corner, he said to his trainer with a sudden air of determination, "That's it. I'll try it the old way next round."

For the next eight rounds, Berg returned to the swarming, whirlwind style that had gotten him where he was. He began ripping machine-gun volleys to Canzoneri's head that stopped the smaller man in his tracks. Berg never let up. The Garden crowd responded with a prolonged standing, screaming ovation that lasted straight through the between-rounds rest periods.

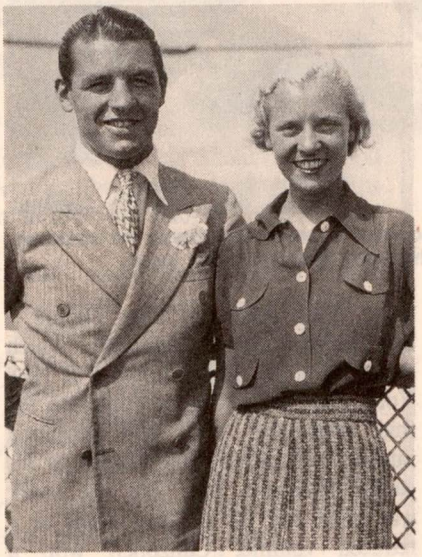
By the seventh round, Canzoneri's face was dripping with blood from cuts near both eyes. He began to tire visibly and Berg began to sharpshoot, landing stiff head punches over Canzoneri's drooping hands.

Berg won the decision easily and became the toast of Broadway. His wild nights on the town became fodder for the gossip columns of Walter Winchell, as well as for the sports pages of the daily papers. Though offers began coming in from Hollywood for Berg to appear in B movies, Gold was able to convince him that he'd do better sticking to boxing.

In February, Berg got his first title shot, as Callahan was persuaded to travel across the ocean and defend his crown in London, on Berg's home turf.

Fighting before his hometown crowd at Royal Albert Hall for only the second time since he had first traveled to the United States, Berg did not disappoint. He handled Callahan even more roughly than he had in their non-title affair in Brooklyn the previous summer, this time sending the American into permanent retirement. Callahan quit on his stool after the 10th round of the scheduled 15-rounder.

Berg immediately sailed back to New York, this time with a world title belt, and intent on earning recognition as a legitimate, full-fledged champion. He successfully defended the title three times in and around New York, before being approached by Madison Square Garden to fight the great up-and-coming and undefeated Cuban, Kid Chocolate, in a non-title bout.

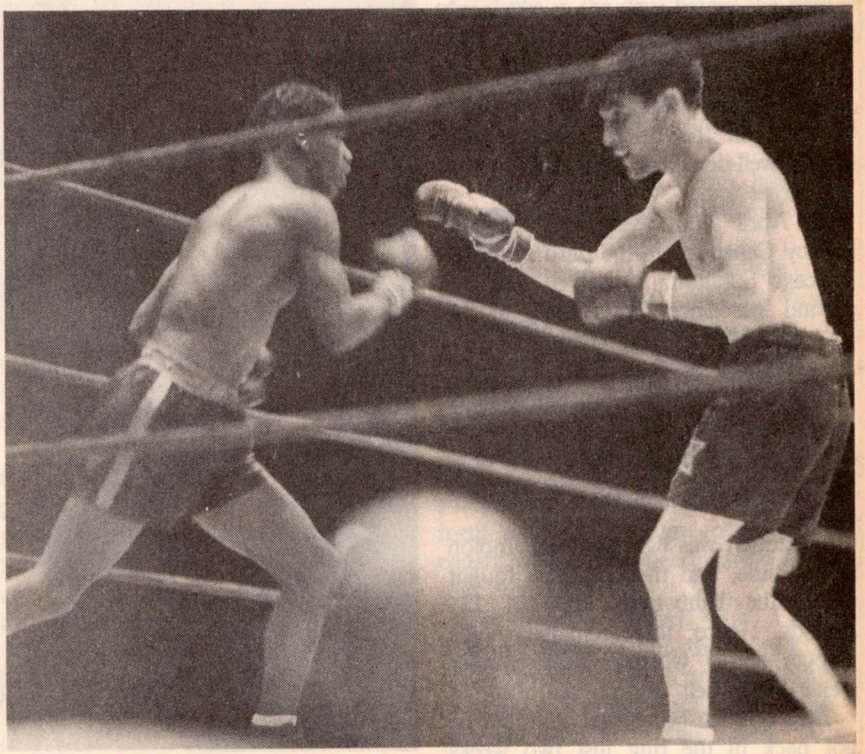


The nattily attired Berg with wife Morya, to whom he is still married. The couple lives at the seashore in Essex, England.

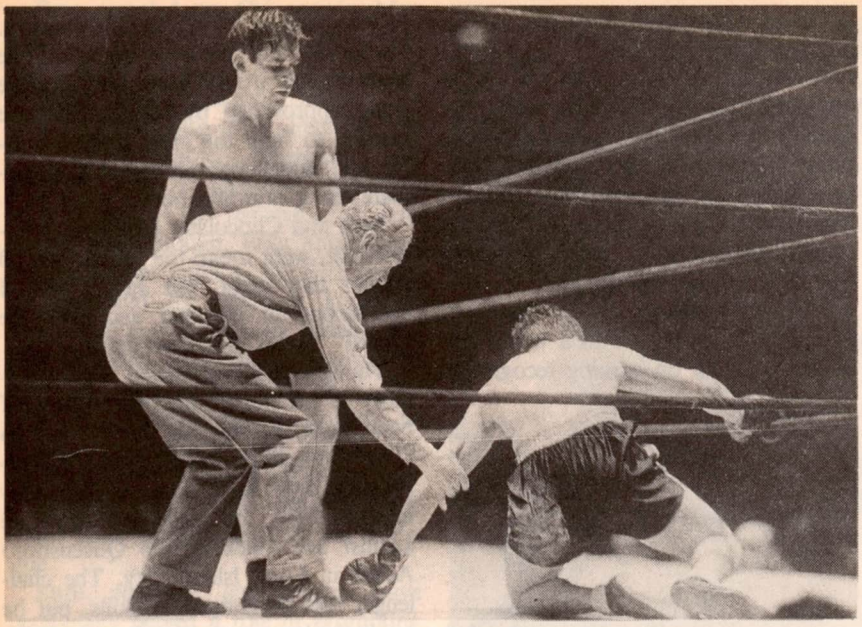
Berg and Chocolate, a natural featherweight, went toe-to-toe for the full 10 rounds that night, but Jackie proved too strong in the end and sent the "Keed" to his first-ever defeat.

Though Berg had earned wide popularity in his home-away-from-home of New York, he still felt that he had to prove himself by winning in a crowd-pleasing style each time out. In September 1931, he defended the title against Joe Glick at the Queensboro Arena in Long Island City. The challenger was outgunned in skills, but he made the bout interesting by repeatedly connecting with blows below the belt. A particularly vicious right hand to the groin sent Berg collapsing to the canvas. The referee seemed about to disqualify the American challenger when Berg, though still in agony, motioned him off. Berg said later that he did not want to be associated in any way with "Faintin' " Phil Scott, a British heavyweight fighting in the United States at the time who had earned his derisive nickname by claiming fouls every time he was hit near the belt line.

"Apart from not wanting to be



One of Berg's most pleasing triumphs was a July 1932 rematch points win over Kid Chocolate at Madison Square Garden. Having lost the world title, Berg was thought to be finished.



Berg stands over rival Cleto Locatelli during their showdown in January 1934. Despite the knockdown, Locatelli decisioned the Kid, his second win over the British lightweight in two years.

classed a quitter," Berg added, "I simply wanted to pound the life out of my opponent." Berg struggled to his feet and indeed pounded out a 10-round decision win.

Just three weeks later, Berg was back in the Madison Square Garden ring to defend his title against rival Petrolle, the only man who had ever knocked him out. For a while it looked like the "Fargo Express" would cut through the "Whirlwind" once more, as Petrolle connected repeatedly with damaging hooks to the body in the first three rounds. But Berg grew stronger as the fight progressed, and by the end he was raining unanswered punches on the tiring Petrolle. Berg won a well-deserved decision to avenge his earlier loss.

In April 1931, Berg was knocked out by Canzoneri in the third round at Chicago Stadium. It marked only his second loss since first coming to the United States. A combination of factors cost him on that night: too much activity and too little rest didn't help. But mostly the loss was due to his facing one of the greatest fighters who ever lived, and on one of his best nights.

Canzoneri was lightweight champion at the time, and the bout was fought under the lightweight limit of 135 pounds. Hence, there remained some dispute as to whether Berg's junior welterweight belt was on the line.

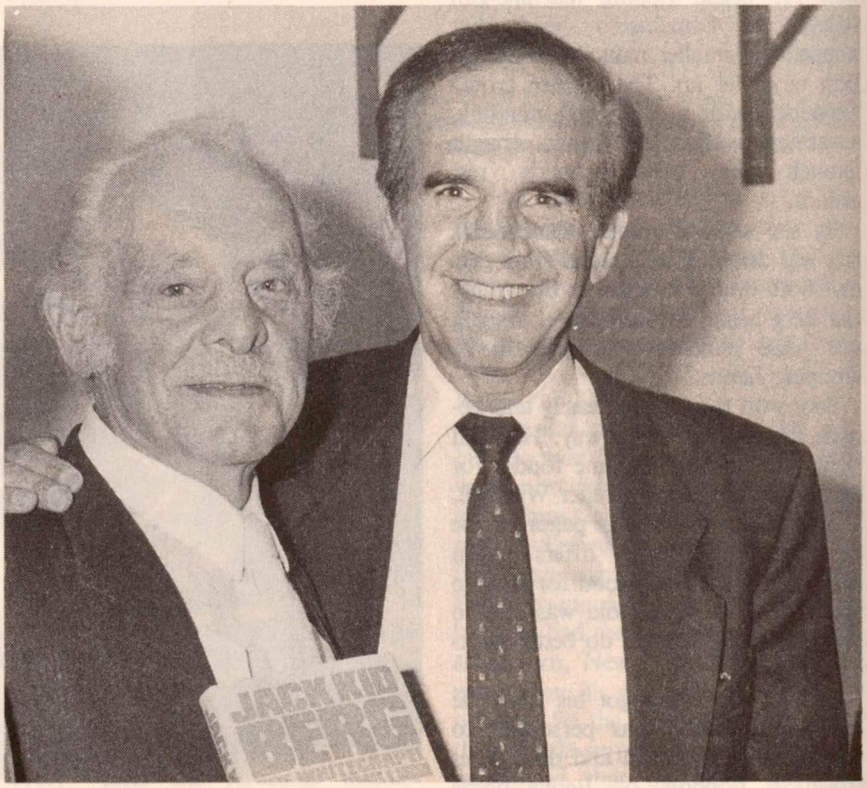
Berg was crushed by the loss, but he got back in the ring just two weeks later and this time beat one Tony Herrera in New York. After scoring five more quick victories, Berg earned a title rematch with Canzoneri, which was held at the Polo Grounds in New York. Berg got into good condition for that September bout and acquitted himself well, erasing the stigma of his earlier knockout loss. But the spark was gone and his punches came at a reduced volume. Canzoneri won a clear, unanimous decision after 15 rounds.

Jackie Berg was only 22 years old, but he was an old 22, a veteran of 105 bouts in more that seven years of professional fighting. He had won 94 of those fights, while losing only four. Berg never again scaled to the heights that he had reached in those phenomenal early years of his career, but he remained active for more than another decade, often surprising fans and opponents who thought him washed up. His final bout was a kayo victory in May 1945, and his final record was 157-26-9.

Berg's last bout came 12 days after the Germans surrendered to end the European fighting of World War II. The "Whitechapel Whirlwind" surrendered, too: not to any fighter, but to the lovely blonde Morya, to whom he remains married to this day. They now live near the seashore in Essex, not far from their daughter, Stephenie. Berg has stayed in shape through the years, though, at 81 years old, he now confines his exercise to walking every day and swimming in the ocean when the season is right.

The punching power and ring savagery are mere memories, though Ray Arcel, we suppose, will always wonder how Berg would have fared against a lightweight by the name of Duran. □

(Ben Sharav is a freelance writer based in New York City.)

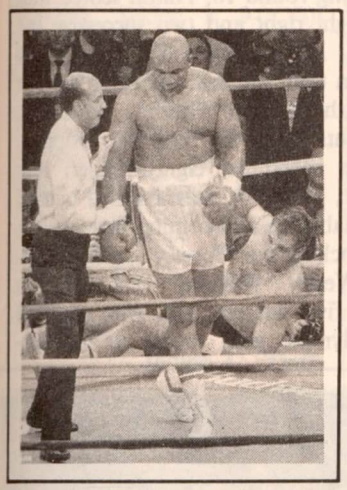


Berg with famed British fight manager Mickey Duff upon the publication of the former junior welterweight's biography, entitled *Jack Kid Berg: The Whitechapel Windmill.*

RINGSIDE REPORTS

FIGHTER OF THE MONTH: George Foreman

A funny thing about George Foreman's "Geezers At Caesars" triumph over Gerry Cooney: After it was over, more fans were talking about how good Foreman was than how bad Cooney was. And another funny thing: More fans seem to be talking about a Mike Tyson-Foreman title fight than a Tyson-Evander Holyfield matchup.



It's not really ha-ha funny, unless you're Foreman. Then again, it doesn't take much to make Big George laugh these days. Promise him a good meal and he'll giggle at the arrival of his mozzarella sticks, guffaw through his greasy bacon cheeseburger and fries, and double over whether his hot fudge sundae has a cherry on top or not. And with the paycheck he'll secure to fight Tyson, Foreman will be able to enjoy plenty of good meals.

Take another look at the fight and notice Foreman's expression during the five minutes of action. He was *serious,* probably because he understood that Cooney's first-round hooks threatened his comeback as no other punches had. A rounded 253¼, Big George might not have moved faster than before, but he seemed more focused, and his punches found the sides of Cooney's face the way heat-seeking torpedoes finds the sides of a submarine.

Never mind that Cooney, as inactive as most volcanos, offered no defense and a chin that definitely hasn't improved with age. Foreman's knockout gave him credibility, and even greater popularity, at least in the eyes of the general public.

We'd bet that you'd invite him over for a quick snack.

JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ ALBERTO CORTES

MEXICO CITY—Julio Cesar Chavez had a lot of people rooting for him when he defended the WBC super lightweight title against Argentine Alberto Cortes at the Mexico City Sports Palace. For starters, there was the crowd of 10,000 watching his first-ever bout in the Mexican capital. Then there was a record Mexican TV audience watching the fight on same-day delayed coverage.

And there were also promoter Don King, IBF junior welterweight champion Meldrick Taylor, and the folks at HBO—all nervously awaiting Chavez' fight, knowing a loss or an injury could ruin a planned million-dollar showdown between Chavez and Taylor scheduled for March 17 in Las Vegas.

Well, as it turned out, there wasn't much need for worry. Chavez had no problem dissecting the unbeaten southpaw Cortes, figuring him out, and then rapidly taking him apart. A left uppercut midway through the third round dropped Cortes to one knee, and though the Argentine beat referee Arthur Mercante's count, he was in no shape to go on. The fight was waved over at 1:56 of the third, and Chavez' title and immaculate record (67-0 with 58 kayos) was preserved.

If those involved were going to worry about Chavez' health, they probably should have had trepidations about the soccer game the Mexican hero played nine days before his fight. He played with a team of boxers against a team of TV reporters, and though his side lost, 5-2, he did score a goal. Who says Bo is the only one who knows?

There was also some worry about Chavez taking on Cortes so soon after his November 18 defense against Sammy Fuentes, and so close to the Taylor superfight. But Chavez wanted to perform in the Mexican capital for his political and boxing supporters, as well as for the common fans. He even took a huge cut in what he usually earns so he could defend his crown in Mexico City.

Cortes brought a 44-0 record into the title bout. Ranked fifth by the WBC, the 26-year-old former South American lightweight champion exuded confidence in the days before the fight, as he predicted what he'd do when he got a shot at Chavez.

"He has a lot of weaknesses we've spotted, and worked on capitalizing on," Cortes said.

When the real fight began, however, the openings and opportunities Cortes expected never materialized.

Chavez took his time in the first round. Cortes was winging heavy punches from the beginning, but few touched any part of the Mexican—and most of those that did touch him glanced harmlessly off gloves or arms. Chavez began to find the range with rights to Cortes' head late in the round, and the champion's only moment of difficulty came when Cortes caught him on the head during an inside exchange.

The second round saw Chavez throwing more combinations, most of which landed, while Cortes continued to miss. A straight right, right uppercut, and right hook had Cortes' head snapping back and forth.

Chavez came out fast for the third

round, catching Cortes with a right, then a straight right to the head. The champion's defense remained impenetrable, and he continued to catch the Argentine with rights and combinations. Chavez doubled up with lefts to the body and head, and followed with a left-right-right combination that had Cortes hurt. A left uppercut landed flush, a right grazed off Cortes' head, and then another left uppercut marked the bout's final blow.

Chavez suffered a small mark on the outside of his right eyebrow from a butt.

"This was a good fight for me," the champion said afterward. "Now I want Taylor, then [Hector] Camacho, then the welterweight title. Next year [1990] I am going to have many serious appointments in the ring, and I want to win much, much, much money!"

Chavez added that he hoped to be able to fight again in Mexico City this summer, "after I take care of Taylor."

Cortes had nothing but praise for his vanquisher.

"He's an hombre who knows how to do everything in the ring," he said. "He annulled all my punches, everything I tried. I lost my unbeaten record, but I'm not ashamed because I lost it to a true champion. He punches very powerfully, works very well with both hands, and is very quick. He'll stay world champion for a long time."

The judges, though they weren't really needed, were all from the United States: Rudy Ortega, Spider Bynum, and Carol Castellano, the first woman to judge a major bout in Mexico City. It was the first world title bout at the Sports Palace since Lupe Pintor upset Juan "Kid" Meza in August 1985.

In the semifinal, Genaro Leon scored a TKO over Sulio Sanchez at 1:54 of the first round. Leon is 28-2-1, while former Mexican welterweight king Sanchez, the brother of one-time featherweight champion Salvador Sanchez, dropped to 15-3-1.

Sanchez scored first with a big right to Leon's head. Then a Leon left dropped Sanchez for an eight-count. A short left put Sanchez down qucikly again, but he got up looking for more action. Leon delivered with a left that sent the off-balance Sanchez down for the third time. Since there was no three-knockdown rule, the referee allowed Sanchez to continue. Sanchez tried to fight back off the ropes, but Leon kept delivering big shots until referee Octavio Meyran finally stepped in and ended the one-sided war.

Luis "Tyson" Vazquez won by TKO at 2:58 of the sixth round over Moises Mendez in a 10-round middleweight bout.

Featherweight Oscar Burgos gained a unanimous 10-round decision over Fernando "Wary" Beltran, a Chavez stablemate who is 40-7.

Humberto "Gitano" Rodriguez, who represented Mexico in the Seoul Olympics, raised his record to 10-0 (10) with a kayo at 1:25 of the second round over Luis Vera in an eight-round super lightweight bout.

Joel Luna Zarate stopped Juan Manuel Chavez, bantamweights, when Chavez, his right eye swollen shut, wasn't allowed out for the third round. (12-16-89)

Bruce Williams

DOUG DeWITT MATTHEW HILTON

ATLANTIC CITY—In a vicious and ghastly reminder of boxing's cruelty, Doug DeWitt, 160, drove jab after jab into the closed right eye of Matthew Hilton, 158, from the third round on at the Convention Center and was declared the winner after Dr. Frank B. Doggett stopped the fight before the 12th and final round.

Fighting before 12,581 spectators as the chief support to Foreman-Cooney, DeWitt and Hilton thrashed one another relentlessly in rounds one and two. Hilton, who took the fight after Iran Barkley sustained a detached retina in training camp, jolted DeWitt with two sweeping left hooks in round one, but DeWitt answered with stinging jabs to Hilton's face.

Hilton, 30-2-1 (24), moved in during round two, pushing the pace, but DeWitt, 32-6-4 (19), snapped a slashing left hook to Hilton's right eye. Within moments a massive mouse had ballooned.

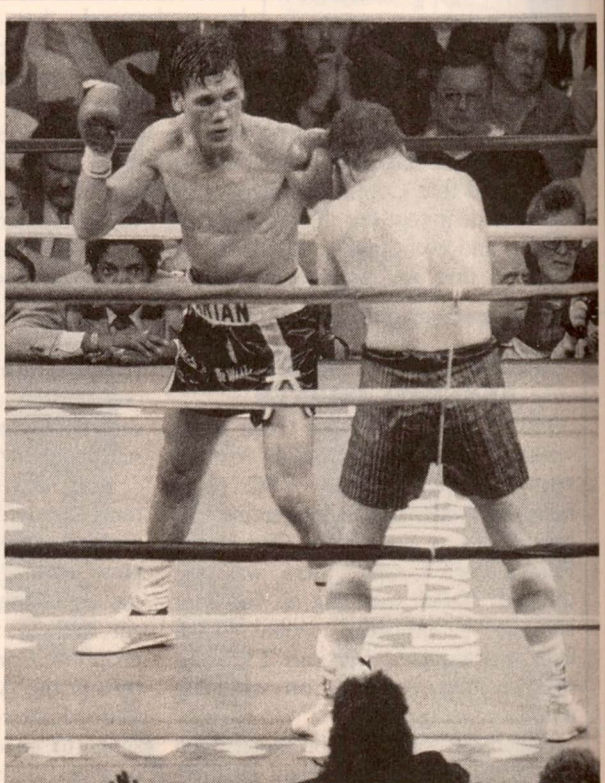
Hilton, whose only loss had come to Robert Hines during a 1988 IBF junior middleweight title defense, tried to stay away from DeWitt's jab during rounds three, four, and five. He had little luck, though.

During round six, Hilton, Rigaud, Canada, charged in and thumped DeWitt, Yonkers, New York, with a hard counter right and fired a volley of left hooks. DeWitt fought his way off the ropes with a series of jabs. Yet Hilton pressed on. He hit DeWitt with three left hooks, and then jolted him with a fourth hook.

From then through round nine, DeWitt was in control. In fact, Hilton hurt himself in the ninth when referee Randy Neumann deducted a point from the challenger for throwing a low blow.

During round 10, Hilton scored with a straight right and two successive left hooks, hurting DeWitt. But DeWitt held on until the bell and came back in the 11th to close Hilton's other eye. Moments later, the fight was stopped.

In a scheduled eight-rounder, Ray Mercer, 13-0 (10), reestablished himself as a viable up-and-coming heavyweight by knocking out Cooney sparring partner Wesley Watson, 15-3 (11), in round five. Mercer, 212, who captured the Olympic gold medal in the 201-



DeWitt pummels a blinded Hilton

pound division, thrashed Watson, 229, from the outset, dropping him twice in the first round. Then, in the fifth, Mercer, South Orange, New Jersey, landed two rights to the mouth of Watson, Bristol, Tennessee, and almost sent him through the ropes. That's when referee Tony Orlando stopped the bout at the 44-second mark.

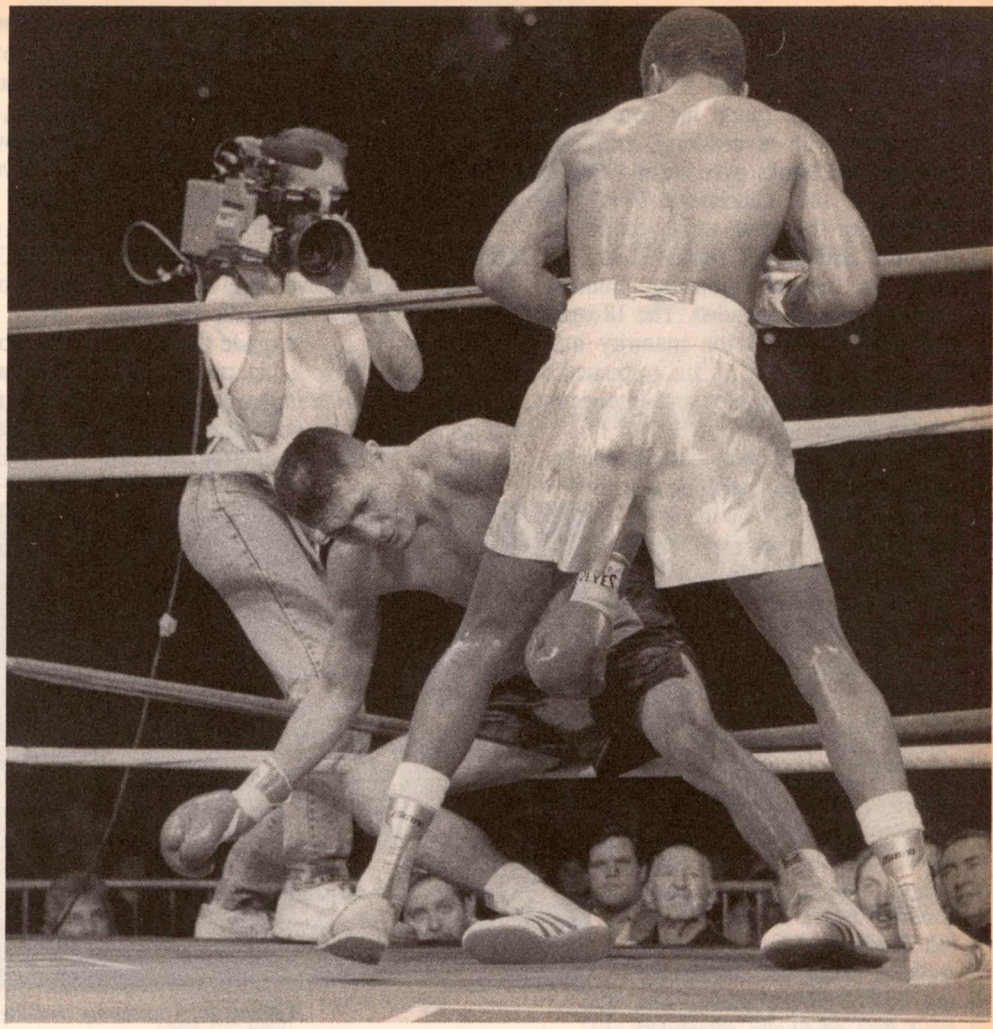
"I did what I had to do," Mercer said. "I'd fought two eight-round decisions in my last outings, and I had to show my power again. I did that tonight."

Heavyweight Bruce Seldon, 226, Atlantic City, stopped Lorenzo Canady, 231, Detroit, after two rounds. Seldon is 9-0 (8); Canady is 8-8-1 (2).

Chris Sande, 165, Las Vegas, an Olympic bronze medalist from Kenya, earned a four-round split decision over Willie Kemp, 167, Albany, New York, by scores of 38-39, 39-37, and 39-37. Sande is 5-0 (2); Kemp is 5-1 (3).

(1-15-90)

Joseph C. Tintle



A familiar sight: Moorer stands over his fallen foe

MICHAEL MOORER MIKE SEDILLO

AUBURN HILLS—Is Emanuel Steward coach, manager, or architect of the sports dynasty of the '90s? All roles were in evidence as Steward, with the usual coterie of five other cornermen of Kronk, led Michael Moorer into the arena three nights before Christmas to send a fistic love letter to his fans via the chin of Mike Sedillo, 23-7, and planed in from Los Angeles for this ESPN holiday card at the Palace.

Six thousand brave souls braved the winter's cold snap to witness Detroit's latest hit man, lefty Moorer, literally stalk the taller, rangier Sedillo, 175, who had a two-inch reach advantage but chose to stand stationary and inside of Moorer's punching range.

The outclassed Sedillo landed about six punches, as Moorer abandoned a headhunting style for a more sophisticated body attack. He displayed ring generalship and coolness under fire, which has become a Moorer trademark. This bout lasted until 2:07 of the sixth stanza. Moorer scored one knockdown earlier in the round, and then poured in additional blows, highlighted by a left uppercut and a right-left combination, until referee Sam Williams intervened. Moorer remains undefeated through 18 outings, all by kayo or TKO. (Eighteen straight kayos is the new Kronk record.)

"I wanted to, like, take his head off," Moorer said matter-of-factly afterward. "I wanted to break his ribs, I wanted to throw my punches through his ribs."

A strange turn of events took ESPN favorite son Terrence Alli, New York, 41-6, 142, to a win over Detroit favorite son Phillipa Martin, 7-1, via the disqualification route. Martin seemed totally frustrated by Alli's rush-across-the-ring tactics, mugging, and slapping on the break. More exchanges took place on the break command than during work time. Finally, veteran referee Marv McDonald decided he had had enough when he took a couple of punches while trying to get Martin to step back from a clinch. The referee declared Alli the winner at 2:26 of the sixth round.

Dangerous Courtney Hooper, 145, returned to the win column for the 25th time versus two losses over a valiant yet confused Tomas DaCruz, 30-7, 144, New York, as Hooper danced between southpaw and conventional stances to batter out a TKO win in five rounds. Cruz was down in the second from a rousing array of left hooks followed by ripping right hooks. DaCruz was also staggered in the third.

Detroiter Anthony Lopez got some of that holiday cheer himself as he showed fellow Kronksters how to stay undefeated and throw overhand rights that turn the lights out for journeymen opponents. His foe was Terry Dockery, 14-11-3, 133¼, Huntsville, Kentucky, who fell at 40 seconds of the first. Lopez is 10-0. It was later suggested that Dockery was a ringer, with his real identity being noted diver Jerry Strickland. The situation is being investigated.

Newly graduated from the successful amateur ranks of the Kronk stable, Oba Carr, 142, made his convincing pro debut with a crushing string of patented left hooks over victim Marcus Reid, 2-1, 140, Cincinnati. Reid was downed for the count at 33 seconds of the first round and remained on the deck for several agonizing minutes while physicians attended. The 18-year-old Carr displayed the maturity and class as he checked on his opponent's condition before photos and interviews were allowed.

The undercard was fleshed out by another pro debut resulting in a quick kayo (2:47 of the first round) for newcomer Jeff Sheick, 162, Toledo, Ohio, over southpaw Hosea Thomas, 0-2, 161, Cincinnati, as both gave an enthusiastic and eager accounting in the walk-out bout.

The only bout to go the distance this evening: Detroiter (via Maryland) Floyd Favors went to 11-2 with a unanimous carding by all three judges, 40-36, in a four-rounder over a tenacious Gerald Sheldon, 7-6, 131, Gary, Indiana, that accommodated the ESPN TV schedule. The bout was originally scheduled for six rounds.

The card was promoted by Ringside Productions; Tommy Vaca was the matchmaker.
(12-22-89)

Tom Paruszewicz

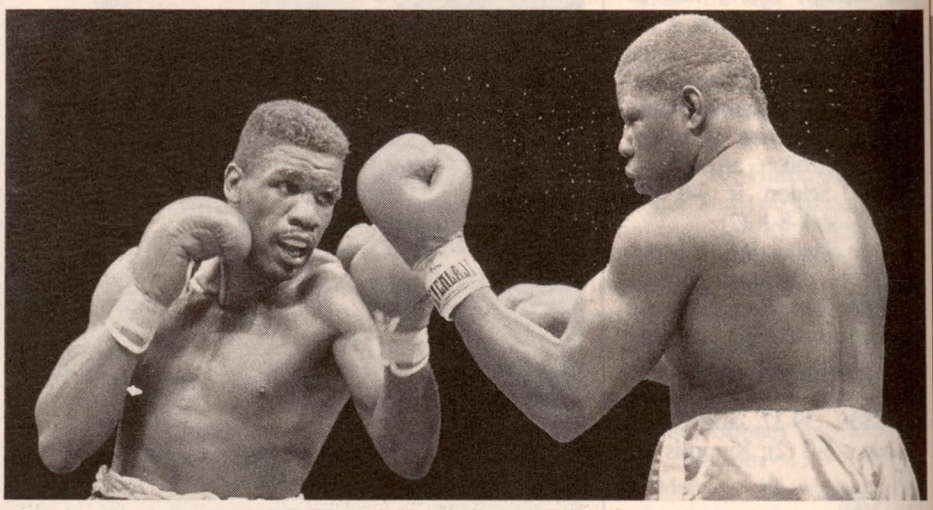
PRINCE CHARLES WILLIAMS FRANKIE SWINDELL

ATLANTIC CITY—Prince Charles Williams has not lost a fight since 1984. And while the entire light heavyweight division searches for an effective strategy to beat him, take this one bit of advice—don't hurt him. That's right, if you want to beat Williams, don't knock him down, don't stagger him, don't even stun him. Your chances are better if you try to lull him to sleep and then steal the decision with a late rally.

Not only is Williams one of the hottest fighters in boxing, but he has also earned the reputation as being one of the most resilient. In 1987, when he won the IBF light heavyweight crown from Bobby Czyz, it wasn't until after Williams was dropped twice that he woke up and attacked. When they met again, in 1989, Czyz established an early lead, rocking the Prince with stiff, accurate punches. But once again, Williams rallied and won via 10th-round TKO.

At The TropWorld Hotel, Williams, appeared content in cruising along to a 12-round decision over IBF mandatory challenger Frankie Swindell. But then Swindell did it . . . he made the crucial mistake of landing a big punch.

In the seventh round, after absorbing a volley of power punches along the ropes, Swindell countered with an overhand right that sent Williams stumbling across the ring. Swindell, 18-4-1 (13), pursued and desperately tried to finish the champion, but what he did, ultimately, was finish himself.



Williams (left) outclasses challenger Swindell

"It wasn't a right hand that hurt," Williams said. "It was a right hand that got my attention."

That was enough. Williams, 28-4-2 (20), came out for the eighth round and thoroughly pounded Swindell. With approximately 20 seconds left in the round, Williams sent his foe crashing to the canvas with a series of hard rights. Swindell managed to survive the round only because the bell rang. But he did not come out for round nine.

In defeating Swindell, Williams was nearly flawless. He doubled and tripled his left jab and circled the bullish Swindell throughout the fight. And when the ever-pursuing challenger managed to trap Williams in a corner, the champion willingly traded at close range.

"He was getting off and I wasn't," explained Swindell afterward.

Williams, perhaps the least recognizable of the current 175-pound titlists, has caught the eye of promoter Bob Arum, who plans to launch a light heavyweight unification tournament this year. Arum expressed that he would like to match Williams with WBA champion Virgil Hill in the first round of the tournament.

"I hope Mr. Arum brings me Virgil Hill," said Williams. "Sooner or later the world will know I'm the best light heavyweight in the division. After I unify the light heavyweight division, I will be King Charles."

In an eight-rounder, Donell Wingfield, 174½, Cleveland, won a dull split decision over Keith "Sir Jabalot" McMurray, 174, Dallas. McMurray, 11-4-1 (7), moved effectively throughout and kept the Cleveland native at the end of his jab. But Wingfield, 18-1 (9), was clearly the aggressor, which is probably what swayed two judges in his favor.

Unbeaten cruiserweight prospect Alfred "Ice" Cole, 185, Essex County, New Jersey, ran his record to 9-0 (4), with a unanimous six-round nod over Ed Mack, 184, Philadelphia. Cole dropped an off-balance Mack with a short right in the opening round. It was Mack's first loss in eight outings.

In a spirited six-rounder, Carl Griffith, 137½, Cleveland, won a majority decision over Juan Mesquita, 142¼, New York City. Griffith upped his record to 9-1-1 (3), while Mesquita dropped to 9-3 (7).

The card was promoted by Top Rank and televised by ESPN. The attendance was 1,365.
(1-7-90)

Robert Cassidy □

WORLDWIDE RESULTS

Prince Charles Williams retains the belt

Mark Reefer smokes Sam Akromah

HEAVYWEIGHTS

George Foreman KO 2 Gerry Cooney
Tim Witherspoon KO 5 Jeff Sims
Tony Tucker KO 5 Calvin Jones
Tyrell Biggs W 10 Ossie Ocasio
Adilson Rodrigues W Disq. 10 Walter Masseroni
Derek Williams KO 1 Hughroy Currie
Alex Garcia KO 2 Andre McCall
Ray Mercer KO 5 Wesley Watson
Lennox Lewis KO 5 Greg Gorrell
Stan Ward W 10 Don Coats

CRUISERWEIGHTS

Anaclet Wamba KO 3 Bruce Johnson
Ralf Rocchigiani KO 3 Klaus Winter

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

Prince Charles Williams KO 8 Frankie Swindell
(Retains IBF Title)
Michael Moorer KO 6 Mike Sedillo
Graciano Rocchigiani KO 2 John Keys

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Doug DeWitt KO 11 Matthew Hilton
Matthew Hilton D 10 Fermin Chirino
Nigel Benn W 10 Sanderline Williams
Robbie Sims KO 10 Victor King
Chris Eubank KO 6 Jose DaSilva
Roy Jones KO 3 David McCluskey
Roy Jones KO 2 Joe Edens

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS

John Mugabi KO 1 Carlos Antunes
(Non-Title Bout)
John David Jackson KO 2 Ruben Villaman
Donald Curry KO 2 Brett Lally
Gilberto Dele KO 1 Giuseppe Leto
Art Serwano W 10 Willie Montana

WELTERWEIGHTS

Tyrone Trice W 12 Kevin Pompey
Antoine Fernandez W 12 Nino LaRocca
Genaro Leon KO 1 Sulio Sanchez
Glenn Wolfe KO 5 Jorge Maysonet
Patrizio Oliva W 8 Anthony Stephens
Buck Smith KO 7 Kirkland Laing
Javier Suazo W 10 Celedonio Luna
Kevin Pompey W 10 Curtis Summitt
Manning Galloway W 12 Al Hamza

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS

Julio Cesar Chavez KO 3 Alberto Cortes
(Retains WBC Title)
Juan Coggi KO 4 Jesse Williams
(Non-Title Bout)
Terrence Alli W Disq. 6 Phillipa Martin
Courtney Hooper KO 5 Tomas DaCruz

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Primo Ramos KO 4 Daniel Felizardo
Darryll Tyson KO 8 Luis Andino

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS

Julian Solis KO 6 Anthony Boyle
Manuel Medina W Disq. 7 Edgar Castro
Tyrone Jackson W 10 Gil Maldonado
Lenny Valdez KO 4 Remington Garcia
Mark Reefer KO 5 Sam Akromah
Kevin Marston W 10 Richie Otero
Renato Cornett W 10 Miguel Francia
Jorge Ramirez KO 7 Robert Byrd
Giovanni Parisi KO 1 Roberto Rubaldino

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Paul Hodkinson KO 8 Farid Benredjeb
Steve Cruz KO 10 Ricky Alvarez
Pee Wee Parker W 12 Abe Gomez
Jesus Poll W 10 Fili Montoya

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Gaby Canizales KO 5 Eduardo Lopez
Eddie Rangel W 10 Jesus Portillo
Roland Gomez KO 7 Betillo Cantu

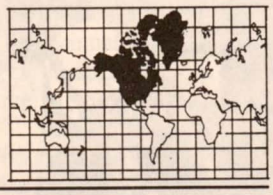
JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS

Jose Ruiz KO 1 Marcos Claudio
Robert Quiroga W 12 Ramon Medel
Torsak Osathsapa KO 8 Dadoy Andujar
Ricky Romero KO 9 Martin Cardenas
Tatsuya Sugi W 12 Rolando Bohol

LIGHT FLYWEIGHTS

Michael Carbajal W 8 Miguel Banda

The RING AROUND THE WORLD



NORTH AMERICA

UNITED STATES

COLORADO

VAIL—Unbeaten Denver welterweight **Tony Biglen** scored three knockdowns en route to an easy 11th-round stoppage over unknown **Ray Toritino**. Biglen raised his record to 8-0-1.

John Waters, Denver, belted out mystery opponent John Shroeder in the fifth round of their middleweight tiff.

Denver lightweight Jorge Romero raised his record to 4-0 by stopping somebody calling himself Frosty Brown in the 10th round.

The card was promoted by Vern Stevenson and sponsored by a Denver bail bonds company. All bouts were for regional ham-and-cheese championships, and all rounds were scheduled for two minutes. Only 50 or so curiosity-seekers showed up, owing partly to a monstrous snowstorm, and partly to the promoter's inability to supply the names of opponents to the local press the evening before the card was to take place.
(12-16-89)

Ed Walsh

INDIANA

GARY—At the Genesis Center, **Kimmuel Odum**, 239¾, Gary, kayoed **Dave Slaughter**, 225, Cincinnati, at 1:42 of round three. Odum easily beat the overmatched Slaughter. He had his opponent down in the second stanza, and finished the show in the next round. Odum is 13-2 (12).

Veteran Jake Torrence, 158, Gary, looked sharp in TKOing Terry Parham, 155, Benton Harbor, Michigan. The stoppage came at 1:22 of round four.

John Lark, 136, Gary, stopped Randy Reedy, 132, Terre Haute. The TKO came at 1:39 of the fourth.

Robert Carson, 161, Los Angeles, kayoed Ron Lewis, 162½, Benton Harbor, at 1:34 of the initial round.

In a no-decision bout, Marty Jakubowski, 132, Whiting, and Gerald Shelton, 133, Gary, put on an excellent show with all-out efforts. These five rounds were non-stop.

In an exhibition, Rodney Wilson, 134, Chicago, and Anthony Ivory, 150, Chicago, went four rounds.

Promoter: Louis Drinkard
Matchmaker: Jack Cowen
Referees: Sean Curtin, Pete Podgorski
Judges: Fred Jones, Don Leek, Gary Merritt
Attendance: 300 (estimated)
(12-8-89)

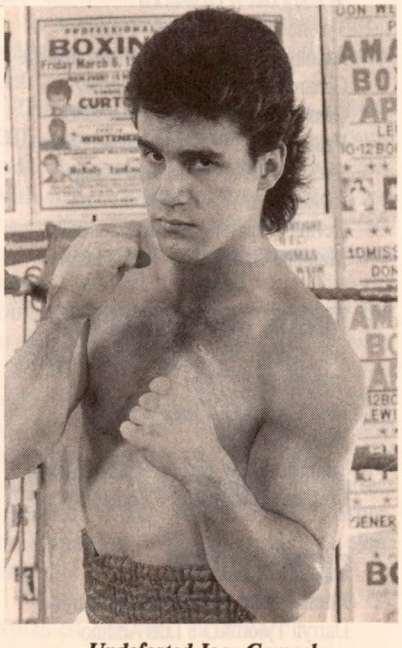
Gary L. Merritt

MAINE

LEWISTON—Two fighters going in different directions met at the Central Maine Civic Center and fought for the IBF Intercontinental junior lightweight title. They attracted a rabid, sellout crowd of 5,300. Hometown hero **Joey Gamache**, 130, took another impressive step in his career, taking veteran contender **Irving Mitchell** apart with a buzzsaw body attack that culminated in a fourth-round TKO. It was the 11th knockout for the 18-0 Gamache, who was thoroughly dominant from start to finish. Mitchell, 35-7-1 (2), suffered his second straight loss in Lewiston, having been stopped in seven stanzas by WBA champion Brian Mitchell in this very building in September.

Mitchell had replaced Tom Hanks as Gamache's foe just 10 days before the bout, and the Maine youngster was unable to secure any left-handed sparring partners. "Sweet Irving's" southpaw style presented few problems, however, as Mitchell's long right jab was his only effective weapon. Gamache spotted his opponent four inches in height, and was on the short end of a 72"-65" reach differential, but he was able to get inside and smother Mitchell's offense all night long.

In the second frame, Mitchell, 129½, tried to retaliate with uppercuts, but Gamache avoided damage while consistently landing lead rights. When Gamache began pairing the right-cross leads with left hooks to the ribs, Mitchell's defense lost all cohesion.



Undefeated Joey Gamache

Mitchell mounted a brief rally in the opening moments of the third round, moving aggressively forward behind his right jab. Gamache backed up briefly but sidestepped everything but the jab. When Gamache attacked the body again, the wind went out of Mitchell. In the round's final seconds, Gamache pinned Mitchell on the ropes and fired unanswered combinations to the body.

Gamache was sharpshooting with the lead right early in the fourth round, and when Mitchell tried to reply, he was far too slow to connect. Another volley that finished with another booming body shot put Mitchell down midway through the frame. Up at the count of four, Mitchell spoke with referee Harold Gomes, and appeared to retire.

Later, Mitchell was telling another tale, while emphasizing that this was not the same rib injury he'd sustained in the Brian Mitchell loss.

"I had my elbow in close to my ribs, and when he hit me it drove my elbow into my ribs," Mitchell explained to reporters. "I felt pain in my lung, and it made me sort of hiccup. I had trouble breathing. I have no knock with what the ref did, but he asked me if I was alright and I said yes, and then he asked if I wanted to go again and I said yes."

Gamache felt he had proven something to any doubters who had questioned his record.

"People think you can only go so far, I guess, because you're from Maine, but hey, I'm not losing," he said. "I'm a versatile boxer. I can be a technician, and I can be aggressive too. I'm not a one-punch kayo artist, I wear you down."

Brian Mitchell may return to Lewiston to defend his title against Jackie Beard in February, and after that, a Gamache title challenge might not be far away. Meanwhile "The Pride of Lewiston" hasn't gotten a big head over his new belt. "I'm giving it to my son to wrestle with," Gamache said.

Two six-rounders and a trio of fours opened the show. Gamache's sparring partner Edwin Curet, 150, Puerto Rico, had to work unexpectedly hard to take a six-round decision over trialhorse Manny Madera, 154, Lawrence, Massachusetts.

The other six-rounder ended early, when Francisco Martinez, 155, Lawrence, stopped Bridgeport, Connecticut veteran Jose Vera, 154, in the third heat.

Bernard Boisvert, 148, from nearby Auburn, won a four-round decision over Johnny Redd, 149, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Heavyweight Haken Brock, 230, Sweden, won his sixth straight with a decision over Boston's Jimmy Harrison, 200.

Another heavyweight match saw Vermont's Mark Machain, 227, outpoint Bridgeport's Ruben Cardona, 196.

IBF officials for the title bout were referee Harold Gomes of Rhode Island, himself a former world junior lightweight titlist; judge Don O'Neil of Massachusetts, and judges Charles Dwyer and Jimmy Burchfield of Rhode Island.

The bouts were promoted by Joe Gamache Sr. and Johnny Bos.

Attendance: 5,300
Gross: $95,000 (estimated)
(1-5-90)

Jay N. Miller

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE—At the Teamsters Hall Local 557, it looked as if it was going to be a night of doom for promoter Stuart Satosky. The main event between welterweights Victor Davis, Mitchellville, and David Silva, New York City, had to be postponed. It seems the day previous, Silva's wife had to be rushed to the hospital for an emergency Caesarean birth, and a suitable replacement could not be found for Davis.

Since there was no main event, Satosky graciously offered a refund to the 700-plus fans in attendance. Baltimore fight fans being what they are, all elected to stay, and the standing room-only crowd was treated to an entertaining evening.

The new-formed feature bout consisted of **Lenzi Morgan**, Youngstown, Ohio, 169, avenging his only defeat by repeatedly landing left hooks to the side of **Calvin "Polk" Simon's** bloodied face. The battered Polk, 170, Hillcrest Heights, could not answer the bell for round seven of a scheduled eight-rounder and dropped to 1-3.

In the second round, the taller Morgan floored Simon by feinting a left jab and coming back with a right.

"He was expecting the jab, and I brought it back

and shot the right hand," explained Morgan. "It wasn't that hard but it was more like a surprise. He was covering up from the jab and the right hand came instead."

Morgan, 8-1-1, completely dominated after the knockdown, throwing jabs, uppercuts, and hooks. Simon was game and fought valiantly, landing some shots of his own. But once a cut opened up at the side of Simon's right eye in the fifth round, Morgan accelerated.

"Blood makes me fight harder," he said. "When I saw the cut over his eye, I kept throwing my hook towards it."

Milton Greene was the referee.

In a close, evenly matched welterweight bout, Darren Dolby, 145, Pittsburgh, 4-0-1, and Chris Lucas, 146, Hagerstown, 4-2-1, fought to a six-round draw. While Dolby was able to land right leads and left hooks to the body, Lucas was able to score with his stiff jab and was on target with his right hand. Both men were hurt in the bout, Dolby at the end of the second by some kind of phantom right hand, and Lucas in the third by a left hook to the body that had him defending himself along the ropes for most of the round. Terry Moore was the referee.

Manuel Mosqueda, 138, New York City, registered his first victory in as many bouts by scoring a TKO over Daryl Copeland, 137, Hillcrest Heights, at 1:21 of the second round in a scheduled four. Copeland, 0-3, was down twice in the second when referee Karl Milligan saw fit to stop the massacre.

Southpaw Keith Holmes, 147, Washington, D.C., came out storming in the second round to earn a TKO over Roland Jones, 147, Aberdeen. After an awkward first round, Jones took two shots that had him backed into a corner in a cocoon-like position. Referee Ray Klingmayer mercifully stepped in at 1:14. Both fighters were making their debuts in the scheduled four.

"Zeke" James Thompson, 192, Washington, D.C., made good use of his left in backing up Robert Doyle, 185, Hillcrest Heights, en route to a four-round unanimous decision. Referee Larry Barrett oversaw the bout, in which both participants were making their debuts.

Promoter: Baltimore Professional Bouts, Inc., Stuart Satosky
Matchmaker: Josh Hall
Ring Announcer: Tony Baldoni
Timekeepers: Izzy Bach, Milton Altschulet
Judges: Milton Greene, Larry Barrett, Ray Klingmayer, Karl Milligan, Frank Kelly, Terry Moore
Attendance: 700 (estimated)
(11-15-89)

Fred Blumstein

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON—At the Teachers Union Hall, **Robbie Sims'** comeback bout might have figured to be an easy walkover, but no one told **Victor King** about that. The Bridgeport, Connecticut, middleweight battled Sims doggedly for nine rounds before his badly swollen left eye and the cumulative effects of Sim' crunching body attack forced him to retire at the start of the final stanza.

Although Sims had won his personal battle against substance abuse in the past couple years, he was coming off a three-fight losing skein. Losses in championship bouts to Sumbu Kalambay and Doug DeWitt were disappointing enough. But when Sims was outpointed by unknown Dennis Milton on ESPN in September, even longtime fans wondered if he'd ever step into the ring again. Just turned 30 in November, Sims has a happy marriage, a full-time job counseling troubled youth, and is working towards his college degree in his spare time. With life outside the ring going so well, Sims seemed ripe for retirement.

But the fire still burned in Sims, and he rationalized that the DeWitt fight had been close, while unheralded Milton went on to beat Michael Olajide. The Petronelli brothers agreed to shepherd this final revival, provided Sims was absolutely dedicated. Manager Pat Petronelli alluded to the difficulty of handling such a talanted pugilist with such a Jekyll-and-Hyde track record when he said, "There are two Robbie Simses, and we never know which one is going to show up." There was also the hard reality that this is the final revival, for none of the people involved want to see Sims become a trialhorse.

The King bout was the first of several modest matchups that would be the first small steps on the road back. Sims agreed to a $2,500 purse for this charity event staged in a small union hall. Meanwhile, the various New England boxing commissions, which had been filling their vacated titles, decided to recognize Sims as the reigning middleweight champion.

Sims, 158, Brockton, has switched from southpaw to conventional style often in previous bouts, hoping to confuse his foes but too often confusing himself most of all. In this fight he stayed almost exclusively lefty, and King, 160, never was able to avoid the right jab. By the second round Sims was working inside, following his jabs with thunderous hooks to the ribs. King demonstrated a sneaky right cross counterpunch that kept Sims honest, but the Connecticut youngster had to absorb three or four blows in order to land it.

By the fourth frame Sims was willing to go shoulder-to-shoulder for the entire three minutes, finishing each exchange with blistering right hooks that soon had King's left eye bloodshot and closing. King's weariness was evident in the latter rounds, but he kept slipping through enough of those right-hand counters to keep Sims wary. Still slogging away, Sims turned to a conventional style in the final minute of the seventh.

Back in his southpaw stance, Sims kept the pressure on and King finally wore out. Yet another crushing right hook to the ribs made King sag to the mat late in the ninth round. Up at the count of seven, King took another fusillade and referee Doug Sherrin gave him a standing eight-count. Between rounds the doctor checked King, and his corner decided to end it.

All three scorecards had Sims pitching a shutout, but King had provided spirited competition, and the meager crowd of 200 cheered his effort. Sims boosted his record to 30-7-2 (22), while King fell to 9-7-1.

"I'm taking it one step at a time," Sims said in the lockerroom, "and this is just one of many. I'd like one more so-called preiminary fight, and then someone in the top 10."

The Petronelli Brothers Gym came out on top in the evening's only other bout, a scheduled six-rounder. Danny Melendez, 125, Portland, Maine (but training in Brockton), ignored his huge height and reach deficit and pummeled Tyrone Mills, 132, Philadelphia. Mills was down twice before referee Paul Casey called it off midway through round three. "I asked him his name," Casey told the reporters, "and he answered Brockton." Melendez fell to 4-2.

Light heavyweight Drake Thadzi, 178, Brockton, carried Mike Harris, 165, Jamaica via Philadelphia, through a four-round exhibition. Thadzi obviously could have dispatched Harris at any point after the opening 30 seconds.

John Costello and Robert Costello were the judges, with Tom Higgins the timekeeper, and Dr. Jorge Tello the physician in attendance.

Doug Pendarvis promoted in concert with James Dancy, and this event, including post-fight buffet, fashion show, and music, was a benefit for the anti-drug Drop-A-Dime program and Rosie's Place women's shelter.

Attendance: 200 (estimated)
Gross: $4,000 (estimated)
(12-30-89)

TAUNTON—At the Roseland Ballroom, **Mike Cappiello** might finally have gotten rid of nemesis **Gerry Ocampo**, although in the compact world of New England boxing, you can never be certain. Cappiello knocked Ocampo down three times en route to a knockout victory at 2:02 of the second round, presumably concluding their entertaining rivalry.

Cappiello and Ocampo first met in a four-rounder in Boston Garden in March 1988, and while Ocampo dropped Cappiello in the first round, the "Fighting Schoolteacher" came back to floor Ocampo on the way to winning the decision. When the two sluggers met again in Springfield a year later, Ocampo tried a more cautious strategy and boxed from outside, but again Cappiello won, this time via six-round decision.

Cappiello had been slated to defend the New England featherweight title, but a training injury erased his original foe. Ocampo gladly stepped in about a week before the match, with the stipulation that since he could not make the 126-pound limit, the match would be a 10-round non-title bout.

Ocampo, 132, Holyoke, seems to have grown since the first time he fought Cappiello, and his height and reach advantages were pronounced. Ocampo reverted to his brawling tactics, firing sweeping left hooks at Cappiello's head in the opening moments. Cappiello, 131, West Bridgewater, kept his hands high and tried to move inside Ocampo's blows. At least one roundhouse Ocampo hook found its mark, and Cappiello's right temple displayed a red welt before the first round was up. Cappiello counterpunched cautiously, launching combinations only when he was close enough to

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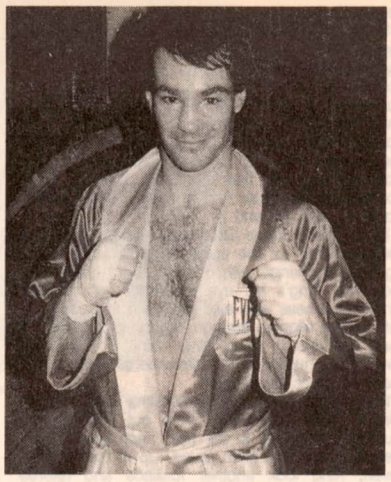

Mike Cappiello

smother Ocampo's power.

Ocampo continued whaling away when the second frame started, and when Cappiello slipped to the canvas, he misread the situation.

"He could've figured he had me hurt, and tried to follow up," Cappiello noted later.

As Ocampo began trying to put his foe away, his punches became wider. Cappiello neatly sidestepped an overhand right and countered with a short right cross that landed flush on Ocampo's chin. Ocampo twisted to his side and went down heavily. Sitting dazed on the mat, Ocampo finally struggled up, barely beating referee Nick Previti's count.

Cappiello stayed on top of his groggy opponent, and a quick flurry put Ocampo down again, this time for an eight-count. Ocampo managed to wrestle for a few moments and buy himself some recovery time, but when Cappiello got his arms free, an overhand right put Ocampo down for the last time. Previti didn't bother with a count, and Ocampo was prone for several minutes, with the knockout coming officially at 2:02. The winner is 10-1 (4).

An eight-round heavyweight semifinal was also a rematch of familiar foes. Kevin Denson, 193, Providence, had fashioned a four-bout winning streak, with two of those victories coming at the expense of Holyoke's Juan Quintana, 216. This time around, Quintana boxed and moved and thoroughly befuddled Denson, who mostly stood around, glowered, and posed with his Atlas physique. Two of the official scorecards had it 79-74, while the third was 79-76, all for Quintana. *The Ring* tally had it closer yet, though there was little doubt Quintana outworked Denson. Quintana goes to 9-15, while Denson drops to 7-13.

Steve Manfredo, 151, Providence, utilized his huge reach advantage to outclass Brideport's Jose Vera, 156, over six rounds. Manfredo's win raised his record to 9-2-1.

The evenings's opening bout was another rematch of regional foes. Light heavyweights Mike O'Han, 176, Holbrook, and Ruben Cardona, 185, Bridgeport, had fought to a four-round draw here in October. In that bout, O'Han tired badly down the stretch and was lucky to get the draw. This time he sustained his offense longer, but to no avail. Judges Barbara Roach and Ed Marchand scored it 38-38, though referee Gerald Leone agreed with *The Ring* scorecard of 39-38 for O'Han. This is an entertaining matchup, so promoter Doug Pendarvis will keep putting these two against each other until someone wins.

Promoter: Pendarvis Boxing Promotions
Judges: Barbara Roach, Ed Marchand
Referees: Nick Previti, Gerald Leone
Physician: Dr. Jorge Tello
Attendance: 239
(12-15-89)

Jay N. Miller

MICHIGAN

SAGINAW—Art Dore brought a charity fundraiser boxing show to the Saginaw Civic Center as a Christmas present for the JoAnne Schumann Fund this December. It was also an opportunity for him to showcase his premier 135- pounder, **Billy Young**, on home turf. Young went to 27-3-1 with an eighth-round TKO over **Robert Dixon**, 12-9-1, 142, Memphis, in the main event.

Local battler Mark Andreske, 5-2, 142, Saginaw, took a unanimous decision over Wally Fort, 143, who lost his pro debut. Talk is that this was Andreske's last fight.

Saginaw's Tony Elgas, 3-1, 142, scored a TKO win over Milwaukee's Arvel Campbell, a dismal 5-17, in the first stanza.

Detroiter Gerald McCullough, 12-2, 162, made quick work out of Willie Caldwell, no record available, 154, Milwaukee, with a kayo in the first stanza.

Perfect records abounded in Michigan this December: Lansing native Roger Turner stayed perfect through 12 bouts at welterweight with a TKO win over another Milwaukee import, Mark French, 5-6-1, 146, who went in the first round.
(12-14-89)

Tom Paruszkiewicz

MINNESOTA

ST. PAUL—The temperature outside was well below zero, but inside the old Roy Wilkins Auditorium (built in 1931), a triple main event provided plenty of heat. The best fight of the night pitted 10th-rated WBA super middleweight **Danny Morgan**, 168¾, Bloomington, in a pure brawl with **Darrell Miller**, 170½, Macy, Nebraska, over eight rounds. The undefeated Irishman blasted Miller with every weapon he had, but Miller came to fight and nailed Morgan repeatedly with right hands.

The two took turns hurting each other. The fifth round had the crowd on its feet cheering both men. Morgan landed several lefts and rights on Miller's head and finally dropped him in a corner. Miller got up and caught Morgan coming in, staggering him and prompting the referee to issue a standing eight-count.

Once Morgan settled down in the late rounds and used his boxing skills, he assumed command. The crowd gave both men a standing ovation at the end of the fight, which was awarded to Morgan via unanimous decision. Morgan is 33-0, while Miler dropped to 9-13-2.

In another eight-rounder, undefeated Minneapolis middleweight Dan Schommer appeared out of shape at 172, but he was able to dominate Carlos Santisitvan, 176, Omaha, to take a unanimous decision. Schommer confined his activities to boxing, and while Santistivan tried to win, he was not in the same class as Schommer.

Schommer had sustained a bad cut on his forehead a few weeks before the fight and boxed to protect that cut from reopening. With the victory, he upped his record to 25-0-1. Santistivan is 7-4.

Mike Evgan, St. Paul's sensational undefeated junior welterweight, appeared in the third eight-rounder. Evgen has a large following in the Twin Cities and didn't disappoint his fans, as he stopped Fort Wayne's Kenny Brown, 142½, in the fourth round. Evgen applied constant pressure, and Brown proved to be no match for the "Rice Street Rocker." Evgen scored with heavy bodypunches and solid shots to the head, one of which cut Brown's right eye early in the fight. The eye swelled badly, and the contest was halted. Evgen, 143, is 9-0.

Improving Jack Basting, 192, St. Paul , battered fellow St. Paulite Rick Nelson, 196½ for six rounds and took a unanimous six-round verdict. Basting is 14-5. Nelson fell to 7-4-1.

Walter (Raheem Muhammad) Cowans Jr., 143, Minneapolis, 16-54, captured a six-round verdict over Albert Grady, 143, Milwaukee, 0-4.

Blaine Biers, 140, Rochester, 1-1, won an easy four-round decision over Tim Johnson, 142, Minneapolis, 1-2.

Frank Newton, 154, St. Paul, 4-1, boxed his way to a four-round decision over John McIntosh, 142, Milwaukee, 0-1.

Promoter: Erin Productions Inc.
Referees & Judges: Denny Nelson, Leroy Benson, Chip Hale
Attendance: 3,500
(12-13-89)

George D. Blair

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY—At Harrah's Marina Hotel & Casino, action-packed prelims created a false sense of security, as the judges then fumbled through one controversial, and one downright bad, decision in the co-features. The top bout proved the rescheduled **Vinnie Burgese-Owen McGeachy** scrap to be well worth the wait, but failed to reach a satisfactory conclusion. McGeachy, 141, Brooklyn, and Burgese, 140¼, Philadelphia, ended in a deadlock after 10 rounds of life-and-death. Both were as determined as pitbulls. Burgese kept coming back for more against McGeachy, despite being up and

down more times than the stock market, while McGeachy generally doesn't really get started until he's visited the floor.

Styles make fights, and with that kind of background, it surprised no one that the two waged an all-out, pitched battle that saw both rocked several times, but neither able to contain the other long enough to establish control. Burgese got out of the box quickly with an attack so vigorous that even the normally glad-to-mix McGeachy seemed unable to keep up. True to form, it wasn't until hurt by a right in the third that the New Yorker came fully alive with an even more energetic attack. The two traded jolts in ferocious mixing through the middle rounds, with Burgese throwing more while attacking, but McGeachy landing cleaner with counters, until the hectic pace seemed to break the Philadelphian at last in the eighth. Burgese looked spent, from no particluar cause other than steady attrition. But rather than nailing down a win, McGeachy found the frenzied Burgese seemingly fighting on nerve to more than hold his own through the bitter final two rounds.

With that kind of interminate fury, the normally reliable Jersey judges were able to reach agreement on only three of the rounds. John Stewart scored for McGeachy 96-94, while "Meatball" Condon had Burgese 97-93, and Al Devito evened it at 95-95. Steve Smoger refereed.

In stark contrast, the co-feature was a dreadful stinker in which one couldn't, the other wouldn't, and two of the judges were the worst offenders of all by rewarding the greater of the evils! The officials, unable to distinguish between good boxing and unwillingness to fight, awarded John Scully, 161¾, Windsor, Connecticut, a thoroughly undeserved 10-round split decision over Billy Bridges, 160½, Lincolnton, North Carolina. Bridges made what little action there was, and landed enough solid combinations per round to evidently make a believer of Scully, though not the judges, who weren't getting hit. The switch-hitting New Englander ran, poked out his hands with nothing on them, and generally gave the appearance of conceding defeat with as little physical expense as possible.

After a whipping in the eighth, Scully (apparently doing a better job of scoring than the officials) seemed to realize he had some catching up to do, and finally began to show some fight. But it was the handling of a fluke knockdown in the final round that made the verdict particularly unprofessional. On the attack in some good action at long last, Bridges got careless and was momentarily dropped by a left counter seconds before the final bell. Though he bounced up unhurt, the two errant judges scored it 10-8, and that was what put Scully over the top. Stewart and Condon were the culprits at 95-94 each, while DeVito had the right man, 96-94. The referee was Tony Orlando.

Bennie Amparo, 124½, Philadelphia, took on unbeaten (5-0) Orlando Marrero, 126½, San Juan, and outfought the obviously surprised visitor for a unanimous win in a bristling four. Referee: Smoger.

Hurt early in a slugfest, Roy Reid, 157¼, New York City, battled back to drop Terry Barnes, 156, New York City, late in the second, then wore out the willing but frail Bernes for a unanimous win, four. Referee: Orlando

Southpaw Frankie "Holy" Toledo, 123½, Paterson, an accomplished amateur, debuted well, proving just too much for game Donnie Archer, 123, Clementon, who was worked over, cut, and TKO'd after two rounds of a scheduled four.

Promoter: Bob Arum (Top Rank, Inc.)
Matchmakers: Teddy Brenner, Ron Katz
Attendance: 800 (estimated)
TV: ESPN
Timekeeper: Roosevelt Gilbert
Ring Announcer: Mike Buffer
(12-12-89)

ATLANTIC CITY—Two once well-regarded young fighters having their careers swallowed up by fast-buck greed headlined in co-features, at Caesars Hotel Casino, with their performances ranging from disappointing to disasterous. In the top bout, **Matthew Hilton**, 162, Montreal, was lucky to escape with a split draw against **Fermin Chirino**, 161, Caracas, Venezuela, in a good 10-rounder that was nevertheless hardly pleasing to the heavily favored Canadian. Prefight hype had Hilton going for his old IBF junior middleweight crown, should he win impressively over the obvious steppingstone. But with promoter Bob Arum no more amenable to developing Hilton's still rough-hewn talents than Don King had been, Hilton appears doomed to follow the script in pursuit of a title ... any title ... who cares? ... just the same.

Surrounded by characters who place more faith in manipulation than maturation, little wonder the fighter greatly overeats, shuns the gym, and comes in unable to track down a moving target or fight three minutes a round. Hilton's unquestioned power was all that saved him, as once he managed to load up, he was able to hurt Chirino to the body, cut both eyes, and keep the wounds prominently open throughout. A number of rounds were left open to interpretation when, after building up an accumulation of points, Chirino was left wobbling by a passing tornado.

Between storms, however, the Canadian followed the Venuzuelan artlessly around the ring, unable to make up with skill what he couldn't manage with raw power, all the while getting peppered. Hilton's lone asset was the one that Chirino lacked, as he was generally able to stop the punches with his head and keep advancing. Still, when a determined 10th-round rally would have pulled it out, it was the underdog who loosed all the stops, and had the favorite looking glad it was over.

That rally should have provided Chirino a narrow margin of victory, but once again, the judging let the sport down. Rocky Castellani had Chirino 98-92, Richard F. Murry scored 95-95, and Rich Strange had Hilton 96-94.

"I thought I might have gotten the decision, but I got what I deserved," Hilton admitted. "I wasn't happy with my performance."

Commented Chirino, "I thought I was the winner all the way."

The referee was Rudy Battle.

The Hilton-Chirino draw

Hilton had cause to rejoice compared to poor Jorge Maysonet, 152, Catano, Puerto Rico, via New York City, who was soundly thrashed and TKO'd after five rounds of a scheduled 10 by Glen "Big Bad" Wolfe, 151¾, Miami. The strong, relentless Wolfe did a number on Maysonet, staying inside his sweeping punches to back him up with short jolts in unspectacular, but rugged, action. Looking like a shot fighter after being rushed by promoter Russell Peltz into a wicked title beating against Simon Brown, Maysonet eventually got Wolfe's message, and elected to remain on his stool. The referee was Joe Cortez.

More and more a fighter to watch, Levander Johnson, 135½, Atlantic City, thoroughly dominated Angel Gomez, 130, Philadelphia, for a unanimous win in a rousing four-rounder. Johnson was rocked to his heels by a sweeping left hook at the outset, but then stepped right into Gomez' face with a slick display of both offense and defense. Gomez was dropped twice to close the first, and survived the final two rounds on determination alone. Referee: Cortez.

Charles Brewer, 158¾, Philadelphia, had trouble with confident and agressive John McClendon, 154½, Miami, until he measured and dropped him with a beautiful left-right to close the second. Brewer gained command to win a unanimous decision in a good four. Referee: Battle.

In a battle of lefties, Lonnie Davis, 159¼, New York City, debuted well, dishing out a thorough beating to tough Darrin Oliver, 158¾, Newark, for a unanimous win, four. Referee: Battle.

Switch-hitting John Jones, 140, Atlantic City, was too shifty for southpaw cutie Donald Harris, 141¾, Philadelphia, who was getting hit, and quit after two rounds of a scheduled four, claiming an injured right hand. Referee: Cortez.

George Foreman and Gerry Cooney put on a couple of ho-hum sparring exhibitions, against Mike White and Wesley Watson, respectively.

Promoter: Bob Arum (Top Rank, Inc.)
Matchmakers: Teddy Brenner, Ron Katz
Attendance: 350 (estimated)
TV: ESPN
Timekeeper: Lindsey Tucker
Ring Announcer: Mike Buffer
(12-19-89)

J.R. Jowett

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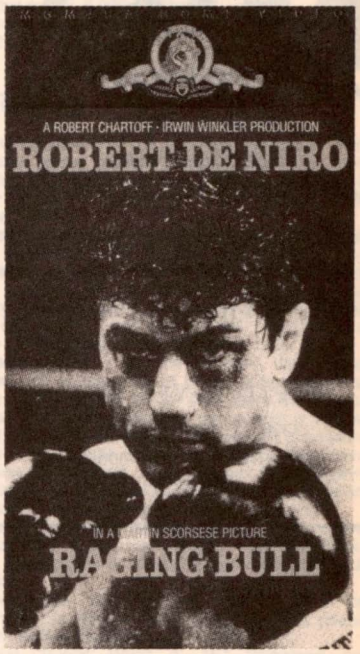

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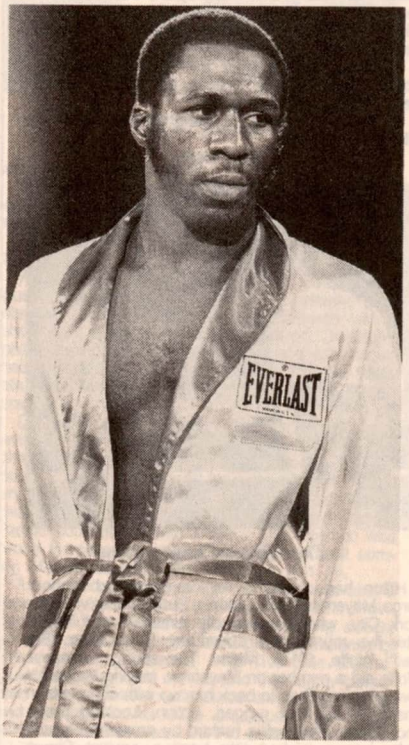
NEW YORK

BUFFALO—Ras—I Bramble returned to the scene of his greatest triumph and stopped **Kenneth Vice** in six rounds to retain the NABF super lightweight title. The fight was held at the University of Buffalo's Alumni Arena before a surprising gate of 5,800 fans, 5,000 of which paid. The outstanding gate was highlighted by an advance sale of 3,000 tickets.

It was the first professional fight card in Buffalo in 4½ years, and Bramble also participated on that card. Then known as Livingstone Bramble, he stopped Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini to win the WBA lightweight crown.

The finish came at 2:32 of the sixth round of an exciting fight which was stopped with Vice's corner throwing in the towel while the loser was taking the second eight-count of the round from referee Jim Santa.



Bramble is back

Bramble, Pasaiac, New Jersy, is 30-3-2 (20), with Vice, Lafayette, Louisiana, at 27-5.

Bramble was far ahead on all three scorecards, with only the third round being competitive. The two slugged in center ring, and Vice flicked jabs through Bramble's peek-a-boo defense to win the round.

Bramble came back to dominate round four. When Vice started strong in round five, Bramble countered and took control at round's end, staggering his foe.

Round six saw Bramble aggressive from the start. He landed a series of combinations to Vice's head along the ropes, and the referee tolled the first eight-count. Vice fought back gamely, but Bramble continued to score heavily and dropped the challenger over the ropes. When Santa started his second eight-count, Vice's corner rushed into the ring and ended the battle.

Riddick Bowe, 12-0, 1988 Olympic heavyweight silver medalist, scored his 12th successive win by pounding Art Card, 9-2, into submission in four rounds. After a quiet first round, Bowe hammered Card with a variety of blows, flooring him for a short count in round three. At the end of the round, Card went to the wrong corner. He couldn't come out for round four.

Bowe has fought 12 times in eight months as a pro.

"I'm not too concerned about Mike Tyson yet," explained Bowe. "He's a distance away, and when the opportunity presents itself, I'll be concerned."

Bowe, Brooklyn, came in at 230 and outweighed Card, Cleveland, by 22 pounds.

Bruce Seldon, Atlantic City, 220, another promising heavyweight, raised his record to 8-0 by pummelling 251-pound Hassan Shabazz, Hartford, 5-3-1, and stopping him in five rounds. Seldon had too many guns, especially a rapier left jab. He won every round.

The two Buffalo heavyweight entries on the card did not fare well, both losing on first-round kayos. Louis Turchiarelli, 1-1, was counted out after a quick combination from Corey Coulter, 1-2, Albany.

Veteran Charles Johnston, 2-7-1, was easily dispatched by Dwayne Hall, Rochester, a former amateur champion who was making his pro debut.

The Vernon McGriff-Reyes Muniz lightweight bout was cancelled when McGriff failed the pre-fight physical.
(11-28-89)

Angelo Prospero

BINGHAMTON—After drifting through several dormant venues, Florio-Patterson Promotions settled at the Broome County Arena for a series of bimonthly cards, and after eight years of inactivity here, the boxing was like buried treasure. Fans poured out of hibernation like bears in spring, and fortunately, witnessed an excellent, competitive card. That was largely due to matchmaker Johnny Bos, who was not on board when the same promotion ran a stiff-ridden disaster down the interstate in Scranton.

In the main event, wandering **Frankie D'Orio**, 143, now out of Floyd Patterson's gym in New Paltz, had to fight for his life to salvage a draw with journeyman **Jesse Williams**, 147, Orlando, eight rounds. D'Orio showed fast hands in rapid-fire combos, and a willingness to trade that revealed confidence in his power. He also exhibited a stand-up straight disdain for defense. The chunky, powerful Williams survived a blazing start by D'Orio, then stubbornly moved in close for withering, non-stop banging. Midway through, the wicked pace had Williams finally giving ground, with the extra punching room aiding D'Orio. But in a rip-roaring seventh, the visitor first survived a staggering by a right, then staged an iron-bound rally that cut D'Orio's right eye, and took back the round. A big final session would have swung it to Williams no doubt. But a gutsy D'Orio hung in to put the verdict up for grabs. Don Ackerman voted for him 76-75, while Tony DiSalvo scored for Williams, 74-72, and Don Nodecker left it even at 75. Frank Adams refereed.

The co-feature eight-rounder saw veteran James Salerno, 196½, also now from New Paltz, win a unanimous decision over Ric Enis, 193, Indianapolis, in a dullish, booed affair. For Salerno, one of the few truly accomplished stink-out artists left in the game, that's a good night! Salerno circled and jabbed, circled and jabbed, circled and jabbed ... DiSalvo had 78-66, and the others scored 80-68. Referee: Adams.

Yet another returnee, Francisco "Cisco Kid" Martinez, 158½, Lawrence, Massachusetts, scored a devastating kayo of tough Chad Riesel, 158½, Syracuse, at 1:34 of the first round, scheduled six. Murderously sharp punching floored Riesel twice, the second for an extended period of unconsciousness. In a rare show of class contrasting to the roostering that normally occurs, a concerned Martinez went immediately to his fallen foe and had to be shooed away. Referee: Adams.

Louis Pagan, 145, Rochester, overwhelmed Rich Lovell, 144¾, Easton via Ft. Drum, New York, who suffered two standing eights, and was toppled at 2:51 of the second round, scheduled four. Lovell appeared ill-advised to return after being out several years. Referee: Tommy Holmes.

Lou Savarese, 220¾, Greenwood Lake, New York, via Houston, had a laugher against ancient Randy Rivers, 202, Trenton, in a scheduled four. One-time middleweight prospect Rivers blubbered up to no avail and was in no shape to fight. He went down twice in each round, to be TKO'd at 1:23 of the second. Referee: Adams.

In a rousing battle, gritty Daniel Desroches, 189, Sorel, Quebec, seemingly hopelessly small, survived a clumsy pounding by hulking Mike Rabbo, 224½, Bushkill, Pennsylvania. Desroches hammered the tiring Rabbo to a standing eight in the final round and gained the unanimous four-round verdict. Referee: Holmes.

In what was the top action bout, Tim Igo, 205, Binghamton, debuted before a riotous welcome to win a unanimous decision over James Thompson, 192, Washington, D.C., four rounds. The popular local ex-amateur star got all he wanted from Thompson in an exciting battle, and didn't even need any extraneous help from the judges, despite a close bout. Referee: Holmes.

Promoter: Frank Florio & Floyd Patterson
Attendance: 3,284
Timekeeper: Bob Olson
Ring Announcer: Ron Del Buono
(11-24-89)

J. R. Jowett

OHIO

COLUMBUS—In an excellently fought eight-round main event at the Lost City of Atlantic Niteclub, **Kemper Morton**, 174, Columbus, won a unanimous decision over **Melvin Ricks**, 172, Lorain. Morton took the fight to Ricks, and it was his effective aggressiveness which impressed the judges.

In the night's best action, Forrest Winchester, 140, Columbus, scored a unanimous six-round decision over Jerry Massey, 137, Cincinnati. Both fighters landed their best shots, and the crowd responded with a standing ovation.

Bill Melsop, 214, Columbus, landed a right to the head of William Edwards, 198, Cincinnati, which dropped him for the count at 1:02 of the fight, which was scheduled for four rounds.

Debuting Brian Butler, 210, Columbus, had an easy time disposing of John Trollinger, 212, Cincinnati, via first-round knockout. A left-right combo put Trollinger down for the full count at 1:01 of the four-round fight.

Tyrone Mack, 156, Cincinnati, scored a second-round TKO over Torrence Daniels, 155, Cincinnati. The referee stopped the bout when it appeared that Daniels had suffered a severe arm injury. The end came at 2:10 of the second round of a scheduled four-rounder.

Tony Green, 165, Columbus, scored a clean one-punch kayo over Ernest Mobley, 164, Cincinnati. A left hook did the damage, and Mobley was counted out at 1:15 of the first in a scheduled four-round battle.

In a barn-burner, Terry Stegall, 142, Columbus, pounded out a third-round TKO over willing Clyde Moore, 138, Cleveland. Moore appeared to take the first two rounds, but Stegall roared out for the third, landing a series of shots which forced the referee to stop the action at the 2:39 mark. It was scheduled for four rounds.

Promoter: Coach Boxing Club
Matchmaker: John Johnson
Attendance: 450 (estimated)
(12-6-89)

Eric Gilebe

RHODE ISLAND

PROVIDENCE—Nobody wanted to admit looking beyond **Eddie Van Kirk**, but on the official program, his bout at the Providence Civic Center with local hero **Vinny Pazienza** was called "Countdown to Macho Time." Van Kirk was supposed to be a rugged test for Pazienza, but the pride of nearby Cranston, and his manager, Lou Duva, spent much of a pre-fight press conference eagerly discussing strategy to use in January against Hector Camacho. The Macho Man himself spent the night of the fight rabble-rousing at ringside, even on one occasion supplanting the round card girl during a preliminary bout.

Pazienza did win his tuneup, via fifth-round knockout, but he had to rumble for three torrid rounds to do it.

"I'm just a clubfighter who came here to make a name for myself," Van Kirk said.

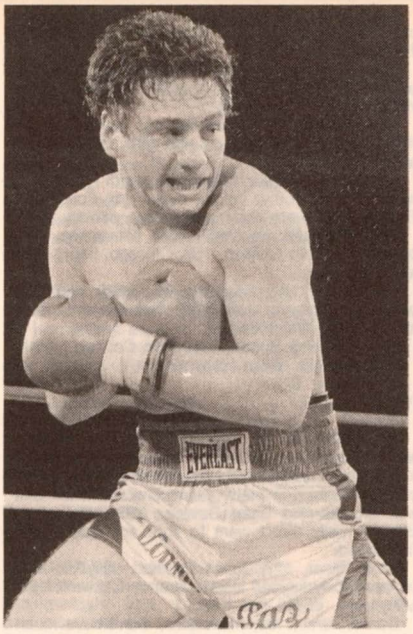
If Van Kirk didn't manage the monumental upset, he did earn the respect of 5,000 fans as a dogged brawler. For Pazienza, it was some pedal-to-the-metal preparation.

The Pazienza party line before the bout was that trainer Kevin Rooney had made vast strides in improving his defense. But Mike Tyson's estranged mentor must have been teaching Pazienza more than that, for the "Pazmanian Devil" predicted in two prefight TV interviews that he'd stop Van Kirk with a left hook.

Pazienza, 143, swarmed over Van Kirk in the opening stanza, yet managed to avoid dangerous infighting. Rapier jabs and swift combinations had Van Kirk befuddled, and when he did launch a punch of his own, the visitor absorbed rib-rattling counterpunches. The second round started the same way, with the Pazienza jab and footwork leaving Van Kirk, 143, Baltimore, far behind. It seemed that Pazienza would outbox his foe and romp to an easy win, and do it virtually unscathed.

But as the second round went on, Pazienza began loading up on his punches, and suddenly Van Kirk was slipping counter rights over that jab. Pazienza's quickness still allowed him to score with three or four blows at a time, but Van Kirk's straight right was landing on his chin in reply.

Van Kirk seemed to be rallying early in the third round, when he landed several overhand rights, and Pazienza appeared intent on walking through his foe's attack. With dozens of his hometown pals screaming for blood, Pazienza had seemingly tossed aside all notions of boxing and defense. Suddenly Van Kirk didn't look so outclassed, as the fight swung to his style. Meanwhile, from Pazienza's corner, Rooney and Duva screamed "Jab!"



Paz has the devil in him

Pazienza's whirlwind onslaught continued in the fourth, but many of his punches missed, and Van Kirk's counters kept getting through. A Van Kirk flurry along the ropes looked more effective than it was, and Pazienza scored well with a late body combination. By the round's end, Van Kirk's left eye was swelling quickly and he had a small cut over his right eye, but he'd fought Pazienza to a three-minute standoff.

The fifth round featured more all-out brawling, but here Pazienza began answering the right-hand counters with his own left hooks. Pazienza mixed in an occasional overhand right off the hook, and his footwork again proved vexing for Van Kirk. Sliding inside, Pazienza would land his blows quickly and then step out of danger, while still staying on top of Van Kirk. Pazienza's defense was too subtle for the crowd to see, and we believed he was still eating far too many right hands until we viewed the tape and could see the precise head movements that he used to slip and avoid Van Kirk's punches inside. Pazienza managed to be in his foe's face all the time, while still not being where he could be hit squarely. And his use of his shoulders and elbows as defensive bulwarks added to his success.

After a textbook body and head combination, Pazienza stepped back a moment and set up his final volley. His right hand was high, and whether intentional or not, it froze Van Kirk for a split second, giving Pazienza time to step in with a leaping left hook to the jaw that coldcocked him. Van Kirk hit the canvas shoulder-blades first, and while he stumbled up before the count, referee Charles Dwyer called it off at 2:41. It had been a thunderbolt from the Tyson-Rooney (Cus D'Amato/Floyd Patterson) scrapbook.

"I'm happy with the way he fought," Rooney said afterward, looking a bit drained. "In the third round he was laying in the center there with his head, and he has a bad habit of doing that. This kid came to win, and at least Vinny's fighting live opponents."

Pazienza is 28-3 (23). Van Kirk fell to 19-6 (10), but earned a career-high paycheck of $7,500.

In a six-round semifinal, Duva product Nick Rupa, 148, Virginia Beach, dominated local youngster Steve Manfredo, 150, Providence, to win a unanimous decision. Rupa, 7-0 and billed on SportsChannel as the Canadian junior middleweight champion, was too strong for Manfredo, 8-2-1.

Another six-rounder showcased Duva's featherweight tyro, St. Louis high school student Eddie Hopson. Hopson, 129, won by a mile over Cincinnati trialhorse Sonny Long, 127, but didn't look especially impressive doing so. Hopson was flashy and fast, but while he got his fifth pro win, the 34-year old Long was never in trouble. Long fell to 15-26.

A trio of four-rounders filled out the card. In a bout held after the main event, Piero Severini, 151, Queens, New York, needed just a couple of minutes to halt Ron Perkins, 149, Amherst, Massachusetts, in what was supposedly both fighters' pro debuts.

The best prelim saw Mark Randazzo, 176, Chicago, outslug John Morris, 179, Orlando, Florida. Morris was down in the first frame, both men were down in the second, and Randazzo went to 4-0-1 when his body attack halted Morris at 2:45 of round three.

Peter Manfredo, 151, Providence, won a workmanlike decision over sluggish John Saunders, 153, Lowell, Massachusetts.

Referees: Charles Dwyer (main event), Harold Gomes, Richard Tierney, George Pasare, Larry Bolvin

Judges: Robert Paolino, William James, Frank Houlihan, Clark Sammartino, Robert O'Brien, Phil Addison, James Burchfield, Domenic DeCiantis, Harry Thomas, Walter Stone

Physician: Dr. Peter Hollman
Attendance: 5,000 (estimated)
Gross: $l00,000 (estimated)
(11-27-89)

Jay N. Miller

VIRGINIA

RICHMOND—The IBF held an "advanced" international boxing officials' clinic at the Arthur Ashe Center over the weekend of November 10-12. It was, as far as anyone could tell, the first such gathering ever.

The clinics, organized by Virginia's industrious and innovative Doug Beavers, and conducted by esteemed referee Al Rothenberg, served the laudable purpose of standardizing rules, advancing safety, preparing for the many odd developments that can crop up, and bringing IBF officiating to a state of uniformity.

Beavers' idea: a genuine pro card, open to the public, with no less than 16 bouts, all four-rounders, each to be worked by its own team of officials. Added was another Beavers conception: a tournament to lead up to a state heavyweight champion, open to anyone as long as they could meet commission requirements. The result was four explosive knockouts by off-the-street toughs who were short on savvy, but produced plenty of excitement.

Darryl Richardson, 138, Portsmouth, won a unanimous decision over Han "Sugar" Kim, 141, Rockville, Maryland, in a rousing scrap. Referee: Frank Rustich.

Greg Keys, 145, Baltimore, was too much for southpaw Ed Malone, 143, Knoxville, in a unanimous verdict. Referee: Tony Wolfe.

Dave "Sugar" Wyatt Jr., 157, Richmond, destroyed veteran kickboxer Curtis Bush, 152, Virginia Beach, who was hurt to the body, then finished at 2:45 of an explosive first. Referee: Burce McTavish.

Godfrey Johnson, 130, Richmond, turned in a nice boxing exhibition in a unanimous win over Bill Barnes, 129, Washington, D.C., in a good bout. Referee: Robert Gonzales.

No world title was ever won with more enthusiasm than madcap An Nuur Green, 154, Newport News, provided in demolishing hapless James Burtell, 152, Knoxville, who was TKO'd flat on his face at 1:41 of the first. Billed as "Mad Dog", An Nuur tested the IBF's tolerance for victory antics by cavorting frenziedly around the ring, barking like a terrier outside a rat hole. Referee: Fritz Werner.

In a wide-open greenhorn shootout, Joe Thompson, 136, Knoxville, swarmed Dewayne Mackie, 136, Baltimore, for two knockdowns, then careened into a right counter and was dropped himself, before scoring the final knockdown, all in 1:38 of the first! Referee: Rafael Ramos.

Kimara Davis, 147, Portsmouth, kayoed Eric Von Strickland, 142, Knoxville, who looked like he'd rather be elsewhere, in just 41 seconds of the first. Referee: Joey Curtis.

Tracy Muse, 145, Baltimore, rolled over Ken Jones, 149, Knoxville, who arose from a knockdown, but showed no resolve to continue, at 2:49 of the first. Referee: Ron Aurit.

Southpaw Ernest Kennedy, 157, Philadelphia, wore out Jerome Johnson, 160, Baltimore, who quit in his corner after the third. Referee: Paul Venti.

Aaron Smith, 157, Rockville, looked good with a TKO of Mike Williams, 158, Baltimore, at 2:59 of the second. Williams was grabbing in desperation, then slumped to the floor after referee Dale Grable ruled it over.

In a barn-burner adjudged the night's best, lefty Tim Hillie, 169, Washington, D.C., edged a split verdict over popular local James Miller, 165, Richmond. Miller was aggressive and exploded in flurries, but the shifty Hillie kept up a constant tattoo of short counters. Referee: Billy Males.

And what could be more expected than a bad decision amidst a clinic on judging? Joe Brown, 135, Richmond, and Allen Osborne, 136, Newport News, battled to a unanimous draw in a lively scrap. What the judges sadly missed was that

Brown, after outboxing Osborne for two rounds, yielded to his foe's relentless pressure in the third, and had conceded the fight and was merely running for his life in the fourth. Referee: Ken Davis.

In the heavyweight tournament, Barry Kirton, 201, Portsmouth, blasted out Jeffery Hunt, 204, Newport News, with two right-hand bombs, at 1:08 of the first. Referee: Steve Smoger.

In a battle of overweight hefties, lefty Everett Mayo, 241, Richmond, twice leveled James Devericks, 220, Falls Church, for a TKO at 1:58 of the first. Referee: Barry Yeates.

Carlton West, 199, Portsmouth, TKO'd southpaw "Mustapha" (Michael), 197, Newport News, who was in no shape to fight and dropped three times by 2:53 of the second. Referee: Brian Garry.

The heavyweight who seemed to show the most promise was Curtis "Hatchetman" Shepard, 213, Richmond, who buried Morton Gilbert, 245, Alexandria, with a right at 2:18 of the first. Shepard indicated he had, indeed, taken his monicker from the Joe Louis-era spoiler of the same name. Referee: Harold Gomes.

Promoter: Clyde Niblett (Million Dollar Boxing Club)

Attendance: 1,000 (estimated)

Judges: Don Ackerman, Rick Bays, Al Bennett, "Rocky" Castellani, Bernie Cormier, Charles Dwyer, Bernie Friedkin, Frank Garza, Mike Glienna, Milton Greene, Kason Hardy, Larry Hazzard Jr., Greg Hughes, Ray Klingmeyer, Bill Lerch, Ross Menadue, Gary Merritt, Denny Nelson, Randy Neumann, Don O'Neil, Harry Papacharalambous, Joe Pasquale, Ronnie Ralston, Al Reid, Lou Tabat, Adalaide Tyndale, Charlene Warner, Paul Weitzel, Chuck Williams, Jean Williams, Stu Winston

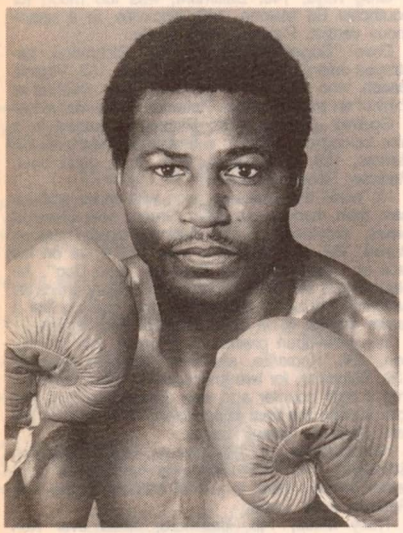
Timekeepers: Alfred Grant, Floyd Lumpkin, Lindsey Tucker

Ring Announcer: Melvin Green
(11-11-89)

J. R. Jowett

WISCONSIN

MILWAUKEE—At the Central Park Athletic Club, promoter Ron Collison featured his prize boxer, **Don Lee**, Milwaukee, in the main event. The opponent selected was **Keith McMurray**, San Bernardino, California. The fight proved to be an excellent



Lee is still dangerous

contest, as Lee was called upon to use all of his fistic skills in capturing a disputed 10-round decision over the much less experienced McMurray. Both boxers weighed 167 pounds. Lee, who was hurt on a few occasions late in the bout, is 31-5-2.

In a second 10-rounder, classy James Toney, 158, Ann Arbor, Michigan, won an eight-round decision over a fading Ron Amundsen, 158, Chicago. It appeared that Amundsen had not recovered from his thrashing at the hands of Roy Jones Jr. a few months before.

Albert Henry, 193, Milwaukee, 6-0-1, won an eight-round split decision over veteran Danny Blake, 202, Milwaukee, 10-25-6. Blake made a close fight of it, but the 25-year-old Henry is improving each time out.

Carl Daniels, 149, St. Louis, stopped 32-year-old Calvin Edwards, 150, Milwaukee, in the second round. Edwards, a late pro starter, is 2-2.

Jerry Goff, 225, Saucier, Mississippi, had little problem disposing of Joe Adams, 210, Memphis, in the second round.

Chad Parker, 150, Biloxi, Mississippi, thrashed poor Kenny Betz, 153, Lexington, Kentucky, kayoing Betz in the first heat.

Carl Williams, 190, Janesville, 4-6, kayoed James Wilder, 191, Milwaukee, in the fifth round of an action fight.

Eric Podolac, 140, Milwaukee, had no trouble winning a four-round verdict over Terry Ford, 141, Racine. Both were making their pro debuts.

Virgil Marris/Morris Virgil, 160, Milwaukee, 4-5, pounded William Clayton, 158, Chicago, into a first-round knockout.

Tim Littles, 162, Saginaw, Michigan, had little problem destroying Joe Wolf, 158, Hazard, Kentucky, in the first round.

Promoter: Pro Sports, Inc., Ron Collison

Physician: Dr. Ervin Hansher

Attendance: 625
(11-13-89)

MADISON—At the Barrymore Theatre, cruiserweight **Tom Lins**, 184, Sun Praire, improved to 9-2 in the main event of this clubshow, the first pro card in Madison in many years. The victim for Lins was pro-debuting **Sean Beverly**, 187, Milwaukee. Beverly really didn't want to fight and quit in the first round.

Scott Pliner, 177, Janesville, had easy pickings as he quickly kayoed inept Clarence Caldwell, 166, Milwaukee, in the first heat.

Carl Williams, 193, Milwaukee, didn't have much of an opponent in Bari Alldulla, who lasted until the second round.

Tony Johnson, 192, Madison, showed potential in his first pro start as he outpointed the more experienced Jim Wisniewski, 183, Pardeeville, over four rounds.

Tom Hall, 253, Milwaukee, caught 32-year-old Jerry Duke, 247, Beloit, by surprise, prompting referee Richard Bartman to stop the contest in the first heat.

John Exum, 163, Madison, making his pro start at age 31, came out fast to put the kayo on Rick Caldwell, 153, Milwaukee, in the first round.

Promoter: Karate America Boxing Club

Referee: Richard Bartman

Commissioner: Alan King
(12-1-89)

George D. Blair

MEXICO

SAN LUIS POTOSI—In a 10-round super flyweight bout, **Martin Perez** scored a fifth-round kayo over **Carlos Bravo**.
(11-30-89)

ACAPULCO—**Rey Cisneros** registered a knockout over **Victor "Pantera" Peralta** at 2:58 of the fifth round. Cisneros dominated the 10-round super bantamweight bout. A crippling body shot brought an end to the one-sided fight. Peralta remained on the canvas for several minutes after the kayo.

Arturo Bautista scored a third-round TKO over Fernando "Azabache" Santos in a 10-round mini flyweight bout.

Another mini flyweight bout featured Alberto Avila scoring a sixth-round kayo over Jose Francisco Ruiz.
(12-1-89)

LAZARO CARDENAS—**Flavio Zavala** scored a first-round kayo over **Delfino "Grillo" Carranza**. The 10-round welterweight bout was the last for Carranza, who announced his retirement following the loss.

In a mini flyweight battle, Sebastian Anica decisioned Juan Aquire.

Also at mini flyweight, Isaias Hernandez outpointed Julian "Pantera" Rosas.

At strawweight, Manuel "Lobito" Rosas took a decision from Manuel Figueroa.
(12-1-89)

MEXICO CITY—**Gregorio "Goyo" Vargas Jr.** won a unanimous 10-round decision over **Cesar "Zacapu" Martinez**. The scoring was 95-94, 95-94, and 96-94. Vargas is 14-2 (10). Martinez fell to 29-4-1 (20).

Vargas' short left hook put Martinez down midway through the first round. Martinez got up and was more aggressive in the middle rounds. He even managed to cut Vargas over his eye. His success was short-lived, however, and Vargas rallied in the final rounds with some big left hooks. The crowd was very appreciative of the action and showered the ring with money following the fight.

Jorge Alvarez made short work of Justino Ramirez by putting him away 31 seconds into the second round of an eight-round featherweight bout. Ramirez was down in the first from a left-right and down again in the second from a big left to the head. Ramirez barely beat the count, and the referee wisely stopped the one-sided action.

In an eight-round mini flyweight bout, Ladislao Vazquez won a unanimous decision over Luis Lugo. The scoring was 77-76, 78-74, and 79-74.

Cesar Valentine Chavez won a unanimous six-round decision over Oscar Martinez. Chavez used a right to the body to put his opponent down in the sixth, and it turned out to be his key to victory. By winning, Chavez avenged the draw that the pair fought to in their last meeting.

The card opened with Angel Jimenez stopping Isidro Nolasco in the fourth and final round.
(12-2-89)

SAN LUIS POTOSI—**Candido Corona** scored a fourth-round kayo over **Pedro "Toluquito" Lopez** in a super flyweight bout.

Eduardo Manzano decisioned Ignacio Aguilar over four rounds in a flyweight bout.

Luis Garcia decisioned Juan Carlos Perez in a four-round featherweight battle.
(12-7-89)

ENSENADA—A 10-round welterweight bout was the headliner as **Ramon "Chino" Cardenas** TKO'd **Julian "Tato" Benitez**. Cardenas rose from a fourth-round knockdown and took advantage of the cut that Benitez suffered on his left eyebrow. The cut led to the stoppage.

In a super featherweight bout, Juan Bautisa avenged an amateur loss to Joe Veloz by stopping him in the second round.

Jose "Chocolate" Hernandez scored a fifth-round TKO over Jose Jimenez.
(12-8-89)

ACAPULCO—**Fidel Avendano** scored a second-round TKO over **Ray Lopez** in a 10-round lightweight bout.

Vladimir Crucillo registered a fourth-round TKO over Modesto Camacho in an eight-round featherweight bout.

Apolinar Pacheco won a decision over Alfredo Crucillo in a six-round mini flyweight fight.
(12-8-89)

CULIACAN—**Guadalupe "Cholo" Rubio** won a unanimous decision over **Diego Avila** in a 10-round bantamweight fight. Rubio, the former Mexican bantamweight champion, dominated the action. Avila had his strongest round in the third, but his success was short-lived.

"Pringuita" Hernandez scored a third-round knockout over Solin Perez.
(12-8-89)

MERIDA—In a 12-round battle for the Mexican mini flyweight title, challenger **Santiago Mendez** won a unanimous decision over **Javier "Candelita" Varguez**. The scoring was 119-115, 118-114, and 117-115. The win not only brought Mendez the title, but also enabled him to avenge an 11th-round TKO loss to Varguez. The challenger dominated the middle rounds and built up a big lead. As it turned out, he needed that lead; he tired in the later rounds and had to hang on. There were no cuts or knockdowns.

Miguel "Camaco" Gonzalez scored a fourth-round TKO over Ricardo "Leoncito" Peralta in a super welterweight bout.

Juan Diego Arjona scored a fifth-round TKO over Armando Navarro in a flyweight bout.

Attendance: 4,000
(12-9-89)

MEXICO CITY—**Javier "Olympico" Juarez** won on disqualifaction over **Eduardo "Lalo" Ramirez** in a 10-round bout between mini flyweights. The end came at 2:30 of the second round, when the doctor declared that the cut on Juarez' eyelid was too serious for him to continue. The cut was opened by a butt that was declared intentional. As a result, Juarez was given a gift victory.

Miguel Angel Gonzalez scored a seventh-round TKO over Jose Ulloa in a 10-round lightweight fight. The 19-year-old former Seoul Olympian scored his seventh win without a loss.

Cuauhtemoc Sanchez drew with Carlos Escobar in an eight-round featherweight bout.

Nicolas Ortiz won a split decision over Eduardo Mendoza in a six-round lightweight bout.

Trinidad Damasco droped a split decision to Maximino Llano in a four-round lightweight bout.
(12-9-89)

PIEDRAS NEGRAS—Javier "Suzuki" Diaz won a 12-round decision over **Armando "Tontin" Velasco**. With the win came the WBC Continental-Americas flyweight title. This was a rematch, with Diaz repeating his previous decision win.

Armando Diaz won by fifth-round disqualification over Jacinto Escalante.
(12-9-89)

ACAPULCO—In 10-round welterweight bout, **Nicolas Herrera** came off the deck to score a decision win over **Francisco Perez**.

Felipe Rojas put an early end to his 10-round welterweight bout by putting Ricardo Campos away in the fourth round.

Agustin Salinas scored a seventh-round TKO over Alberto Loya in a 10-round lightweight battle.
(12-15-89)

VILLAHERMOSA—Gabriel Bernal won a 10-round unanimous decision over **Francisco Rojas** in a bantamweight contest. The 32-year-old Bernal, the former WBC flyweight king, was returning from a two-year retirement.

Valente Flores kayoed Emilio Silva in the sixth round of a super flyweight contest.

Justo Zuniga won a four-round technical decision over Hermino Ramirez in a mini flyweight scrap.
(12-15-89)

HERMOSILLO—Jorge "Cocas" Ramirez scored a seventh-round TKO over American **Robert Byrd** in a 12-rounder for the vacant WBC Continental-Americas super featherweight title.
(12-15-89)

NAVOJOA—Mario "Finito" Otanez kayoed **Eduardo Diaz** in a battle of crusierweights.

Ramon "Yory Boy" Campa kayoed Federico "Patito" Renteria in two rounds.
(12-15-89)

LA PAZ—Francisco Carballo registered a ninth-round TKO over **Eduardo "Lalo" Flores** to claim the vacant Mexican middleweight title. Carballo scored knockdowns in the seventh, eighth, and ninth rounds. His victory brought back the title that he lost to Jesus Gallardo in 1988. Carballo will defend against Gallardo soon.
(12-15-89)

JUAREZ—Martain "Canelo" Lopez won a decision over **David "Maceton" Cabrera** in a 10-round light heavyweight bout. The scores were 99-90, 98-95, and 100-90, all for the winner, whose record is 7-1.

Simon "Coloradito" Gonzalez registered a first-round TKO over Martin Coronado in a 10-round meeting of super featherweights. Body shots proved to be Coronado's undoing in this quickie blowout.

Aaron Delgado scored a first-round kayo of Jesus "Pascualito" Lopez in another 10-round super featherweight bout. The 15-1 Delgado put his foe down and out with a left-right just before the end of the round.

Jose de Jesus Garcia scored a kayo at 2:30 of the first round over Mario Lozano in a 10-round super bantamweight fight.

In a six-round light heavyweight bout, Jose Chong scored a majority decision over Ramon Perez. The scoring was 58-57, 58-58, and 60-56. Perez was down in the sixth.

Jose Hernandez scored a second-round knockout over Martin Ochoa in a four-round bantamweight bout.

Ruben Castrejon fought to a majority draw with Marcos Alvarado.
(12-15-89)

ACAPULCO—Laura "Cura" Rodriguez scored a sixth-round TKO over **Raul Gutierrez**. The stoppage of the super bantamweight fight was considered horrible by ringsiders.

In a super lightweight battle, Fidel Avendano won a decision over Manuel Avila.

Super flyweight Jamie Rojas scored a TKO over Lucio Angeles.
(12-22-89)

LAZARO CARDENAS—Claudio Zavala registered a fifth-round knockout of **Alejandro Balderas** in a 10-round welterweight fracas.

In a battle of super lightweights, Videl Lopez won a decision over Valente Zavala.

Manuel Rosas took a decision over Ronco Gallegos in a mini flyweight battle.

In a pair of lightweight fights, Santos Rodriguez won a decision over Efren Ruiz, and Eustolio Garcia took a unanimous nod from Victor Ramirez.
(12-22-89)

QUERTARO—Rey Hernandez scored a fifth-round TKO over **Evaristo Morales** in a 10-round mini flyweight bout.

Hector Lopez scored a first-round knockout over "Faushid" Madrid in a super featherweight battle.
(12-22-89)

NAVOJOA—Raul Rios scored a technical decision over **Marcos Pacheco** in a 10-round mini flyweight bout. A clash of heads caused the referee to go to the scorecards.

"Mulato" Valenzuela took a decision from Mike Espinosa over 10 rounds at super flyweight.
(12-22-89)

MEXICO CITY—Armando Salazar ended a 10-round fight in the sixth round when he put **Fernando Hernandez** away at 2:56 of the round.

Jose Luis Bueno scored a fourth-round knockout over Moises Urbina in a 10-round bantamweight battle.

Concepcion Velazquez won a decision over Enrique Jupiter in an eight- round super flyweight bout.

Carlos Monroy won by fourth-round disqualifaction over Rodolfo Santamaria.

Gerardo Garcia scored a fourth-round TKO over Valerio Sanchez in a four-round mini flyweight bout.
(12-22-89)

ACAPULCO—Javier Lucas came away with a seventh-round kayo over **Javier Leon** in a 10-round bantamweight fight. Lucas, the NABF flyweight champion, was cut badly, but used a great shot to the solar plexus and a big right to the chin to finish the job.

A fight between mini flyweights ended in a fourth-round disqualification, with Macario Santos getting the win over Fernando Martinez in a scheduled 10-round fight.

Atanasio Villarcal scored a third-round kayo over Antonio Salas in an eight-round bantamweight fight.

Cesar Leon dropped a decision to Rivelino Palma in a six-round mini flyweight contest.
(12-29-89)

GOMEZ PALACIO—"Ulises" Chong scored a second-round TKO over **Tony Escobar** in a 10-round featherweight bout.

Eduardo Jacques took a unanimous decision from Jesus Rojas over 10 rounds in a battle of lightweights.

Jose Luis Gonzalez ended a 10-round heavyweight bout in the second with a kayo of Mario Otanez.

Leobardo Mancilla scored a second-round knockout over Salvador Ogaz in a 10-round featherweight bout.
(1-1-90)

DURANGO—Francisco Gonzalez registered a fourth-round TKO over **Sergio Cornejo** in a 10-round super flyweight battle. A bad cut over the eye of Cornejo ended the bout.

Alfredo Ramirez took a 10-round decision over Felipe Rojas in a welterweight encounter.
(1-1-90)

TORREON—Alejandro Garcia scored a minor upset when he kayoed **Antonio Mora** in the seventh round of a 10-round super welterweight fight.

In a 10-round flyweight bout, Ricardo Mijares won a controversial decision over Rafeal Morales.
(1-1-90)

MEXICO CITY—Porfirio Hernandez scored a fourth-round TKO over **Carlos Salinas**. Hernandez was cut over his left eye from a head butt in the second round, but in the third he accelerated his attack and by the fourth had his opponent against the ropes and helpless until the referee stopped the 10-round bout at the 1:17 mark. Hernandez raised his record to 26-2, while Salinas dropped to 14-6-2.

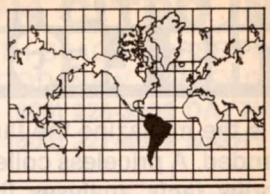
Alejandro Morfin ran his unbeaten record to 11-0-1 (11) with an eighth-round stoppage of Pedro Mendoza in a 10-round featherweight bout. This was the first fight for Mendoza since his recovery from stab wounds.

Armando Diaz faced Jose Luis Zepeda for the third time, and for the second time defeated his rival. Diaz took a 10-round decision from Zepeda and raised his record to 19-4 (16). Zapeda fell to 20-7-1 (21).

In a 10-round super flyweight battle, Ramon Solis registered a second-round TKO over Pedro Flores.

Miguel Angel Gonzalez kayoed Peter Serrano 13 seconds into the second round of a 10-round super featherweight bout. Serrano suffered a double fracture of his jaw.
(1-1-90)

Bruce Williams



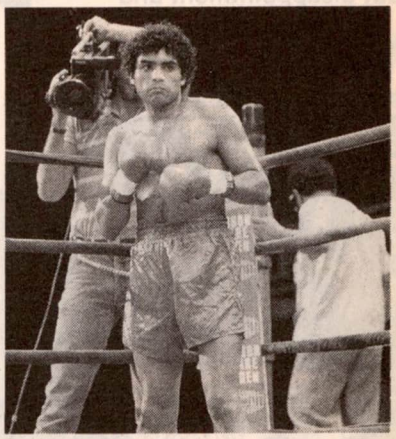
SOUTH AMERICA

ARGENTINA

BUENOS AIRES—Former Argentine champion **Jorge Fernando Castro** scored a brilliant ninth-round TKO over South American welterweight champion **Miguel Arroyo** in front of 7,000 fans at Luna Park Stadium. It was the first fight at Luna Park in two years.

Castro, the most exciting contender from Argentina since Juan Roldan, has helped rejuvenate interest in the fight game among his countrymen. He found Arroyo a competitive opponent.

The first two rounds saw southpaw Arroyo try to establish his power and end the fight early, but from the third round on it was Castro who controlled the action. Castro, 154, showed that he is not above using dirty tactics to succeed. He thumbed Arroyo, 153, and took great delight in stepping on his foot and hitting him when he was off balance.



Argentine contender Jorge Castro

Arroyo lost his temper and began to lunge at Castro, who used his counterpunching ability to control the action. As Castro began to land with his right hand, he slowly became the aggressor. Arroyo began to tire, and Castro's punches began to sting that much more.

Referee Luis Guzman ended Arroyo's ordeal at the end of the ninth round, following a standing eight-count. The 22-year-old Castro is now looking for bigger game.

Sergio Martinez, 127, defeated Raul Gomez, 127, via 10-round unanimous decision.

Argentine junior lightweight champion Julio Miranda, 132, fought to a 10-round draw with Jorge Pompe, 130, in a non-title fight.

Light heavyweight Nestor Hipolito Giovannini, 181, needed just two rounds to kayo former Argentine and South American champion Victor Robledo. Giovannini is awaiting a shot at Jeff Harding's WBC title.

Site: Luna Park
TV: Argentina Television Color
(12-2-89)

COMODORO RIVADVIA—Former Argentine junior middleweight champion **Jorge Fernando Castro** scored an easy second-round knockout over **Jose Maria Raies**.

Promoter: Jose Maria Cifuentes
(11-3-89)

SALTA—Former Argentine junior welterweight king **Lorenzo Garcia** scored a 10-round decision over **Raul Marinangeli**.

Promoter: Miguel Herrera
(11-3-89)

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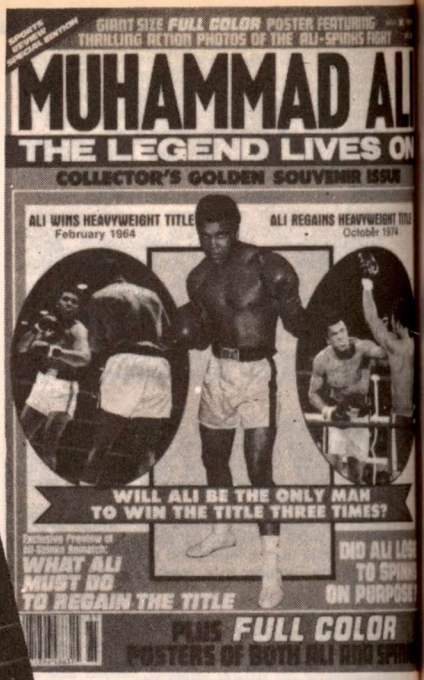

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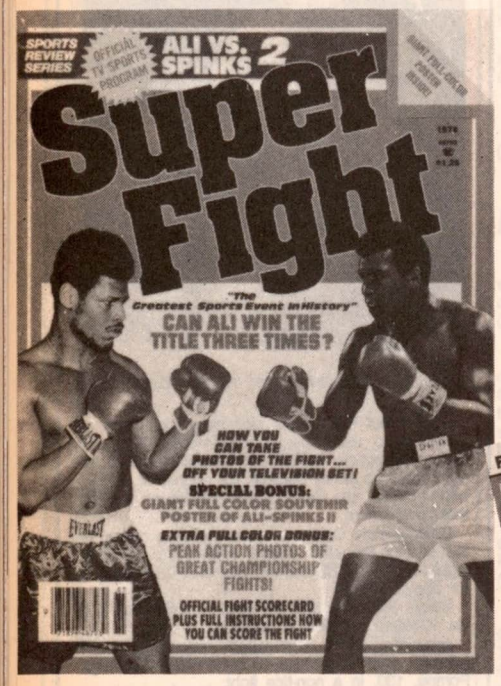

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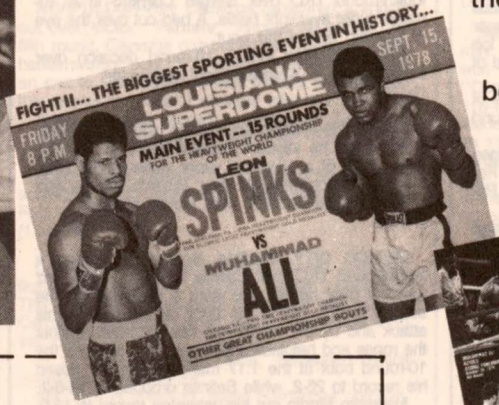

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BUENOS AIRES—Hector Fabian Tejeda captured the Argentine lightweight title, kayoing **Jose Oscar Llanquin** for the vacant title. The new champion is unbeaten in 18 pro fights, with 17 kayos.
Promoter: Argentine Boxing Federation
Attendance: 1,350
(11-4-89)

SANTA ROSA, LA PAMPA—Hugo Marinangeli, the South American junior middleweight champion, kayoed **Daniel "Patito" Dominguez** in six rounds.
(11-10-89)

PERGAMINO—Raul Retamozo captured the Argentine super flyweight title, kayoing **Raul Chamorro** in four rounds.
(11-10-89)

BUENOS AIRES—Argentine cruiserweight champion **Daniel Netto**, 190, retained the belt with an effortless fifth-round kayo over **Jorge Cambiasso**, 185. Netto, who recorded his fifth title defense, is 16-0-1.
Site: ABF Stadium
(11-11-89)

COLON, ENTRE RIOS—Argentine and South American super middleweight champion **Walter Matteoni** retained the Continental title with a fifth-round knockout over Paraguay's **Perfecto Badilla**.
(11-11-89)

VILLA MERCEDES, SAN LUIS—Argentine and South American strawweight champion **Hector Luis Patri** outpointed **Oscar Vergara** over 12 rounds to retain his belts.
(11-11-89)

QUILMES, BUENOS AIRES—Jorge Fernando Castro kayoed **Juan Carlos Ortiz** in nine rounds. Castro used his big left cross to guide him to victory.
Stadium: La Barranca
Promoter: Raul Guardo
Attendance: 1,378
(11-17-89)

BATHA BLANCA—Jorge Santana kayoed Peruvian **Carlos Grados** in two rounds in a junior middleweight contest.
(11-17-89)

NEUQUEN—In a tough junior middleweight contest, **Jorge Garcia** won a 10-round decision over **Juan Carlos Canete**.
(11-17-89)

LA RIOJA—Local junior lightweight **Eduardo Galan**, ranked fourth in the national ratings, registered an eighth-round kayo over **Nicasio Caceres**.
(11-17-89)

SANTA FE—Jorge Bernado captured the Santa Fe junior middleweight belt with a fourth-round kayo over **Julio Gutierrez**.

BUENOS AIRES—Ernesto Sena, 154, won a 10-round decision over previously undefeated **Raul Nunez**.
Site: ABF Stadium
Referee: Felix Lombardo
Attendance: 958
(11-18-89)

Carlos Irusta

COLOMBIA

CANALETE, CORDOBA—Boxing is making a comeback in this town because of hometown favorite **Atenor Solar**, who knocked out **Ramiro Carvajal** in the sixth round of a bantamweight matchup.
(12-9-89)

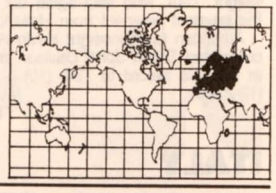
MONTERIA—Former world title challenger **Amancio Castro** returned and halted **Eder Gonzalez** in 12 rounds to capture the Central America & Caribbean welterweight crown.
Elvis Alvarez was cut, floored, and stopped in the sixth round by Victor Sierra in a flyweight bout.
Local featherweight David Orozco outpointed Jader Plazas over six rounds.
Pedro Salcedo, a bantamweight, knocked out Antonio Zafra in the fourth.
Bantamweight Bernardo Contreras decisioned Manuel Fuentes over four rounds.
In the opening bout, a pair of flyweights went four rounds, with Juan Sanchez outpointing Franklin Santos.
(12-15-89)

SANTA MARTA—Ignacio Bernal decisioned **Memin Julio** over six rounds in a welterweight bout.
Amaury Moguea knocked out Miguel Monterrosa in the first round.
(12-15-89)

SAN ANDRES ISLAND—Francisco Tejedor extended his winning streak to 27 bouts with a knockout of **Daniel Batista** at mini flyweight.
(12-17-89)

CARTAGENA—Rafael Zuniga fought to a draw with **Jaime Castellon** in a wild 10-round fight.
Middleweight Adolfo Caballero scored a second-round knockout over Jose Solarte.
Carlos Mercado was awarded a victory when Dorismel Zuniga was disqualified in the third round of their junior bantamweight fight.
Omar Gonzalez scored a knockout over Jackson Becerra *10 seconds* into the first round of their fight.
Cucusa Naranjo decisioned Victor Tejedor in a four-rounder at strawweight.
(12-20-89)

Luis A. Gonzalez



EUROPE

BELGIUM

THIENEN—Belgium's light heavyweight champion **Jose Seys** was lucky to get a draw after eight action-packed rounds against Holland's cruiserweight champion, **John Held**. The fight was made only two hours before. Seys was to face Blaine Logsdon, England, but the Briton was 26 pounds too heavy. Held was to meet former Uganda amateur star Franco Wanyama, but the African stepped out to allow for a fight between Seys and Held.
Frank DeWinter, Belgium, suffered his first loss after four wins when Marcel Herbert, England, won a clear decision in a six-rounder at lightweight.
(12-2-89)

ANDERLECHT—Busy Belgium welterweight champion **Patrick Vungbo** is 15-2 after beating **Kevin Thompson**, England, in a good eight-rounder.
Super featherweight Andre Hoeffler, Belgium, won on points in a six-rounder over Pascal Bellet, France.
(12-2-89)

IZEGEM—Patrick Vungbo was back in action and was given a hard fight by countryman **Freddy Demeulenaere** over 10 rounds, with Vungbo's national welterweight title at stake. Vungbo won a split decision and is in line to face EBU champ Antoine Fernandez.
Uganda's Franco Wanyama had his first pro fight and looked unlucky to get only a draw after six rounds against Holland's John Held.
Belgium's new heavyweight hope, Johan Thieghem, is 4-0 after winning on points over England cruiserweight Abner Blackstock in an untidy affair. Thieghem was nearly 40 pounds heavier than Blackstock and only looked for a place to land his big right hand. Blackstock was too negative, but one of the judges—all of whom were from Belgium—had him a points winner.
(12-25-89)

Kurt Kristiansen

FRANCE

PARIS—Pierre-Frank Winterstein moved up to super middleweight and was impressive in kayoing **Frankie Minton** in round 10 of a great fight. Winterstein was in trouble in the early rounds but took command in round five. He is 51-1-1.
Winterstein's next opponent could be Juan Carlos Gimenez, Paraguay, who outclassed Jean-Noel

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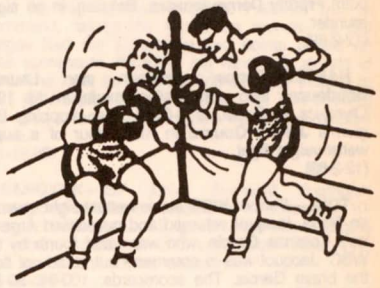

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Camara.
(11-29-89)

COUDEKERQUE—Joel Dulye upset French super lightweight champion **Roland Leclercq** in a non-title fight, stopping him on a cut in round seven. A rematch is on and will be for the national title.
(12-1-89)

TOULON—French welterweight champion **Daniel Bicchieray** overcame some rocky moments to outpoint **Freddy Demeulenaere**, Belgium, in an eight-rounder.
(12-2-89)

NANTES—Former amateur star **Laurent Boudouani**, who won a silver medal in the 1988 Olympics at Seoul, is 5-0 (5) after stopping Belgium's **Jimmy Gourad** in round four of a super welterweight fight.
(12-2-89)

TOUL—Former WBC super welterweight champion **Rene Jacquot** returned and outclassed Argentina's **Lorenzo Garcia**, who was rated fourth by the WBC. Jacquot was in command but could not floor the brave Garcia. The scorecards: 100-94, 99-95, and 99-96.

French middleweight champion Frederic Seilier looked impressive when he stopped durable Mourad Louati, Holland, in the sixth round.

Lightweight Angel Mona stopped Paul Burke, England, in round three after flooring him twice. It was only Mona's third pro fight, but what a prospect he is.
(12-9-89)

PARIS—IBF and WBC lightweight champion **Pernell Whitaker** had an easy night when he floored Mexican **Martin Galvan** three times, forcing the referee to stop the non-title fight in round three.

NABF lightweight champion Primo Ramos, Mexico, floored countryman David Felizardo twice in round four, prompting the fight's stoppage.

A big upset came when unheralded Martin Camara, France, outpointed WBC number seven-ranked Ikleff Hadjalla, Algeria, over eight rounds. The scores: 79-76, 78-77, and 77-77.

Super featherweight Pierre Lorcy is 20-0 after a first-round kayo over countryman Jean Gomis.
(12-11-89)

BORDEAUX—French lightweight champion **Alain Simoes** won a hard-fought decision over **Danilo Cabrera**, Dominican Republic, in a good 10-rounder.
(12-16-89)

AMIENS—Antoine Fernandez, France, won the European welterweight title when he outpointed Italy's **Nino LaRocca** and won by scores of 119-112, 118-113, and 115-114. Fernandez floored LaRocca in the first round but had all kinds of problems with the Italian before making a big finish.

WBA junior welterweight champion Juan Martin Coggi, Argentina, kayoed Jesse Williams, United States, in round four of a non-title fight.

EBU cruiserweight champion Anaclet Wamba kayoed American Bruce Johnson in the third round of a mismatch.

Martin Camara was back in action and won on points over Carlos Tavares in an eight-rounder.
(12-30-89)

Kurt Kristiansen

GERMANY

PFORZHEIM—It was an exciting night of boxing in the Jahn Hall for a crowd of 700, who witnessed a host of local hopefuls. There were several exciting slugfests, with most of the bouts ending quickly.

Jamaican-born **Lennie Howard** left his home in England for this meeting, but his cause was near-hopeless. Facing one of Germany's best prospects, 27-year-old cruiserweight **Markus Bott**, Howard was beaten in less than six minutes of combat.

In the opening round, Howard looked as if he might provide the German with a good fight, but in the second, when a left landed, followed by a right, Howard went to the canvas. He was up at the count of eight, but the referee stopped the action anyway. The visitor probably could've countinued, but he didn't protest the stoppage.

Bott's next opponent could be former world champ Alfonzo Ratliff.

With six wins, Knud Blin looks like a future domestic champion. He could eventually win the European heavyweight crown that his father, Jurgen Blin, held in 1972. On this card, Blin beat Mate Galic in two rounds.

Jamaica-born, Hamburg-based Owen Reece is undefeated in seven starts, with only one fight having gone the distance. Reece stopped 31-year-old Yugoslav Mahmutovic in the fifth round of this middleweight matchup.

Light heavyweight Jens Ploesser, 21, making his pro debut, kayoed fellow German Herman Rath in three rounds.

Lightweight Huseyn Colak, a local-based Turk, stopped Paul Cuti, Hungary, with 15 seconds left in round four.

This was the 16th and last promotion of the year, which is six less than in 1988.

Attendance: 700

Promoter: Peter-Klaus Kohl (Box Universum Group)

Referees/Judges: H. Muehmert, W. Gerber, U. Wieland

Doctors: Dr. W. Herpich, Dr. S. Holthusen

Timekeepers: N. Krosch, H. Borzoskowski
(12-16-89)

Jack Tree

HOLLAND

HOOTVOLD—Former amateur star **Regilio Tuur**, Holland, is 7-0 after kayoing **Karl Taylor**, England, in the second round at super featherweight. Tuur, who also fights out of New York, is the greatest prospect from Holland in many years.

American featherweight Kevin Kelley, New York, outpointed Briton John Davison over eight rounds to take his record to 13-0 (10).
(12-23-89)

Kurt Kristiansen

ITALY

MILAN—Heavyweight prospect **Biagio Chianese**, 282, remained undefeated when he stopped **David Jules**, England, in the second round. Chianese, a former amateur star, is 5-0.

Stefano Cassi, the official contender for the European lightweight title, stopped Faical Naifer, Tunisia, in round seven to take his record to 24-0.
(11-30-89)

Comebacking Patrizio Oliva

NAPOLI—Former WBA junior welterweight champion **Patrizio Oliva** continued his comeback as a welterweight, outpointing American **Anthony Stephens** in an eight-rounder. It was a boring fight, with Stephens too negative and Oliva unable to open him up. Next for Oliva could be Venezuela's Louis Gabrial Garcia in a bout for the vacant WBC International championship.

EBU middleweight champion Francisco Dell'Aquila outpointed American Randy Stephens over eight rounds in a warmup for his big fight against former world champion Sumbu Kalambay.
(12-13-89)

TERAMO—Italy's **Valerio Nati** won the WBO super bantamweight title when defending champion **Kenny Mitchell** was disqualified in round four for illegal use of his head. Nati was cut so badly that he could not fight on. There was a lot of controversy, with Nati first named the winner via disqualification. Then the WBO supervisor went to the scorecards, and with Nati ahead on all three, the challenger was given a victory on points. Later, it was again changed to a DQ win.

Italian-based Kamel Bou-Ali, Tunisia, won the vacant WBO super featherweight title with a kayo of Antonio "Tonito" Rivera in round eight. It was a very tough fight. Bou-Ali was in trouble in rounds two and seven but used a big right hand to kayo Rivera.
(12-9-89)

CASENA—In the mismatch of the year, **Francesco Damiani**, Italy, easily retained the WBO heavyweight title when Argentina's **Daniel Netto** was retired by his corner in the second round after taking a beating from the champion, who was 39 pounds heavier. Netto, the South American cruiserweight champion, was never in the fight.

Hungary's former amateur star, Lajos Eros, had his first fight as a pro and looked impressive in flooring Cordwell Hylton, England, twice, forcing the referee to stop the fight in round five. Light heavyweight Eros was runner-up last year in the European amateur championships. He is 25 years old.

Another former amateur star, Michele Mastrodonato, Italy, is 8-0 after outpointing former British title contender Tony Burke in an eight-rounder at super middleweight.

Calogero Serio, Italy, is 12-0 as a super middleweight after beating Frank Moro, Ghana, in a six-rounder.
(12-16-89)

SESTO SAN GIOVANNI—Prospect **Benito Guida** is 10-0 after beating **Kesem Clayton**, England, on points over eight rounds at super welterweight. Guida will likely fight for the Italian title in a few months.
(12-16-89)

ROSEANO—Antonio Renzo scored one of the biggest upsets in years in Italy when he won the vacant Italian lightweight title with a stoppage of **Luca De Lorenzi** in round four. De Lorenzi was cut and floored. Ranzo was ahead on the scorecards.

Very busy Santo Colombo retained the Italian super welterweight title, kayoing Calistro Bavaresco in round two.
(12-23-89)

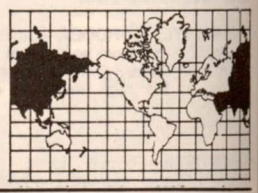
BRESCIA—Lightweight **Lino Becchetti** is 15-3 after beating **Tchoza Mukuta**, Zaire, on points in an eight-rounder.

Former Italian welterweight champion Marco Cipollino returned with a very clear win over Belgium's Fabien Capelle in a welterweight six-rounder.
(12-26-89)

AVELINO—Vincenzo Limatola retained the Italian featherweight title when **Antonio De Santis** was stopped with a cut eye in round eight. De Santis floored Limatola in round four, and the referee took away one point from him for holding. But Limatola fought back and was ahead when the fight was stopped.

Bantamweight Antonio Picardi won on points in an interesting eight-rounder against Charles Enisan, Nigeria.
(12-27-89)

Kurt Kristiansen



THE ORIENT

JAPAN

TOKYO—At Korakuen Hall, busy lefty **Seisaku Miyagi**, the JBC's number eight junior bantamweight, 118, outsped sluggish, slow, and rough **Michinori Hashimoto**, the number six bantam, 118, winning a unanimous decision (97-96, 99-95, and

99-96) in 10 rounds. It was a dull affair, as Hashimoto, who had iced nine opponents in as many wins, looked completely out of shape. He should move up to the 122-pound class to display his vaunted power. Miyagi's lack of power was another factor that made this fight very uninteresting. The winner is 9-2-3 (0). Hashimoto dropped to 9-3-1 (9).

Fast-rising Tsukasa Watanabe, the JBC's number five featherweight, 126, was ahead on points because of his aggressiveness, and finally caught Filipino Andy Dumpayan, the GAB's number three junior featherweight, 126, knocking him out at 2:26 of the eighth session. Watanabe, a talented, hard puncher, looked too immature to fight in a 10-rounder, but he outpunched the Filipino. In the fatal round, the Japanese floored Dumpayan with an overhand right and landing effective body shots. He followed up and dropped him again with a vicious one-two. The loser failed to beat the count. Watanabe is 8-1-1 (6). Dumpayan is 15-5 (2).

Kotaro Hayashi, the WBA's number five flyweight contender, 113¾, appeared for the first time since his upset win over the then-ranked Emil Matsushima. Hayashi had Yasuo Yamamoto, 113¾, on the deck in the second, fourth, and seventh rounds, and took a lopsided decision (79-70, 80-71, and 79-72) in eight rounds. Hayashi, whose Korean name is Kwang Bok Lim, was traded to the Matsushima Club in Kyoto, Japan. Hayashi is 6-2 (2).
(11-30-89)

HIMEJI—Japanese lightweight champion **Takehito Nakano**,the WBC's number 27 contender, 135, struggled to survive the opening attacks of **Yoshitatsu Nakasato**, 135, and fought back to win a unanimous decision in 10 rounds. It was Nakano's first defense since dethroning Noboru Godai via upset kayo in Tokyo on August 12. Scoring: referee Matsumoto 97-93, judge Yasuda 96-94, and judge Uenaka 97-93, all for Nakano. In the second half, Nakano was an aggressor, utilizing his longer reach against the fading challenger. Nakano is 11-4 (6). Nakasato fell to 16-6-1 (4).

Yuzo Yamauchi, 132¼, survived a first-round visit to the deck and scored a come-from-behind kayo win over Japanese ex-featherweight champion Tatsunari Hisahiro, 132¼, at 1:04 of the sixth round in a scheduled eight. Yamauchi is 5-3 (4). Hisahiro, currently ranked number five in the lightweight class by the JBC, dropped to 14-13 (11). He revealed a very weak china.

Masahiro Sugiyama, the JBC's number nine featherweight, 130, showed his superior power in knocking out Katsumi Maruyama, 129½, at 2:57 of the third round. Sugiyama, who had lost a close but unanimous decision to world-ranked featherweight Ryutaro Ueda in Tokyo this year, is 8-2 (5). Maruyama fell to 4-3-1 (3).
(12-2-89)

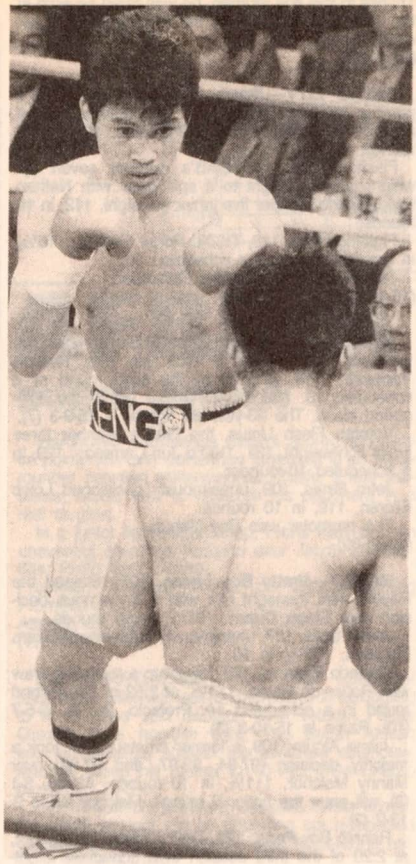
TOKYO—Japanese junior bantamweight champion **Shunichi Nakajima**, the WBC's number two contender, 117, had a very narrow escape from a couple of knockdowns in the second round, came back hard by dropping **Jun Hoki**, the JBC's number six junior bantamweight, 117, in the sixth and eighth, and won an unanimous decision (97-92, 96-92, and 97-93) in a non-title 10-rounder. The give-and-take affair, reminiscent of the first Wilfred Benitez-Bruce Curry fight, was a crowd-pleaser. Hoki failed to follow up in the third round after flooring the champ with a vicious left hook, and again with a wicked straight right. Amazingly, Nakajima came off the canvas and breathlessly lasted the crisis by grabbing the aggressive opponent.

In the second half, Hoki ran out of gas, only to be caught by Nakajima's avenging rallies. Nakajima will be obliged to go to Thailand to meet Khaosai Galaxy in his quest for the WBC throne. Hoki, managed by ex-world flyweight champion Susumu Hanagata, fell to 10-8-2 (9).

In a supporting 10, Yoshinori Nishizawa, the JBC's number six middleweight, 160, needed just 100 seconds to polish off Tomoo Suzuki, 159, in a scheduled 10.

Hiroshi Matsumoto, 126, chalked up a TKO win over Kimio Saotome, 126, at 2:00 in the seventh session in a scheduled eight.
(12-5-89)

TOKYO—Kengo Fukuda, the JBC's top featherweight contender, 126, exploded a solid left hook to the side of the belly of **Kwanchai Sithsopa**, a Thai veteran, 127, and flattened him at 1:13 of the third round in a scheduled 10. Fukuda, who had drawn with Chan Mok Park in his quest for the OPBF featherweight throne on August 14, showed improvement and raised his credentials to 16-2-2 (11). He will next face Seiji Asakawa on March 12, if



Fukuda stalks Sithsopa

Asakawa successfully defends his Japanese featherweight crown against Tiger Michigami on December 18. The Thai loser, who used repeated roadhouse swings in the first two rounds, fell to 17-16 (8).

Douglas Ryuma, the JBC's number six junior welterweight, 139, failed to utilize his longer reach and was obliged to mix it up with rough-swinging Makoto Nishizawa. But Ryuma caught his foe with sharper combinations and disposed of him at 43 seconds of the seventh round in a supporting 10. Ryuma is 11-3 (5). Nishawa is 8-6-1 (8).

Fast-rising puncher Toshihiro Suda, 146, claimed another victim, as he overwhelmed Toshihiro Kawabata, the JBC's number four welterweight, and demolished him at 1:27 of the second round in a scheduled eight. Suda, who had lost to Shinji Shiomi via come-from-behind kayo in the All-Japan Shinjin-o (Novice King) tourney's final, bettered his log to 7-1 (6). Kawabata dropped to 8-7 (5).
(12-11-89)

OSAKA—Great Kanayama (aka Dong Chun Lee), 121, opened a cut over the left eyebrow of **Keiichi Ozaki**, ex-Japanese bantamweight champion, 120, scored short punches at close range, and was awarded a hairline majority decision in 10 rounds. Scoring: referee Kashiwagi 95-95, and judges Uenaka and Fujita 96-95 and 97-95, respectively, both for the Korean. Ozaki is 15-15-1 (2).

Hidemitsu Hongo, the JBC's number three junior lightweight, 137, defeated Shigenori Motoi by unanimous decision (99-92, 97-92, and 99-91) in 10 rounds. Hongo is 8-4 (2). Motoi fell to 8-8-1 (8).

In a supporting eight-rounder, up-and-coming Hiroshi Kuwata, 138, ran his unbeaten log to 3-0 (3) by halting Korean Hyon Sok Lee, 138½, at 2:55 of the fourth session. Lee, 18-3 (10), hit the deck twice from Kuwata's accurate punches and was rescued when his cornerman tossed in the towel.
(12-12-89)

Joe Koizumi

THAILAND

SAMUTHSAMORN PROVINCE—Thai lefty prospect **Bangsaen Yodmuaydang**, the WBC's number 25 super bantamweight, 124, made a good start by dropping Colombian **Ruben Palacios**, the WBA's number six junior featherweight, 124, in the first round. But Palacios fought back well to win a decision in 10 rounds. In round four, Palacios had the Thai groggy, and sent him to the deck with left and right hooks. The fifth, Palacios took the initiative with combinations for a while, but Yodmuaydang's southpaw right hook caught the face of the Colombian, and the momentum shifted.

They fought hard on even terms in the sixth and seventh, with Yodmuaydang connecting with his specialty straight lefts, and Palacios landing right uppercuts. Yodmuaydang, however, ran out of gas from the eighth round on, and Palacios was in command, taking the last three rounds. All the judges had the Colombian two points ahead on their scorecards. Palacios' log reportedly stands at 39-5. The loser suffered his first setback, dipping to 11-1 (9). Despite this close defeat, the Thai showed his talents, and he will zoom up in the nearest future.
(11-18-89)

BANGKOK—IBF junior flyweight champion **Muangchai Kittikasem** appeared in a non-title 10-rounder. Kittikasem, 112, gave a one-sided beating to former Indonesian champion **Ippo Gala**, 112, and won a unanimous decision.
(11-28-89)

BANGKOK—The WBC International champion in the strawweight class, **Asawin Sordusit**, 110, utilized his long reach and southpaw style and disposed of **Suvit Sithepnarong**, 109, in the second session of a scheduled six-rounder. Asawin, a talented youngster despite a weak chin, is 7-1 (5).
(11-14-89)

BANGKOK—Visuth Chuvatana, the TBC's number two junior flyweight, 114, scored an easy knockout over unknown **Chanchon Sithjomthong**, 114, in the third session of a scheduled six-rounder. Chuvatana is 8-2 (6).
(11-6-89)

BANGKOK—Sakda Sorpakdi, the Thai number seven junior featherweight, 123, caught **Eddy Chorvikool**, 124, and finished him in the second round of a scheduled six.
(11-8-89)

BANGKOK—Chachai Lukmingkwan, the TBC's number eight mini flyweight, 111, unanimously decisioned **Chotchaung Laothaicharoen**, 111, in six rounds.
(11-9-89)

BANGKOK—Thaiyok Sorphayathai, the TBC's top junior featherweight contender, 122, was awarded a split decision over **Thongkiatnoi Chorchutirat**, the number two junior lightweight, 123, in six rounds. The winner is 4-2 (1).
(11-10-89)

BANGKOK—Ratana Singsamang, the TBC's number two junior lightweight, 132, found it easy to stop **Sinsamuth Sorthaveerat**, 128, in the second round of a scheduled six-rounder.
(11-11-89)

BANGKOK—Suradej Klongphajorn, the TBC's number two lightweight, 134, is an old soldier, but he proved too strong for a green fighter named **Preecha Por-Ongart**, 132, and stopped him in the second of a scheduled six-rounder.
(11-13-89)

BANGKOK—Kom Sorthanukul, the TBC's number three mini flyweight, 106, defeated **Aswin Sithlakmuang**, the number five contender, 106, by unanimous decision in six rounds.
(11-13-89)

BANGKOK—Dermtup Mortemchamnan, the Thai number four mini flyweight, 114, has obviously outgrown his registered class. He dropped **Manasak Kiatprasanchai**, 114, twice and won a unanimous decision in six rounds.
(11-16-89)

BANGKOK—Thai flyweight champion **Lingiom Sorthospol**, 115, engaged in a non-title six-rounder, floored **Saksurin Kiatkambinthai**, 117, four times in the third and fourth rounds, and flattened him to the fifth. The winner upped his log to 8-2 (5).
(11-17-89)

BANGKOK—Fast-rising **Terbo Sithmunuen**, the TBC's number four flyweight, 113, extended his unblemished log to 5-0 (5), as he made short work of **Phanpayak Sorphayathai**, 114, in the opening canto of a scheduled six-rounder.
(11-20-89)

BANGKOK—Chairith Sithsornthong, the TBC's number three junior flyweight, 108, scored a second-round kayo over **Sakchai Kiatprasanchai**, 108, in a scheduled six-rounder.
(11-22-89)

BANGKOK—Salagchit Sorchitphatana, the TBC's number six junior flyweight, 109, needed less than a round to dispose of **Deeden Sithfahcamron**, 110, in a scheduled six. Our correspondent, Naris, reported that the loser didn't look to have learned how to box.
(11-24-89)

BANGKOK—Downrung Chuvatana, the IBF's number six flyweight, 118, moved up to the bantamweight class and acquired the Thai national crown by punching defending champion **Chucherd Eausampan**, 118, into a bloody mess en route to a unanimous 10-round decision. Eausampan, a stablemate of WBA junior bantamweight champion Khaosai Galaxy, began bleeding from the right eye, and the bloodflow didn't cease until the end of the fight. The lefty challenger showed his punching power and piled up points steadily. He raised his record to 25-3-1 (16). The loser, who failed in his first defense, fell to 8-4 (5).
(11-27-89)

BANGKOK—Kajkong Denpoothai, the WBA's number five junior flyweight contender, was jeered by the crowd, although he defeated **Pativat Sithsaemao**, 111, in eight rounds. The fans had expected an easy kayo win. The winner is 12-2 (6). Both of his two defeats were against Filipino Max Forrosuelo.
(11-29-89)

Joe Koizumi, Naris, & Ryuichi Kotani

PHILIPPINES

CEBU—The headliner of the month is newly crowned OPBF featherweight champion **Jojo Cayson**, who scored an impressive kayo over Indonesian champion **Noce Lukman** at 53 seconds of the 10th round in a 12-round eliminator at Cebu Coliseum. The OPBF title had been vacated by Korean Chan Mok Park, the WBA's top contender, who is preparing for a world title shot. The lefty Cayson, the Filipino champion, had been a perennial contender. Cayson, 124½, dominated the first round with his fine display of southpaw right jabs, straight lefts, and swift footwork. Lukman, a shorter but sturdy Indonesian, 125, felt out the Filipino's boxing style and began throwing fast and ferocious right hands to the face. He took the second and third rounds.

In the fifth, Lukman showed his initiative, as he penetrated Cayson's guard with smashing rights and bloodied the Filipino's nose. The momentum had seemingly turned in favor of Lukman. But encouraged by his cornermen, Cayson turned aggressive and mixed it up with sharp combinations, pinning the Indonesian to the ropes in the sixth session. Cayson was in command with lefts and rights to the face and midsection of his fading opponent, winning the seventh, eighth, and ninth rounds.

The end came in round 10, when Cayson connected with good body shots to the solar plexus. Staggering some steps, Lukman went down. Referee David Gilhooly, Hong Kong, tolled the fatal 10-count. Cayson, 26, raised his credentials to 26-15 (14). Lukman, 23, fell to 18-3 (5).

The scoring after the ninth session: Gilhooly, 88-85 for Cayson, Leandro Alex Halili (Philippines), 89-85 for Cayson, and Willy Lasut (Indonesia), 87-87.

Cayson is a boxer-puncher who uses southpaw jabs and hits in combination rather than with single blows. The OPBF title bout between Cayson and Lukman was reportedly the first Orient title bout in Cebu since Flash Elorde defeated Japanese lefty Teruo Kosaka for the lightweight crown on August 4, 1962.

In a semi-final 10, Jerry Penalosa, 112, scored against Eldie Paradero, 112, and had him retire at the end of the seventh round. Jerry is the youngest brother of the fighting Penalosa family, with ex-IBF junior flyweight and flyweight champion Dodie Boy and current WBC International flyweight champion Jonathan. Penalosa, who will be 18 on November 25, is 7-0 (3).

Ala Villamor, an unbeaten prospect, 104, dropped Janni Javin, formerly ranked by the GAB, 106, in the second round, battered him with an aggressive southpaw style, and made him turn his back. The referee declared a halt and awarded a victory to Villamor. The hard-punching rookie is 7-0 (6). Thanks to this fine triumph, he was rated seventh in the mini flyweight class by the Games and Amusements Board.
(11-11-89)

DAVAO CITY—Jimmy Nacalaban, the GAB's number six junior lightweight, 126, pounded out a unanimous decision over **Benji Lazo**, 127, in 10 rounds.

Flash Calonia, the GAB's number seven flyweight, 113½, fought to a split draw with Nathan Ballerda, the number five junior flyweight, 112, in 10 rounds.

Fighting Hylet, 118, TKO'd Roger Gadian, 116½, in the first round of a scheduled 10.

The promoter was Victor Quiambai.
(10-14-89)

TUBOD—Rod Naiconi, the GAB's number two flyweight, chalked up a TKO win over **Nelson Yacapain**, 118, at 2:20 of the sixth round of a scheduled 10. Naiconi will move up to the 115-pound class. The 23-year-old fighter is 25-9-3 (7).

Veteran Flash Ursus, the GAB's number three junior lightweight, 131, TKO'd Jun Carreaon, 129, in a scheduled 10-rounder.

Jetro Binas, 109, unanimously decisioned Loloc Elloren, 110, in 10 rounds.

The promoter was Rey Yabut.
(10-15-89)

MANILA—Pretty Boy Lucas, 105, retained the Filipino mini flywieght title with a unanimous decision over **Elson Duran**, 101½, in 10 rounds.

Jessie Solis, 137, unanimously outpointed William Magahin, 133½, in 10.

Rolando Protacio, 113, fought to a technical draw with Roger de Rama, 113½, at 2:52 of the second round in a scheduled 10. Protacio, 21, is 19-5-7 (10). Rama is 15-10-3 (3).

Jaime Alguin, 109, a former amateur star, took a majority decision (97-94, 99-97, and 97-97) over Manny Melchor, 111½, in 10 rounds. Alguin, 6-1 (3), will enter the national ratings. Melchor fell to 9-12-2 (2).

Ronnie Boy Pena, 125, TKO'd Eddie Amad, 122, at 2:20 of the third session of a scheduled eight-rounder.

The promoter was Mrs. Tomasam Pamilosa.
(10-21-89)

CEBU—Jonathan Penalosa, 112, acquired the WBC International title in the flyweight class by stopping **Emil Romano Matsushima**, 112, at the end of the first round of a scheduled 12.

Boy Dignos, 110, won over Diony Molins, 108, in 10 rounds.

Rey Cosep, 111, beat Rene Cruz, 109½, on points in 10 rounds.

Demar Amad, 118¾, was awarded a split decision over Jerry Tarona, 118¾, in eight rounds.

The promoter was Christopher Aranco.
(10-21-89)

TAGUM—Nick Ampong, the GAB's number three bantamweight, 120, defeated ex-Filipino champion **Ruben de la Cruz**, 120, in 10 rounds.

Luis Milado, 133, was a unanimous points winner over Jun Pampliega, the Filipino number three lightweight, 130, in 10 rounds.

Cris Galoa, 105, unanimously decisioned Roger Enoc, 107, in 10.
(10-21-89)

OLONGAPO CITY—Celso Arreglo, the GAB's number nine junior featherweight, 121, earned a unanimous nod over **Elmer Reyes**, 121, in 10 rounds.

Angelo Escobar, 111, took a unanimous decision (110-96 and double scores of 99-95) over Eugene Flores, 110, in 10.
(10-27-89)

STO. TOMAS—Renato Guevarra, the GAB's number 10 mini flyweight, 108, won a unanimous decision over **Al Tiempo**, 110, in 10 rounds. Guevarra had been TKO'd by Nikki Maca in three rounds on September 19, but proved a little too experienced for Tiempo. Guevarra is 10-5-1 (6).
(10-28-89)

LABASON—Ronnie Rosales, 115, and **Rosevelt Roy**, 116, fought to a majority draw in 10 rounds.
(11-2-89)

LILOY—Efren Lumayag, 116, scored a fifth-round TKO over **Alberto Tumacias**, 116, in a scheduled 10-rounder.
(11-2-89)

LAMITAN—Juanito Alferez, 130, was a TKO winner over **Jun Placencia**, 130, in the eighth session of a scheduled 10-rounder.
(11-4-89)

SLUG—Joe Labrador, 126, was awarded a technical decision over **Yulo Mondenido**, 128, in the eighth session of a scheduled 10-rounder.

Ped Canvoy, 114, eked out a split decision over Bert Winters, 114, in 10.
(11-5-89)

JASAAM—Lory Jabonga, the GAB's number six flyweight, chalked up a TKO win over **Eddie Sajonia**, 112, at 1:25 of the sixth round of a scheduled 10. Jobonga had produced an upset kayo over Rocky Marcial, then the GAB's top contender, on September 29. This was his first appearance since, and he upped his log to 10-5-4 (5).
(11-5-89)

SURABAY—Tom Ramos, 124, fought his third battle since his return to his hometown from Manila, and scored a split decision over **Flash Albert**, 124, in 10 rounds.
(11-5-89)

MANAGOY—Ranked top by the GAB, **Mario Parcon**, 115, pounded out a unanimous decision over **Young Rey Coscas**, the GAB's number four contender, 116, in 10 rounds. Parcon had not been active, but this Cinderella kid must fight regularly in order to retain his high rank. In this country, inactivity is a cause for the GAB to drop ranked fighters severly. Parcon is 26-9-2 (4). Cascas is 18-8-8 (4).

Ver Parcon, 115, unanimously decisioned Ramir Elizalde, 115, in 10 rounds.
(11-5-89)

INITAO—Rodolfo Igloria, 126, was held to a majority draw by **Fernando Caracena**, 126, in 10 rounds.
(11-11-89)

DIGOS—Lanky **Warlito Franco**, the GAB's number seven mini flyweight, 110, who had previously been matched with such top notchers as then-Thai champ Chana Porpaoin, Rober Gamayot, and Rolando Pascua, engaged in what was regarded as a light match with unranked **Nelson Purisima**, 110, but was held to a split draw in 10 rounds. Franco is 10-3-2 (5).

Ramil Austria, 121, took a split nod over Edwin Canencia, 123, in 10.

Boy Samson, 113, unanimously decisioned Ronnie Boy Tan, 111, in 10.
(11-11-89)

VILLANUEVA—Roger Gamayot, the GAB's number 10 junior flyweight, 110, couldn't stop his losing run, as he dropped a unanimous decision to veteran **Dick Carlos III**, 109, in 10 rounds. Gamayot, previously ranked in the WBC's top 30, suffered a kayo loss at the hand of Warlito Franco last September. This was his comeback go, but he stood in the loser's corner again. Gamayot is 14-10-2 (2).

Pat Bracero, the GAB's number three bantamweight, 122, ran his winning streak to nine by stopping Danny Lumanog, 123, at 1:25 of the sixth session in a scheduled 10.

The promoter was Carlos Almirante.
(11-12-89)

PARANAQUE—Fast-rising prospect **Virgilio Openo**, the WBC's number 28 bantamweight, 118, ran his unbeaten log to 13-0-2 (6), as he piled up points against a stationary lefty named **Sammy Ansig**, 117, to win a shutout nod (100-94, 100-95, and 100-96) in 10 rounds.

Obet Maamo, 113, exploded a solid one-two combo and was awarded a TKO over Diego Onglao, 113, at 2:30 of the first round. The lefty Maamo is 9-5 (6). Onglao barely pulled himself up, but was so miserably rubber-legged that referee Joe Espinosa wisely called a halt.

Manny Melchor, 107, scored a one-sided decision (100-93, and double scores of 100-92) over Anthony Rendiza, 106, in 10. Melchor is 10-12-2 (2).
(11-15-89)

NASIPIT—Boy Dignos, the GAB's number three mini flyweight, and ranked 18th by the WBC, 108, lost to unheralded and unranked Tata Flanas, 108, via eighth-round TKO in a scheduled 10. His upset defeat dropped his log to 14-4-4 (3).

Pol Cabanes, 115, TKO'd Alex Atillo, 115, in the fifth round of a scheduled 10.
(11-18-89)

TAGUM—Rey Paciones, the GAB's top junior bantamweight contender, 117, extended his latest winning run to 10 by taking a unanimous decision over **Rod Naiconi**, the number four junior bantamweight, 116, in 10 rounds. Paciones may be worth being rated in the WBC's top 30, as he has beaten Rolando Pascua, the WBC's number 23 light flyweight. Paciones improved to 24-2-3 (5). Naiconi fell to 25-10-3 (7).

Danilo Contado, 136, scored an upset decision over Luis Milado, the GAB's number eight junior lightweight, 134, in 10.
(11-18-89)

VALENCIA—Samuel Duran, the top Filipino bantamweight contender, 118, scored a unanimous decision over **Roger Vicera**, 118, in 10 rounds. With seven consecutive wins, Duran upped his log to 19-2-1 (5). Vicera is 12-8-3 (3).

John Medina, previously ranked in the WBC's top 30, 106, outscored Perly Yuson, 104 in 10 rounds. Medina had lost to Eric Chavez (the current IBF mini flyweight champion) via fifth-round TKO in May, and to Elson Duran by decision, but managed a fifth-round stoppage over Yic Tinaco in August.
(11-19-89)

Joe Koizumi & Joaquin Henson

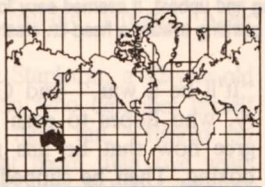
INDONESIA

MEDAN—Hengky Gun, the OPBF junior lightweight champion, 129¾, barely kept the title, as he was held to a split draw by Korean challenger **Man Soo Kim**, 130, over 12 rounds. Kim had the champion in trouble in the first four rounds and the last two. It was Gun's toughest defense since he acquired the title by scoring a fourth-round TKO over defending champion Geron Porras in four rounds in June 1988. It was his fourth defense. The scoring: referee James Roland (Australia), 115-115, Jeun Jae Kim (South Korea), 117-113 for Kim, and Bernard (Indonesia), 118-114 for Gun. The champion is 34-9-1 (23). Kim is 7-0-1 (6). Gun reportedly received $9,000, and Kim pocketed $1,500.

Monod successfully retained the national junior featherweight title, as he outboxed ex-champ Robby Rahangmetan and won a unanimous decision in 12 rounds.

Abdi Phan, an unbeaten prospect, captured the Indonesian junior flyweight title with a unanimous decision over Ponidi in 12 heats. Pohan is 20-0 (5). He has beaten Max Forrosuelo in June, Azadin Anhar in August, and John Arief (who recently challenged WBA minimumweight champion Bong Jun Kim) in September. Despite his lack of convincing power, this Indonesian should be watched.
(11-16-89)

Joe Koizumi, P. Setijadi Laksono, & Abbas Prabowo



PAN PACIFIC

NEW ZEALAND

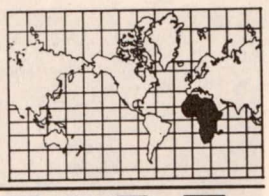
AUCKLAND—Rudy Fillpovic used the ring well and utilized superior boxing ability to comfortably outpoint **Mike Hall** in a super middleweight bout. Hall couldn't find his man until the latter part of the third round. Thye brawled in the fourth. Sheer determination and strength saw Hall win the sixth and final round, but the points decision rightfully went to Filipovic.

Another six-round contest announced at light heavyweight was more of a good sparring session than a fight. Raeli Raeli, who fought as a cruiserweight in his last bout just a few weeks ago, opposed Punu Rasmussen, who normally fights at middleweight.

The difference is weight was evident. Rasmussen did well to arguably win a couple of rounds, but Raeli's strength was too much of a handicap for Rasmussen to overcome. It resulted in an easy points decision in Raeli's favor, but it was not an impressive performance by him.

Site: The Gluepot Hotel
Promoters: John Lloyd, Lindsay Christiansen
Attendance: 400
(12-12-89)

Johnny Hanks



AFRICA

SOUTH AFRICA

THABONG—Johannes Khathi scored a lopsided points win over **Johannes Motaung** in an eight-rounder between welterweights. Khathi, a late substitute, boxed well to outscore his opponent in a real slugfest.

In a junior lightweight scrap, Frans Ntuli won an uneventful six-round decision over Jacob Lebaka.
Site: Philip Smit Centre
Promoter: Fredrick Mosia of Masiza Boxing Promotions
Attendance: 400
(11-5-89)

BOPHUTHATSWANA—WBA junior lightweight titlist **Brian Mitchell** was unimpressive in struggling to a 10-round split decision over veteran **Felipe Orozco** in a non-title fight. The South African seemed lethargic against the awkward southpaw. Mitchell raised his record to 40-1-2, while Orozco slipped to 24-6.

The 19-year-old prospect Jacques Smith scored his eighth straight win by pounding out a lopsided decision over Mario Corando in an eight-round battle of welterweights.

Junior welterweight prospect Grant Messias scored the most impressive win of his young career by stopping the capable David Potsane in the fourth round of a scheduled eight-round fight.

Lightweight Jerry Ngobeni scored a sensational first-round knockout over Coleman Molefe in an eight-rounder. The end came at 1:29 of the round.
Site: Sun City Super Bowl
Promoter: Sun International—Russell McMillan
Attendance: 6,000
(11-11-89)

CAPE TOWN—Welshman **John Davies** scored an easy 10-round decision over Cape welterweight champion **Linda Nondzaba** in a dull affair. Davies did good work against an opponent who spent the entire fight running and trying to survive.

In a bantamweight fight, Derrick Whiteboy scored an impressive fourth- round stoppage over Johson Nkabi.
Site: Good Hope Centre
Promoter: Manuel Riberio of International Promotions
Attendance:1,000 (estimated)
(11-13-89)

ELDORADO PARK—Lybo Nkoko won the South African bantamweight championship when he scored a unanimous 12-round decision over **Xolani Kemka**. The fight, which was fought for the title vacated by Simon Skosana, started off at a terrific pace, with Nkoko gaining momentum in the middle rounds. The challenger closed with a bang and sealed the decision and the title. The new champion is undefeated in nine fights with one draw; Kemka fell to 9-7-2.
Site: Don Mateman Hall
Promoter: Reggie Hillman of Furture Promotions
Attendance: 1,000 (estimated)
(11-19-89)

SPRINGS—Local hero **Ditau Molefyane** successfully defended the South African junior lightweight title for the first time with a sixth-round kayo of **Sidima Qhina**. The champion took control in the fourth round and dominated until the fight was stopped in the sixth, with the challenger accepting a lot of punishment.
Site: Springs Indoor Arena
Promoter: Marcus Nksoi of VIP Promotions
Attendance: 1,000 (estimated)
(11-20-89)

Ron Jackson

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KO

BIG GEORGE

(Continued from page 37)

because he hit me so hard I didn't feel it. But this man hit me so hard that even when I covered up the shots, the pain would go up my elbow and right through to my chin."

Foreman explained that because both men were such strong punchers, he thought there might be a chance of a double knockout. (He seemed serious.) So when he wobbled Cooney, he had no choice but to finish him.

"A lot of people have been jumping on my back because I let [past opponents] off the hook a lot," he said. "So this time I kept hitting him because I didn't want to see two or three knockdowns. I don't like the idea of hitting a guy once I have him dizzy. Gerry Cooney is as close to a brother as I got when it comes to power . . . I couldn't play around with this youngster."

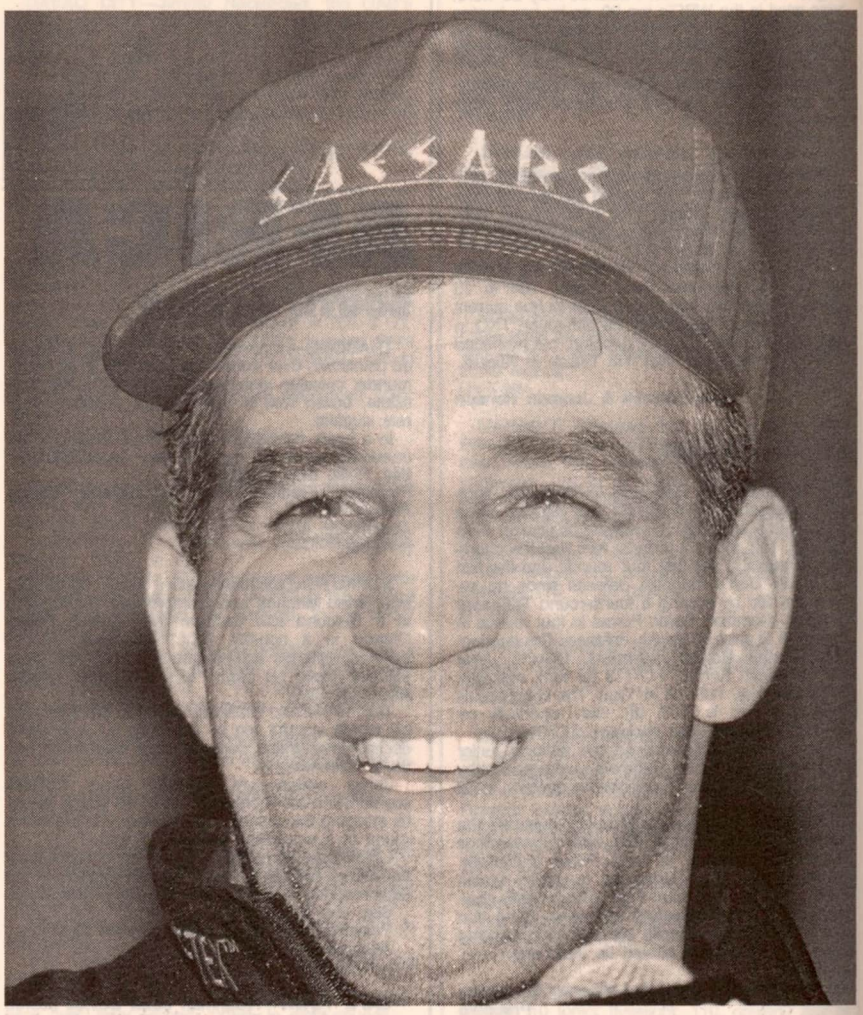
Cooney, who wore a black sweatsuit and a red cap at the postfight press conference, spoke softly and in his usual short, clipped sentences.

"I gave it a shot tonight," he said. "George Foreman is very strong and his punches were pretty accurate. He won. I lost. He was very persistent. He kept moving and caught me with a good shot."

As Cooney spoke, he appeared giddy, much like he had in the dressing room before the fight, when he exchanged quips and pleasantries with friends and writers. His face now had a fresh, boyish quality about it, and his eyes were tender, almost relieved, as if a ton of bricks had been lifted from his sagging shoulders. No longer was he the Great White Hope, a monicker he had always distained. No longer would he have to endure harsh criticism for failing to realize his potential.

Gil Clancy, his one-fight trainer, then offered kind words about his fallen fighter. "Gerry went out there to fight," Clancy said. "He got hit on the chin by a real good puncher. I was amazed by the accuracy of George Foreman's punches after he hurt Gerry. He must've thrown five bombs. Every one was right on the mark.

"I give all the credit to George Foreman, but credit should be given to Gerry, too. He showed the fans he came to fight. I thought Gerry hurt George in the first round. And when his legs first buckled, he didn't go down like he did with Holmes and Spinks."



At the postfight press conference, Cooney was smiling and upbeat. It seemed easy for him to announce that he would fight no more. Meanwhile, Foreman is pointing toward a head-on crash with Mike Tyson.

Given the harsh realities of boxing, Cooney was easily dismissed, and the hot topic became a proposed Foreman-Tyson match. Foreman didn't need to be reminded to launch into his sales pitch.

"I do believe the same thing that happened to Gerry Cooney will happen to Mike Tyson," he said. "It will be a spectacular event, and the media can write about the old man who jumped out of his sleep like Rip Van Winkle to fight Mike Tyson . . . I'll probably knock Tyson out a lot quicker because he won't back away like Cooney did."

And if Tyson stands in front of Foreman? "Then the fight would be over in one round," Big George promised.

Cooney believes Foreman has a puncher's chance against Mike Tyson. "It'll be a war," said Gentleman Gerry, who hopes to earn his college degree now that he has re-retired from boxing. Then he slipped into the night with his family and friends, who offered condolences and support.

Back in his dressing room, however, Foreman was still talking as he pressed an ice pack against his right eye. Not as animated as he had been earlier, he philosophized about his life and career.

"Finally I know what I got to do," he said. "Before, my life and my career was like tossing pennies and paper into the air. But now I know exactly where I'm going. I've spent more than two years getting my body in shape, and I think I'm going to realize my dream of getting another shot at the title. I do believe that."

And more and more people are beginning to believe right along with him. □

IN THIS CORNER

GERRIE STAPLETON

(Manager)

By J.R. Jowett

Imagine a George Steinbrenner clone flicking on a TV, becoming enthralled by a baseball game, and rushing out to buy the winning club. Not likely. Even with enough money to launch your own satellite, more political connections than a city full of ward healers, and enough patience to get Rolling Stones tickets, the odds against are still formidable. For the average fan of professional sports, the opportunity for involvement isn't likely to go much beyond making it to the infield on camera night.

But when boxing, a sport all at once both major league and as rinky-dink as a Georgia speed trap, it's a wide-open frontier. The absence of direction and the pursuit of the fast buck enables charlatans to operate like rajahs and permits some real-life Horatio Alger stuff.

When Gerrie Stapleton, a 42-year-old former beautician who describes herself as a "lifelong fight fan," flicked on ESPN one night more than five years ago, she became enthralled not as much by a fighter as by his hometown . . . her own. A darkhorse named Charles Williams was getting off the floor to defeat Anthony Witherspoon in West Warwick, Rhode Island. Williams was from Mansfield, Ohio.

"I'd never heard of any boxing in Mansfield," said Stapleton, who houses and cares for several paraplegic children (her daughter has cerebral palsy), "and I couldn't believe there'd be a fighter from there on national television."

As if on a mission, the young woman, with no experience in boxing, went about acquiring a future world titleholder. Leathery veterans with holes in their T-shirts have sweated in grimy gyms for decades without coming up with a real winner, but as one wiseguy once observed, "Ya make yer own luck." The lady may have been a novice, but she wasn't a rube. It took over a year, but in his next fight, Williams (whom she tagged "Prince" to jazz up the act) was hers. There was one more fight, and then they made the connection that, in a business where *who you know* is as important as it is in Hollywood, would take them to the crown.

Stapleton with the Prince

As Stapleton describes it, she first learned through Ohio commissioner Rex Reese that the fighter was disenchanted and considering retirement. No wonder. He'd gone 1-1-1 in his first three fights, was 11-3-2 overall with two stoppage defeats, and wasn't supposed to win against Witherspoon. Reese arranged a meeting, and Stapleton says simply, "I took a chance on [Williams]. He took a chance on me."

With Stapleton, the Prince has gone 17-1, and that lone loss could be the most important of the lot. It came in their second match together, when the Prince was hauled into Indianapolis to provide fodder for Marvin Johnson. Sly Russell Peltz, Johnson's promoter, had scouted Williams when he faced that other Philadelphian, Witherspoon. When Williams gave Johnson a severe test, the shrewd Peltz recognized the sparkle of a diamond. Determining who approached whom is like trying to find out who threw the first punch in a bar fight. But Peltz reached an agreement with Stapleton, took the fighter to trainer "Smiley" Hayward, and began trying to establish the out-of-towner in Philadelphia, a task just a little less difficult than selling Coppertone in Calgary.

Oddly, Peltz was a veteran at working with a woman manager, as he had with "KO" Becky O'Neill, who became, as far as anyone knows, the first woman manager of a world champion, guiding Philadelphia bantamweight Jeff Chandler.

Stapleton has enjoyed as much success with Williams as O'Neill did with Chandler. In October 1987, the Prince rebounded from a near-disastrous start and dethroned IBF 175-pound king Bobby Czyz via ninth-round stoppage. Successful defenses have come against Richard Caramanolis, Rufino Angulo, Czyz, and Frankie Swindell.

With two of Williams' four defenses out of sight in France, and only one—against Czyz—on American network TV, the Prince's top purse has been but $155,000. That could soon take a quantum leap to another zero, with promoter Bob Arum trying to make the light heavyweight division only the second in boxing to enjoy one genuine champion.

"Somebody's going to lose his version of the world championship," Stapleton realizes, "but if you truly believe you're number one, you have to do it. And Charles and I happen to think he's number one."

Boxing's open door, it seems, has let in a quick learner. □

(J.R. Jowett is a veteran RING correspondent based in Collegeville, Pennsylvania.)

WBC WBA IBF RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Mike Tyson (USA)	C	C	C
Evander Holyfield (USA)	1	1	1
Razor Ruddock (USA)	2	2	4
James Douglas (USA)	3	4	2
Michael Dokes (USA)	4	3	5
Gary Mason (ENG)	5	6	6
Alex Stewart (JAM)	6	5	8
Renaldo Snipes (USA)	7	10	9
Adilson Rodrigues (BRA)	8	11	-
Carl Williams (USA)	9	9	3
Jose Ribalta (USA)	10	8	10
Orlin Norris (USA)	14	7	11
Frank Bruno (ENG)	11	12	7

CRUISERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Carlos DeLeon (PR)	C	-	-
Anaclet Wamba (FRA)	1	2	5
Nate Miller (USA)	2	3	4
Dwight Muhammad Qawi (USA)	3	6	10
Jose Flores (URU)	4	-	-
Taoufik Belbouli (FRA)	5	1	-
Johnny Nelson (ENG)	6	-	-
Angelo Rottoli (IT)	7	10	12
Magna Havnaa (NOR)	8	11	-
Olian Alexander (USA)	9	-	-
Tyrone Booze (USA)	10	-	-
Robert Daniels (USA)	-	C	-
Glenn McCrory (ENG)	-	-	C
Jeff Lampkin (USA)	-	4	1
Craig Bodzianowski (USA)	21	9	-
Patrick Lumumba (KEN)	16	-	3
Leroy Murphy (USA)	-	-	6
Ralf Rocchigiani (GER)	20	-	9
Siza Makhathini (SA)	-	-	2
Richard Mason (USA)	24	-	7
James Warring (USA)	-	5	8
Jose Burlon (URU)	-	7	-
Johnny Held (HOL)	-	8	-

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Jeff Harding (AUSTRL)	C	-	-
Dennis Andries (ENG)	1	1	-
Guy Waters (AUSTRL)	2	3	5
Mario Melo (ARG)	3	6	12
Joe Lasisi (NIG)	4	11	4
Mike Sedillo (USA)	5	-	-
Leslie Stewart (TRI)	6	-	-
Eric Nicoletta (FRA)	7	2	11
Graciano Rocchigiani (GER)	8	5	2
Yawe Davis (UGA)	9	-	-
Tom Collins (ENG)	10	-	-
Mwehu Beya (ITA)	11	9	-
James Kinchen (USA)	12	-	8
Virgil Hill (USA)	-	C	-
Uriah Grant (JAM)	13	7	6
Jean-Marie Emebe (FRA)	16	8	-
Mike Peak (USA)	-	4	-
Tony Willis (USA)	14	12	7
Charles Williams (USA)	-	-	C
Rodrigo Benech (URU)	15	-	3
Frankie Swindell (USA)	-	-	1
Freddy Delgado (PR)	-	-	9
Anthony Hembrick (USA)	-	-	10
Rod Carr (AUSTRL)	-	10	-

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Ray Leonard (USA)	C	-	-
Thomas Hearns (USA)	1	-	-
Chris Tiozzo (FRA)	2	1	4
Dario Matteoni (ARG)	3	5	-
Don Lee (USA)	4	12	-
Tony Byrd (USA)	5	4	9
Frank Tate (USA)	6	6	2
Mauro Galvano (ITA)	7	-	-
Paul Muyodi (UGA)	8	-	-
Frankie Minton (USA)	9	-	-
Rod Carr (AUSTRL)	10	-	7
Ron Essett (USA)	13	7	11
Victor Cordova (PAN)	18	2	-
Fulgencio Obelmejias (VEN)	12	10	-
Yoshiaki Tajima (JAP)	-	8	-
In Chul Baek (KOR)	-	C	-
Paul Whittaker (USA)	-	9	-
Juan Carlos Gimenez (PAR)	-	3	5
Lindell Holmes (USA)	-	-	1
Thulani Malingo (USA)	-	-	3
Fermin Chirino (VEN)	-	-	10
Tyrone Frazier (USA)	23	-	6
Vincent Boulware (USA)	-	-	8

MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Roberto Duran (PAN)	C	-	-
Lindell Holmes (USA)	1	2	-
Julian Jackson (USA)	2	-	-
Michael Watson (ENG)	3	1	1
Herol Graham (ENG)	4	3	4
Michael Olajide (CAN)	5	12	-
Steve Collins (USA)	6	5	-
Iran Barkley (USA)	7	7	7
Sumbu Kalambay (ITA)	8	4	8
Nigel Benn (ENG)	9	6	6
Frank Winterstein (FRA)	10	8	10
Francesco Dell'Aquilla (ITA)	16	9	-
Mike McCallum (JAM)	-	C	-
Michael Nunn (USA)	-	-	C
Matthew Hilton (CAN)	14	-	2
Donald Curry (USA)	-	3	-
Reginald Johnson (USA)	-	-	5
Ron Collins (USA)	18	-	9
Chris Eubank (ENG)	13	10	-

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
John Mugabi (UGA)	C	-	-
Rene Jacquot (FRA)	1	10	-
Chris Pyatt (ENG)	2	5	5
Julio Cesar Vasquez (ARG)	3	3	-
Darrin Van Horn (USA)	4	7	1
Terry Norris (USA)	5	6	12
Troy Waters (AUSTRL)	6	-	4
Carlos Elliot (JAP)	7	1	11
Iklef Hadjalla (ALG)	8	-	-
Jun Sok Hwang (KOR)	9	2	-
Jorge Castro (ARG)	10	-	10
Julian Jackson (VI)	-	C	-
Horacio Perez (COL)	20	8	-
Gilbert Dele (FRA)	28	4	-
Lorenzo Garcia (ARG)	11	9	-
Troy Wortham (USA)	18	-	-
Gianfranco Rosi (ITA)	-	-	C
Robert Hines (USA)	23	-	2
Arthur Serwano (USA)	16	-	3
Glenn Wolfe (USA)	24	-	6
Miguel Arroyo (ARG)	25	-	7
Davey Hilton (CAN)	17	-	8
Karama Leota (USA)	-	-	9

WELTERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Marlon Starling (USA)	C	-	-
Maurice Blocker (USA)	1	2	-
Lloyd Honeyghan (ENG)	2	-	4
James McGirt (USA)	3	5	2
Aaron Davis (USA)	4	7	3
Tyrone Trice (USA)	5	9	1
Glenwood Brown (USA)	6	4	7
Nino LaRocca (ITA)	7	-	5
Antoine Fernandez (FRA)	8	11	12
Hiroyuki Yoshino (JAP)	9	12	8
Genaro Leon (MEX)	10	-	-
Mark Breland (USA)	-	C	-
Simon Brown (USA)	-	-	C
Luis Garcia (VEN)	12	1	-
Engels Pedroza (VEN)	18	3	11
Fujio Ozaki (JAP)	11	6	-
Jorge Bracamonte (ARG)	17	10	-
Vincent Pettway (USA)	-	-	6
Jose Bermudez (COL)	21	8	-
Tommy Ayers (USA)	-	-	9
Kirkland Laing (ENG)	14	-	10

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	C	-	-
Kyungduk Ahn (KOR)	1	1	-
Roger Mayweather (USA)	2	-	-
Sammy Fuentes (PR)	3	-	-
Loreto Garza (USA)	4	7	2
Mauricio Rodriguez (USA)	5	6	10
Mario Martinez (MEX)	6	-	-
Rafael Pineda (COL)	7	4	5
Mike Johnson (USA)	8	10	-
Angel Hernandez (PR)	9	8	8
Ras-I-Bramble (USA)	10	9	1
Juan M. Coggi (ARG)	-	C	-
Meldrick Taylor (USA)	-	-	C
Akinobu Hiranaka (JAP)	15	2	-
Jose Luis Ramirez (MEX)	-	3	-
Frankie Randall (USA)	-	12	3
Rodolfo Aguilar (PAN)	13	5	11
Vinny Pazienza (USA)	16	-	6
Courtney Hooper (USA)	27	-	4
Terrence Alli (USA)	17	-	7
John Montes (USA)	23	-	9

LIGHTWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Pernell Whitaker (USA)	C	-	C
Chilsung Chun (KOR)	1	3	-
Primo Ramos (MEX)	2	5	6
Freddie Pendleton (USA)	3	-	1
Poli Diaz (SPA)	4	4	4
Tracy Spann (USA)	5	-	2
Jose Luis Ramirez (MEX)	6	-	-
David Gonzales (USA)	7	6	8
Darryl Tyson (USA)	8	-	11
Iwao Otomo (JAP)	9	11	10
Anthony Jones (USA)	10	9	-
Edwin Rosario (PR)	-	C	-
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	-	1	-
John Duplessis (USA)	20	8	9
Greg Haugen (USA)	13	-	3
Tae Jin Moon (KOR)	15	7	-
Juan Nazario (PR)	14	2	12
Louie Lomeli (USA)	17	10	5
William Rojas (VEN)	-	12	7

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	C	-	-
Antonio Esparragoza (VEN)	1	-	-
Lupe Suarez (USA)	2	-	3
Tony Lopez (USA)	3	8	4
Rocky Lockridge (USA)	4	9	5
Jim McDonnell (ENG)	5	7	11
Tyrone Downes (TRIN)	6	4	-
Genaro Hernandez (USA)	7	3	7
Rodolfo Gomez (MEX)	8	-	-
John Sichula (ZAM)	9	-	-
Calvin Grove (USA)	10	-	1
Brian Mitchell (SA)	-	C	-
John Molina (USA)	-	-	C
John Doherty (IRE)	26	6	-
Anibal Nieves (VEN)	-	5	-
Jackie Beard (USA)	-	1	-
Renato Cornett (AUST)	19	-	6
Renaldo Carter (USA)	-	2	9
Hengky Gun (INDO)	16	10	-
Coco Ramirez (MEX)	21	-	2
Frankie Mitchell (USA)	13	-	8
Manuel Batista (DR)	-	-	10

FEATHERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Jeff Fenech (AUSTRL)	C	-	-
Marcos Villasana (MEX)	1	-	-
Chanmok Park (KOR)	2	1	-
Paul Hodkinson (ENG)	3	4	1
Rafael Zuniga (COL)	4	6	-
Troy Dorsey (USA)	5	11	6
Takeyuki Akagi (JAP)	6	10	-
Jojo Cayson (PHIL)	7	9	12
Victor Callejas (PR)	8	-	-
Javier Marquez (MEX)	9	-	-
Sidney Dal Rovere (BRA)	10	-	-
Antonio Esparragoza (VEN)	-	C	-
Jorge Paez (MEX)	-	-	C
Ryutaro Ueda (JAP)	25	2	-
Eloy Rojas (VEN)	-	3	-

WBC as of December
WBA as of December
IBF as of January

Tom Johnson (USA)	24	5	-
Myron Taylor (USA)	18	-	2
Stevie Cruz (USA)	11	-	3
Alfred Rangel (USA)	19	-	4
Lupe Gutierrez (USA)	14	-	5
Harold Rhodes (USA)	12	-	7
Steve McCrory (USA)	-	-	8
Tracy Patterson (USA)	-	-	9
Jose Lopez (ARG)	-	-	10
Jorge Romero (MEX)	29	7	-
Ricardo Cepeda (USA)	13	8	-

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Daniel Zaragoza (MEX)	C	-	-
Seung Hoon Lee (KOR)	1	11	-
Pedro Decima (ARG)	2	6	11
Paul Banke (USA)	3	7	-
Naoto Takahashi (JAP)	4	3	10
Tracy Patterson (USA)	5	-	-
Chan Young Park (KOR)	6	-	-
Steve McCrory (USA)	7	-	-
Jesse Benavides (USA)	8	12	5
Luis Mendoza (COL)	9	1	-
Juan Jose Estrada (MEX)	10	5	9
Jesus Salud (USA)	-	C	-
Fabrice Benichou (FRA)	-	-	C
Jose Sanabria (VEN)	15	4	2
Ruben Palacio (COL)	14	2	-
Carlos Uribe (CHIL)	12	8	-
Lee Ki Yun (KOR)	-	9	-
Welcome Ncita (SA)	-	-	1
Hurley Snead (USA)	-	-	3
Kelvin Seabrooks (USA)	-	-	4
Baby Rojas (USA)	-	-	6
Fransie Badenhorst (SA)	-	-	7
Ramon Cruz (PR)	-	-	8
Park Yun Sup (KOR)	-	10	-

BANTAMWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Raul Perez (MEX)	C	-	-
Hurley Snead (USA)	1	1	-
Chang Kyun Oh (KOR)	2	2	-
Gerardo Martinez (USA)	3	7	9
Pepillo Valdez (MEX)	4	5	2
Kiyoshi Hatanaka (JAP)	5	6	-
Changuito Carmona (MEX)	6	-	-
Greg Richardson (USA)	7	10	-
Joao Cardosa (BRA)	8	12	-
Gaby Canizales (USA)	9	-	-
Lupe Rubio (MEX)	10	-	-
Luisito Espinosa (PHI)	-	C	-
Kaokor Galaxy (THAI)	12	4	12
Orlando Canizales (USA)	-	-	C
Billy Hardy (ENG)	16	8	1
Duke McKenzie (ENG)	17	-	3
Eddie Rangel (USA)	-	-	4
Wilfredo Vasquez (PR)	-	-	5
Ray Minus (BAH)	14	-	6
Crusher Miura (JAP)	29	-	7
Alessandro DeSantis (ITA)	-	-	8
Wongso Indrajit (INDO)	-	-	10
Cesar Salas (VEN)	-	3	-
Yonghoon Lee (KOR)	11	9	-

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Nana Konadu (GHA)	C	-	-
Thanomsak Sithbaobey (THAI)	1	1	-
Shunichi Nakajima (JAP)	2	4	-
Gilberto Roman (MEX)	3	6	4
Sungkil Moon (KOR)	4	2	-
Ray Medel (USA)	5	9	9
Elly Pical (INDO)	6	-	5
Santos Laciar (ARG)	7	7	-
Cobra Ari Blanca (PHIL)	8	5	1
Cesar Polanco (DR)	9	10	-
Sun Yong Chung (KOR)	10	-	-
Juan Polo (COL)	-	-	C
Khaosai Galaxy (THAI)	-	C	-
Kenji Matsumura (JAP)	-	8	-
Robert Quiroga (USA)	22	-	2
Ernesto Ford (PAN)	16	3	-
Peter Mitrevski (AUSTRL)	-	-	6
Adrian Roman (ARG)	-	-	7
Carlos Mercado (COL)	12	12	3
Jaja Shibali (SA)	-	-	8
Sitoshi Shingaki (JAP)	-	-	10

FLYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Sot Chitalada (THAI)	C	-	-
Richard Clarke (JAM)	1	-	2
Jung Koo Chang (KOR)	2	-	-
Yulwoo Lee (KOR)	3	4	-
Javier Lucas (MEX)	4	7	7
Yongkang Kim (KOR)	5	8	-
Leopard Tamakuma (JAP)	6	2	5
Romy Navarette (PHIL)	7	-	11
Claudemir Dias (BRA)	8	-	-
Eyup Can (TUR)	9	12	10
Rodolfo Blanco (COL)	10	6	1
Fidel Bassa (ARG)	-	1	4
Elvis Alvarez (COL)	-	3	-
Kotaro Hayashi (JAP)	23	5	-
Julio Gudino (PAN)	-	9	-
Yunun Chin (KOR)	13	10	-
Jesus Rojas (VEN)	-	C	-
Dodi Penalosa (PHIL)	16	-	6
Dave McAuley (IRE)	-	-	C
Louis Curtis (USA)	-	-	3
Tony DeLuca (USA)	-	-	8
Den Chuvatana (THAI)	-	-	9

LIGHT FLYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Humberto Gonzalez (MEX)	C	-	-
Francisco Tejedor (COL)	1	2	1
Luis Monzote (CUBA)	2	7	-
Ebo Danquah (GHA)	3	-	-
Jeung Keum Lim (JAP)	4	3	-
Ali Galvez (CHI)	5	12	-
Rey Hernandez (MEX)	6	-	-
Jorge Cano (MEX)	7	-	-
Katzumi Komiyama (JAP)	8	8	-
Bert Refugio (PHIL)	9	-	-
Leon Salazar (PAN)	10	4	7
Myung Woo Yuh (KOR)	-	C	-
Leo Gamez (VEN)	13	1	8
Kajkong Danphoothai (THAI)	-	5	-
Kimico Hirano (JAP)	20	6	-
Hisashi Tokushima (JAP)	14	9	-
Jose Lagos (ARG)	-	10	-
Muangshai Kittikasem (THAI)	-	-	C
Michael Carbajal (USA)	27	-	2
Silverio Barcenas (PAN)	-	-	3
Tacy Macalos (PHIL)	12	-	4
Gonzalo Villalobos (MEX)	-	-	5
Javier Diaz (MEX)	-	-	6
Mario DeMarco (ARG)	-	-	9
Jeong Jae Lee (KOR)	-	-	10

STRAWWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Jeum Hwan Choi (KOR)	C	-	-
Kyung Yung Lee (KOR)	1	-	-
Pretty Boy Lucas (PHIL)	2	2	1
Napa Kiatwanchai (THA)	3	-	-
Santiago Mendez (MEX)	4	5	
Hector Patri (ARG)	5	-	-
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	6	-	3
Hideyuki Ohashi (JAP)	7	1	-
Hiyong Choi (KOR)	8	3	-
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	9	4	10
Hiroki Ioka (JAP)	10	-	-
Samjoong Lee (KOR)	12	7	-
Bong Jun Kim (KOR)	-	C	-
Joo Sup Shin (KOR)	-	5	-
Danny Nunez (DR)	-	6	-
Silverio Barcenas (PAN)	14	8	-
Nico Thomas (INDO)	21	9	6
Eric Chavez (PHIL)	-	-	C
Luis Monzote (USA)	-	-	2
Francisco Montiel (MEX)	-	-	4
Samuth Sithnarvepol (THAI)	23	-	7
Masaharu Kawakami (JAP)	-	-	8
Abdi Pohan (INDO)	17	-	9
Petchai Chuvatana (THAI)	-	10	-

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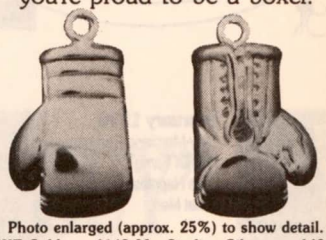

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The RING '70s

The 1970s is best known as the decade of Muhammad Ali and the heavyweights. But the '70s was also the decade of Carlos Monzon, Roberto Duran, Jose Napoles, and some exceptional light heavyweights. The Ring, of course, was at ringside to cover it all. Limited supplies of the following issues are available for $10 each (including postage and handling).

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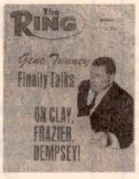

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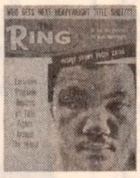

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Carlos Monzon

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CLASSIC

CERDAN WAS "GRAND GUY"

FROM THE RING, JANUARY 1950

By Sid Feder

Many said he was one helluva fighter, and that he would have won back the middleweight title if tragedy hadn't struck. But mostly, the fight mob declared that he was "a nice guy." And Marcel Cerdan would have liked that.

He was a fellow, this friendly, fierce-fighting Frenchman with the dark curly hair and the gold tooth that showed through his grin, whose life was smashed when an off-course airplane plummeted into a fog-shrouded Azores peak in the pre-dawn rain and wind on October 28.

I first met Marcel in Africa and Italy, during the War, when he was wearing a French sailor's suit and was fighting in the Allied boxing matches and I was an Associated Press war correspondent. I met him again when he came to the United States and won, then lost, the middleweight championship. Always, the first thing on his mind wasn't his fighting; it was to be friends with everyone he met.

In the sadness that struck Paris with his death, one stunned shopkeeper put it better than anyone else.

"Marcel," he whispered, "was our best envoy. He made for so much better propaganda for us than the politicians. It is a national loss."

Marcel Cerdan, the middleweight champion who was killed in a plane crash in October 1949, in a 1946 publicity photo. Cerdan, an Algerian-born Frenchman, was an immensely popular goodwill ambassador during his frequent trips to the United States.

A poor boy, a butcher's son from the farming country of Sidi bel Abbes near Casablanca, Morocco, Cerdan piled up quite a fortune in his 15 years and more than 100 fights in the ring. But just as important to *mon ami* Marcel was that he just wanted to like people. And he wanted people to like him.

That is why, when the word came along Bash Boulevard, it wasn't about his fighting ability or his gameness that they talked . . . not even Jake LaMotta, who took the title from Marcel last June and was to defend it against him on December 2.

"He was a nice guy," was Jake's first reaction. "Such a nice guy."

Cerdan was the hot fighter to come out of the war-time Inter-Allied tournaments in the Mediterranean—first in Algiers, then Rome. It was no small trick to star in this company, for the light heavyweight champion of that 1944 affair in Rome was a sharp-punching black GI named Ezzard Charles.

Quite a tourney—the fellow who was to become the heavyweight champion of the world and the fast-talking Frenchman who was to be the middleweight king, both in the same set of swatters. Real sock society.

No one who saw it will ever forget the middleweight final that year. Marcel had been having an easy time of it all week. Some of his opponents were scared to death by

This wire service photo was taken two minutes before the departure of the Air France plane scheduled to take Cerdan from Paris to the United States for his rematch with Jake LaMotta. The plane crashed into an Azores mountain peak, killing all 48 persons aboard. Cerdan is in the middle of the photo. With him are manager Jo Longman (wearing sunglasses) and trainer Paul Genser (carrying the briefcase).

his record even before the firing started, like the old New York Yankees used to scare their rivals just by showing up.

But in the final he tangled with a sturdy swatter out of Pittsburgh, Ralph Burnley, and while Burnley may not have had all the guns that Marcel carried, he was even-up on heart. For one round, the husky air armament chief wearing the American uniform gave Cerdan the toughest treatment he'd had in two tournaments. Burnley took charge right through the heat.

Suddenly, in the second round, Marcel caught up with him. Twice, Burnley went down. The second time, he got off the floor glassy-eyed, but still game. He charged in, swinging both hands in one desperate final flurry. For a moment, he drove Marcel back across the ring. For just a moment, you thought he might make it. Then the fiery Frenchman recoiled and let go. A left-hand smash, one of many, draped Burnley across the ropes just as the bell rang. Burnley's seconds carried him to his corner. He wanted to come out again, but the referee said no.

That was Marcel's most spectacular fight, in our book hotter than his close win over Georgie Abrams that marked his debut in this country at the end of 1946; hotter than his knockout of the inexperienced Laverne Roach, or his amazing triumph that won him the title, over a mysteriously burnt out Tony Zale.

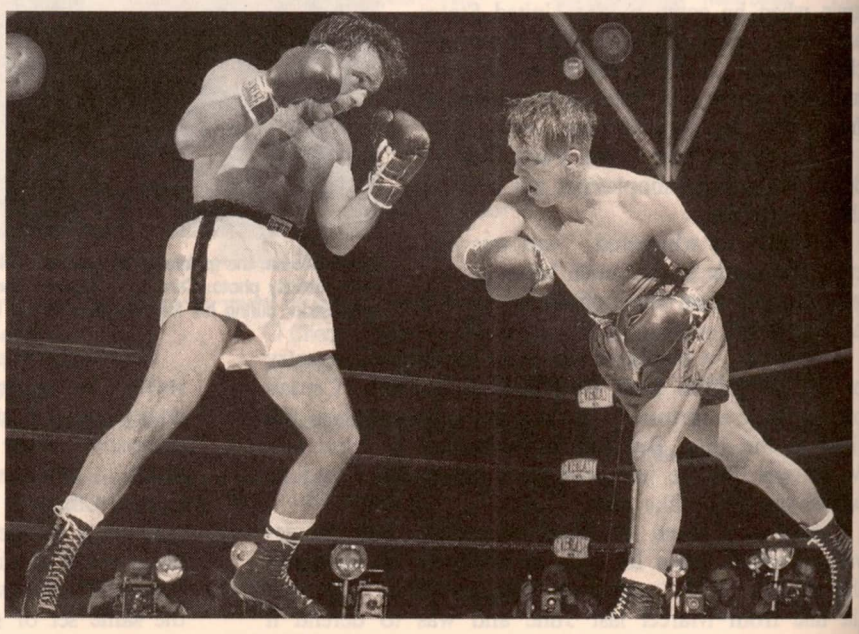
The United States civilian fans discovered later what the GIs found out way back, that Marcel "fights like an American." There is no higher praise.

When the Air France constellation crumpled against Mt. Redondo, five minutes from safety, Marcel was on the way back here to make the fight of his life. Like Joe Louis, who took a lot of pride from the fact that he was a leader of his race, Marcel realized that in France he was an idol—probably the greatest sports idol ever to come out of *La Belle,* greater, even, than Georges Carpentier. He had the flamboyant personality every Frenchman loves.

Paris was stunned by his death. The government crisis, the high prices, the German situation—all were forgotten. The gendarme, the besmocked workman, the chic model, the carefree cab driver, the little boy in shorts, they all mourned their hero.

They talked of how he went to America as the long-priced underdog and took the crown away from Zale, the middleweight regarded by many as an approximation of Ketchel. Tens of thousands of them had jammed the square outside one Paris newspaper till 5 a.m. to get the loud-speakered reports when he fought Abrams in '46 and Zale last year.

He did it the hard way, too, because no one ever took anything from Tony Zale the easy way. And even a Zale as faded as Tony was that night was no one's soft touch.



In September 1948, Cerdan stopped Tony Zale in the 12th round in Jersey City, New Jersey, and captured the world middleweight title. He would, however, never successfully defend that crown, losing in his first defense, against the "Raging Bull," Jake LaMotta.

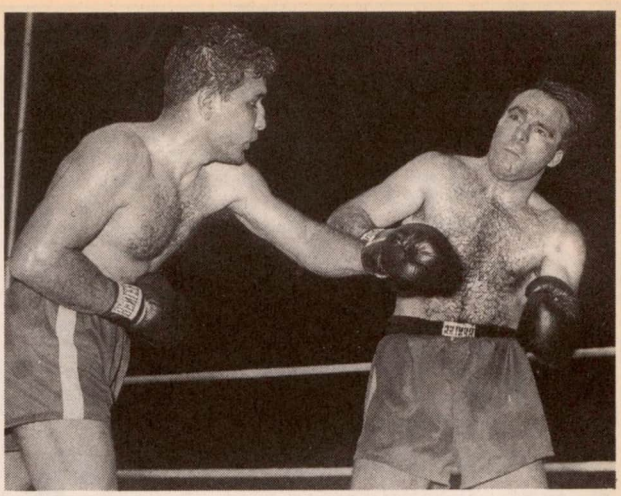
Marcel got the jump on him with four overhand right leads in the first round. Zale rebounded for a while in the fourth, and Marcel stood off the attack. By the 11th, he had worn Zale down, and just as the bell sounded, Tony's knees buckled and he toppled.

Then, too, Cerdan had to leave his purse here to insure his bringing the title back for competition. The fistic powers-that-be hadn't forgotten that Marcel Thil had kept the bauble anchored on the banks of the Seine for years, and they didn't want it to happen again.

Cerdan brought it back and put in on the line against the best. Everyone in the fight game knew that Jake LaMotta, when he is leveling, is the best. The bout was taken to Detroit, and Jake wound up with the title.

But he won it only after Cerdan, wrestled around after he missed a left hook in the first round, hurt a muscle of his left shoulder. He was practically a one-armed fighter the rest of the evening. He could use his left only as a defensive weapon, yet he carried the fight to LaMotta in the second and again in the fifth, and fought that way, one-handed, until the ninth ended. His handlers wouldn't let him come out again in spite of his tearful pleading for one more chance to continue his 10-month reign.

Some of the smarties were saying, "He knows he'll never beat LaMotta; that's the last we've seen of Cerdan." But by mid-summer, Marcel was back again, training and working himself into shape for the one big effort. The return was set for September 28.



Challenger Jake LaMotta punishes Cerdan during their June 1949 title fight in Detroit. Cerdan injured his left shoulder early in the bout and struggled courageously until being stopped in round 10.

"This is the fight of my life," Cerdan insisted. "I win—or I die."

He was slowly coming around into the fast, swashbuckling fighting machine that had lost only two fights out a

THE RING RATINGS, *January 1950*

Bantamweight champion Manuel Ortiz

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champion: Jake LaMotta
1. Ray Robinson
2. Dave Sands
3. Laurent Dauthuille
4. Tiberio Mitri
5. Art Towne
6. Steve Belloise
7. Carl Olson
8. Lee Sala
9. Rocky Graziano
10. Robert Villemain

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champion: Willie Pep
1. Sandy Saddler
2. Ray Famechon
3. Ronnie Clayton
4. Henry Davis
5. Charley Riley
6. Corky Gonzales
7. Tirso del Rosario
8. Percy Bassett
9. Harold Dade
10. Glen Flanagan

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champion: Ray Robinson
1. Kid Gavilan
2. Freddie Dawson
3. George Costner
4. Bernard Docusen
5. Charley Fusari
6. Frankie Fernandez
7. Tippy Larkin
8. Ron Delaney
9. Lester Felton
10. Ross Virgo

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champion: Manuel Ortiz
1. Luis Romero
2. Danny O'Sullivan
3. Elley Bennett
4. Luis Galvani
5. Theo Medina
6. Memo Valero
7. Guido Ferracin
8. Teddy Gardner
9. Vic Toweel
10. Reuben Smith

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion: Title Vacant
1. Ezzard Charles
2. Joe Walcott
3. Lee Oma
4. Lee Savold
5. Bruce Woodcock
6. Pat Valentino
7. Turkey Thompson
8. Omelio Agramonte
9. Jimmy Bivins
10. Joe Baksi

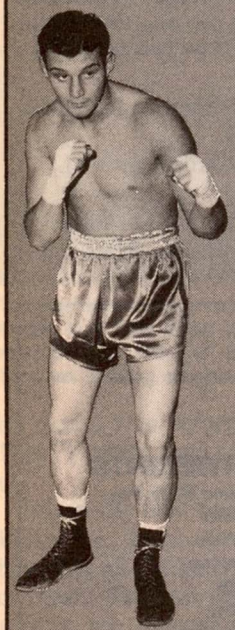
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion: Freddie Mills
1. Joey Maxim
2. Archie Moore
3. Leonard Morrow
4. Harold Johnson
5. Bert Lytell
6. Nick Barone
7. Dave Whitlock
8. Bob Murphy
9. Billy Smith
10. Tommy Yarosz

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champion: Ike Williams
1. Arthur King
2. Maxie Docusen
3. Enrique Bolanos
4. Terry Young
5. Art Aragon
6. Sonny Boy West
7. Tommy Campbell
8. Kid Dussart
9. Solly Cantor
10. Rudy Cruz

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champion: Rinty Monaghan
1. Terry Allen
2. Honore Pratesi
3. Maurice Sandeyron
4. Jan Sneyers
5. Dickie O'Sullivan
6. Norman Lewis
7. Mickey Hill
8. Peter Keenan
9. Norman Tennant
10. Monito Flores

THE RING, January 1950

The Cover: Despite what the illustration might lead you to believe, England's Jack Broughton, the father of boxing rules, was not a man to walk away from a fight. In fact, Broughton was the finest fighter of his bare-knuckled day. And in 1743, Broughton revolutionized boxing with a set of rules that emphasized brains, not just brawn. Broughton's rules led to the London Prize Ring Rules, which spawned the familiar Marquis of Queensberry code.



Will Joe Louis Fight Again?: Writer Jersey Jones examines the future of former heavyweight king Joe Louis, who retired as champion in March 1949. Jones' conclusion—that Louis would indeed return—proved prophetic. "The Brown Bomber" challenged reigning titlist Ezzard Charles in September 1950 (he lost via decision) and fought on until the end of 1951.

New Faces: Nat Loubet features four promising prospects, bantamweight Bill Bosio, featherweight Baby Leroy, heavyweight Nelson Barnes, and an 18-year-old middleweight from Brookline, Massachusetts, named Paul Pender (pictured). It would be 10 years before Pender would win the 160-pound crown by decisioning Sugar Ray Robinson.

Tragedy Stalks Middleweights: In the wake of the death of Marcel Cerdan (pictured), Johnny Salak details the often tragic history of the middleweight division. Consider: Tiger Flowers and Harry Greb both died following eye surgery; Kid McCoy and Billy Papke committed suicide; Bummy Davis was shot and killed during a holdup; Stanley Ketchel was murdered.

Fighter Of The Month: Former featherweight champion Sandy Saddler, a victor over heavier opponents Paddy DeMarco (KO 9) and Leroy Willis (W 10), is honored. Saddler would regain the title by stopping Willie Pep in September 1950.

hundred in his career—not counting a couple of those European fouls disqualifications. He was coming around so well that even LaMotta's longtime pal, Rocky Graziano, wasn't so sure his buddy could hang on to the crown.

Then came LaMotta's shoulder injury in training. The doctors said they could find nothing wrong, but Jake said it hurt. So the bout was put back to December 2.

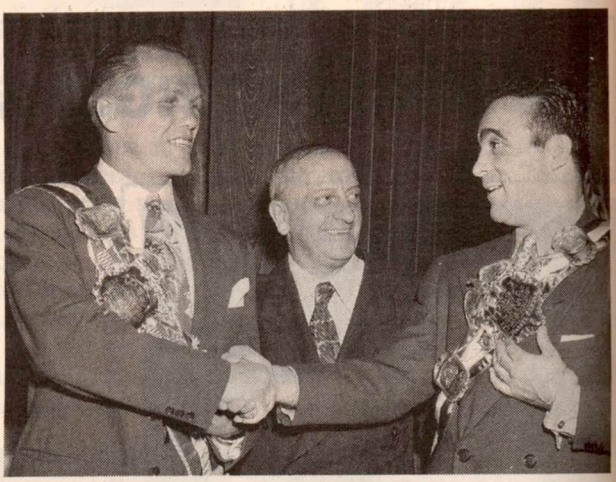
On October 27, Marcel boarded the Air France Constellation in Paris to head for New York and get ready for the fight. Hundreds of fans were at the airport to wish him luck.

"I want that title that I so stupidly lost," Marcel told them. "I want it with all my strength. To regain it, I have never undertaken such efforts, such rigorous preparation.

"I am not finished; my 33 years and my 110 fights have not weakened me. Believe me, I will know enough to quit when the time comes."

Twelve hours later, he was dead. The Constellation crumpled against Redondo's 3,600-foot tip even as pilot Captain Jean de la Neue, with 6,700 hours of trans-Atlantic flying time to his credit, was circling to land for refueling at Santa Maria Airport. Five minutes earlier, Captain de la Neue had checked in by radio.

"Ready to land on Santa Maria airdrome Azores; weather clear," he reported.



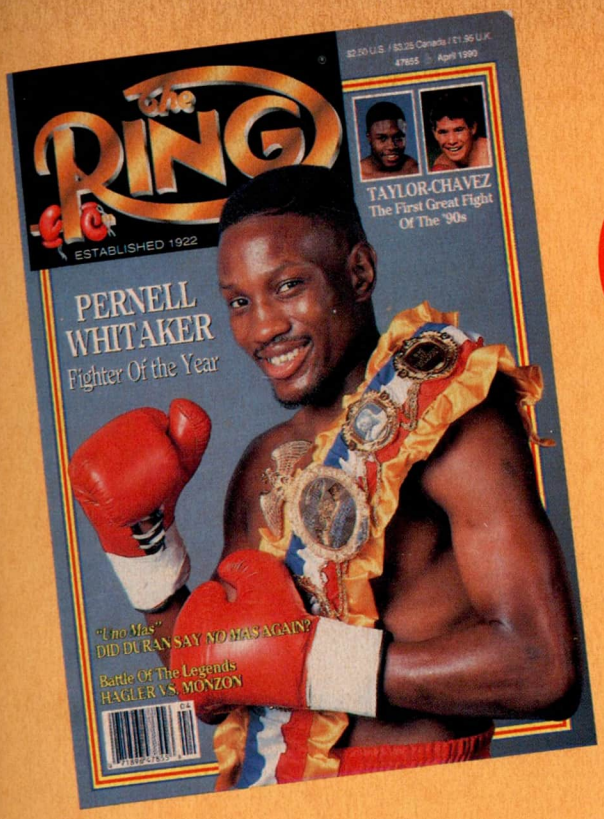
The Ring **founder and publisher Nat Fleischer flanks middleweight champions and rivals Tony Zale and Marcel Cerdan. The fighters are wearing *The Ring* championship belts.**

But they found the charred chunks of wreckage and the blackened bodies some 60 miles from haven. The theory was that in the five minutes between the veteran pilot's report and the plummeting finish to the flight, the huge four-motored ship had strayed from its course, and its radio had suddenly gone out; that the ship had shattered against the snow-capped peak hidden in the fog and rain.

It was, in the case of Cerdan and his manager, Jo Longman, and several others, another case of the roll of the dice that marks so many of these tragedies. For instance, Bernard Manischewitz, a prominent New York banker, missed the plane and had to wait for the next one.

As for Cerdan, Lew Burston, his American representative, revealed that Marcel had planned to leave for New York a day earlier but had postponed his departure at the last minute when he remembered he had promised to box a charity bout the following night.

As it turned out, that bout meant Cerdan's life. □



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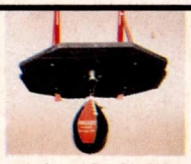

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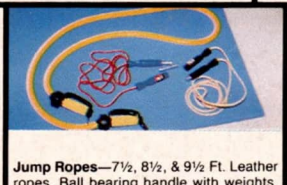

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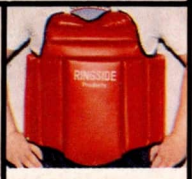

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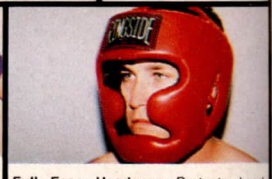

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